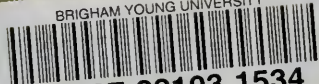


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BRITISH SOCIAL HISTORY

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Meliora:

A Quarterly Review

OF

Social Science

IN ITS

Ethical, Economical, Political, and Ameliorative
Aspects.

VOL. II.

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THIS Review is the only Shilling Quarterly in England, and has been received with unusual favour by the press and the public. Our readers must, however, remember that a very large circulation is of essential importance to secure means for providing a first-class literature, and for increasing the number of social reformers. A word is sufficient to the wise; and we solicit the kind offices of our readers in extending the circulation of '**Meliora.**'

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LITERATURE OF LABOUR - - - - -	1
DOUGLAS JERROLD' - - - - -	17
THE BRITISH WORKMAN - - - - -	38
THE REV. JOHN CLAY - - - - -	56
LIBERTY AND MR. JOHN STUART MILL - - - - -	83
THE SCIENCE OF PHILANTHROPY - - - - -	101
MEMOIRS AND CHRONICLES OF FRENCH LITERATURE - - - - -	117
PENNY SAVINGS BANKS - - - - -	133
TYPES OF DISEASE AND CRIME - - - - -	142
DEATH IN COAL-PITS - - - - -	154
EDUCATION <i>versus</i> DRUNKENNESS - - - - -	168
UNION SURGEONS - - - - -	181
LECTURES AND LECTURING - - - - -	197
MECHANICS' INSTITUTES - - - - -	209
TENNYSON AND HIS POETRY - - - - -	225
THE CHURCH AND THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC - - - - -	248
REVOLUTIONS OF RACE IN ENGLAND - - - - -	263
WHAT'LL YOU DRINK? - - - - -	279
LIBRARIES FOR THE PEOPLE - - - - -	293
THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN - - - - -	305
LYRICAL POETRY IN FRANCE - - - - -	325
LAW AND LIBERTY IN RELATION TO TEMPERANCE - - - - -	339
TRADES UNIONS AND STRIKES - - - - -	355
FOR LIFE (A TALE) - - - - -	363
OUR FRIENDS IN COUNCIL - - - - -	371
RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS - - - - -	374
LITERARY REVIEWS - - - - -	377



Meliora.

ART. I.—1. *The Cyclopædia of English Literature.* Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

2. *The Pleasures of Literature.* By the Rev. R. A. Wilmott. London: Routledge and Co.

IN former times literature was confined to a very narrow circle. Few could write, or purchase books, or read. In manuscript ages the difficulties of acquiring knowledge were many. Books were rare, and could only be multiplied by the pen. They were expensive, and could only be purchased by the rich. 'Plato,' says Mr. Wilmott, 'devoted 300*l.* to the purchase of three books of a distinguished Pythagorean; and Aristotle invested twice that sum in the library of a deceased philosopher. Jerome nearly ruined himself to procure the works of Origen; and Leo bartered 500 pieces of gold for five books of 'Tacitus.' It was a wonder of the world, before the Christian era, for a library to contain 30,000 manuscripts; and even in A.D. 1364, the royal library of France did not contain twenty volumes. The library of Oxford, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, consisted only 'of a few tracts kept in chests.' For thirteen centuries of the Christian era, literature belonged to the clergy and a few legal functionaries. 'The church was its only ark during a deluge of a thousand years.' And then, as is now found among many priests of Eastern churches, numbers of the clergy could do no more than read, or say the lessons of the liturgy. In a council in 902, scarcely a priest in Rome itself knew letters; and in the early canons, signatures of bishops were often made by marks. In Spain, not one in a thousand could write a letter to a friend. In England, in the time of Alfred, not a priest south of the Thames understood the common prayer, or could translate Latin into the common tongue. 'When the Normans first came over, the greater number of the English clergy could hardly read the church service.' Any grammarian among them was a prodigy. That so many manuscripts of these times remain, is due to the industry of some monks and schoolmen who occupied themselves in copying the works of philosophers, poets, and divines. In such a period the humbler classes had no means of cultivating their minds. Untaught to read, seldom

hearing a sermon, poor and oppressed, their aspirations rarely rose above the soil they tilled, except in blind obedience to their masters, and in as blind reverence to God. They toiled, they fought, they obeyed ; but they scarcely inquired or thought.

The working man, in feudal times, was the serf of his lord. He was his absolute property, could be bought or sold with the soil where he had his nativity, and on which he always resided. The 'Pictorial History of England' informs us that serfs, in the Anglo-Saxon period, were 'so completely destitute of what we understand by freedom, that they had not the power of removing from the estate on which they were born, and were transferred with it on every change of proprietors—they and their services together, exactly in the same manner as any other portions of the stock—alive or dead, human or bestial, which happened to be accumulated on its surface. They were bound to the soil, and could no more uproot themselves and withdraw elsewhere, than could the trees that were planted in it.'

What, then, must have been the mental condition of the working man during this period of degradation and bondage? Denied liberty, he could not enjoy learning. Though we do read of some being made clergymen, while remaining serfs as before, the majority were brutish in mind and body. They were deprived of all cultivation, forbidden to ask questions, commanded to believe whatever was ordained. The collier's creed is a fitting illustration of their knowledge. When asked, 'What do you believe?' he replied, 'I believe what the church believes.' 'What does the church believe?' 'The church believes what I believe.' 'But what do the church and you believe?' '*We both believe the same thing.*' They could only refer to authority without a reason.

Serfdom can never consist with knowledge. In Russia, where it now exists, the peasants are all untaught. In America, where slavery exists, it is in many cases criminal to instruct negroes. In India, where a more galling tyranny than this prevails, in the system of caste, the *pariah*, or lowest class, can never rise into the higher. He must remain in that state always, and continue at the same trade as his father. The humiliation of birth is an infamy for life, and brands generations yet unborn with the same indignity.

In Europe, the liberation of serfs—the overthrow of the feudal system—contributed much to improve the condition of the labouring classes. They could then call themselves their own. They could breathe the air of freedom. They could possess time and money—invaluable acquisitions for the improvement of the man. They could think and aspire. And from that period to this, many have arisen from the ranks, to the same platform in society as those who were once called their masters.

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But the freedom of mind was not enough to make the working man literary. The freedom of letters was as urgently needed. Encased in parchment rolls, and in the learned tongues with which the people were unacquainted, they afforded no food to the hungry inquirer among the humble. He could not read, he was no linguist, he had little wealth. But the art of printing gave freedom to literature; translations made it catholic. Schools gave the humblest the talisman, put the mystic power into the hand of the thoughtful, and opened the gates of knowledge to the people. For a considerable time, it is true, printing was expensive, and the library of the labourer was small; but soon the poorest in our land could possess, without a great sacrifice, the best of all books, in the purest and most intelligible Saxon—the language of the masses of the people. Since that memorable period, the progress of cheapening and circulating literature has been prodigious. It is now within the reach of all. Works of excellence in all departments of learning—theology, philosophy, science, history, art, and poetry—can now be got for small outlay, to fill the shelves and cultivate the minds of the most ill-remunerated labourer. The periodical, the magazine, the newspaper, and the tract, enter the home of every one, and court the perusal of all. In reference to the last of these it has been beautifully said:—

- ‘Philosophy of old
Her ponderous tomes displayed,
And summon’d minds of mighty mould
To tread her classic shade.
- ‘Her mysteries to explore
In vain the unletter’d tried,
The rich, the noble, learn’d her lore,
And drank her cup of pride.
- ‘But mercy’s light-winged page—
Swift messenger of love—
Comes to the home of lowly age,
To guide his thoughts above.
- ‘The wayside beggar hears
Its ministry divine;
And little children dry their tears,
To read its radiant line.’

Education is now within the reach of all who choose to avail themselves of its invaluable blessings.

- ‘There is freedom to him that will read,
And freedom to him that will write.’

There are schools in every village, and libraries containing intellectual food for nourishing learning and intelligence. The day in which the working man was necessitated to be ignorant is gone. Its knell is rung among us at least. No man need now be unintelligent, for there is no excuse. Most have time to spare. Some, indeed, toil from morn till eve, and can scarcely call an hour their

own; but this is the exception. The majority have 'nooks and corners of time, which,' as the Hon. Robert Boyle remarks, 'are wont to be lost by most men, for want of a value for them, and even by good men, for want of skill to preserve them. And since goldsmiths and refiners are wont, all the year long, to save the very sweepings of their shops, because they may contain in them some filings or dust of those richer metals, gold and silver, I see not why a Christian may not be as careful not to lose the fragments and lesser intervals of a thing incomparably more precious than any metal—*time*.' A few minutes saved each day may aid much in the acquisition of knowledge. An hour a day is six hours a week—a month in the year, at the rate of ten working hours per day, and equal to half a year's constant mental cultivation every six years. Were these intervals of time well employed, the amount of knowledge gathered in a few years would astonish and gladden the possessor.

Where there is the love of reading there is much to gratify it. But it greatly depends on the first book really perused to give the taste. 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' have given the stimulus to many a reader. The pleasure of the first exercise invites a second. Frequent trial gives the habit. Of course we do not measure a mind by the books read, any more than by viands devoured. There are literary *gourmands* who read voraciously, but who derive no more from it than the man who drinks hard. The appetite is increased, but the health is injured. Mr. Wilmott thus warns us:—'Lamb prided himself on being able to read anything which he felt in his heart to be a book. He had no antipathies. Shaftesbury was not too genteel, nor Fielding too familiar. Pope confessed his own miscellaneous amusements in letters, knocking at any door, as the storm drove. Montaigne and Locke were alike to him. The example is dangerous. A discursive student is almost certain to fall into bad company. Houses of entertainment, scientific and romantic, are always open to a man who is trying to escape from his thoughts. But a shelter from the tempest is dearly bought in the house of the plague. Ten minutes with a French novel, or a German rationalist, have sent a reader away with a fever for life.'

The pleasures and advantages of proper reading are incalculable. And they are open to every man of labour. They introduce you to events, to persons, to philosophy, and science; to music, and to poetry. By reading, you can roam with Adam, first of men, in Paradise lost, and sail with Noah over a deluged world. You can take your pilgrim staff with Abraham, and join the caravan with Moses. You can worship with the shepherds at Bethlehem, or sail with JESUS over Galilee. You can hunt with Nimrod, or conquer with Alexander. You can

listen

listen to the wisdom of Solomon, and the eloquence of Demosthenes. You can sit at the feet of Socrates, and enjoy a chat with Xenophon. You can gaze on the stars with Galileo, and walk in the garden with Newton—and from the one learn the earth's motion round the sun, and from the other the great law of gravitation. You can join your protest with Luther, or sign the covenant with Henderson. You can hear blind Homer's 'Iliad,' and be charmed with Milton's epic. You can lament with Campbell over 'The Downfall of Poland,' or sing with Burns of 'Scots wha hae.' You can be familiar with prophets, apostles, divines, and hear anew the thunder of their warnings, and the sweet music of their gospel. Literature, rightly used, makes you an inhabitant of all time, a citizen of every country, the acquaintance of every genius, the brother of every man. It removes you from your own individuality, by taking you into an extended society; and enhances your individuality, by making so varied a society minister to you. It shows how much you have to learn and how much you might do. It gives you facts for storing, themes for thought, sentiments for delight. It gives pleasure to yourself, and means for pleasing others—of increasing your worth and usefulness. To sit at your own fireside, and, by the light of brilliant gas, or sickly taper, or a coal flame, or, as has more than once been done, by the blown-up blaze of a turf, make such acquaintances, is an object worthy of all the labour or expense.

'Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man,' said Lord Bacon; and the aphorism is as true as it is terse. To express thought in writing is an exercise too seldom attempted by working men; but it is by no means beyond their power. *The Literature of Labour is no mean library*, as we shall immediately show. The working men who have contributed to letters are no small array, as we shall briefly enumerate. The disadvantages against which they had to contend were greater than those most of the same class would now have to meet. There is nothing in the condition of the working man to hinder the expression of his thoughts on paper, or, if he will, in print.

Ability to write is now possessed by most who have had the common opportunities of learning at any of our schools. Necessity to write is imposed on every one by removals of friends, emigration, and other causes. Writing is rapidly becoming a vehicle of thought to the most humble; yet it is to be feared that the majority of working men find it a toil. But where there is a fondness for reading there often is an attempt at writing. When the mind and heart are interested, an effort is made to express thoughts and feelings with the pen. The serious letter, or the amorous verses that mark early efforts, are cases in point. Writing what we think on any subject is a beneficent exercise. It deepens
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the theme in our mind, gives a form to our thoughts, and collects them from their wide-spread surface, where they would be speedily lost. It gives consistency to our ideas, and aids to fix our principles. 'It braces the faculties,' says Mr. Binney, in a lecture on authorship, 'it gives them strength, nimbleness, dexterity, by the tasks it imposes, and the duties it demands. It is an enemy to self-deception, by the terrible disclosures it sometimes makes of the crudeness of your conceptions, the treachery of your memory, the poverty of your knowledge, your inability to express even what you know : it is favourable to growth and progress, by virtue of the great law of our nature—that power shall be increased, and good secured, by every honest and hearty effort at using rightly the strength we have.'

For mental cultivation, independently of all public authorship, this exercise is important. Though we blot and mistake, find the work a drudgery, be tempted to cast away our pen and burn our paper, though we erase and tear, and actually destroy, yet let us try, try again. Every new effort is more easy, and every success is a pleasure.

'None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.'

In the efforts of which we know something thus made, and which have raised sons of toil to the honours of authorship, poetry seems to have been the earliest attempt. There is much of it in every man's nature, and it 'deserves the honour it obtains as the eldest offspring of literature, and the fairest.' We are told in the 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' that 'the first Anglo-Saxon writer of note who composed in his own language, and of whom there are any remains, is Cædmon, a monk of Whitby, who died about 680. Cædmon was a genius of the class headed by Burns—a poet of Nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. It appears that he had at one time acted in the capacity of a cowherd.' A stable was the scene of his earliest muse ; and verses the utterance of his thoughts. The first literary productions of the Norman period were poetry. The first Scottish writers of whom there is any memorial were poets. The song of Lamech is the oldest work in the world. The most ancient Greek writers who remain to this day are the poets Homer and Hesiod. In almost all lands the bards were the first composers, and their songs the national library.

We propose now to refer to a few examples gathered from the literature of working men. We do not mean to include those who, from the humblest rank, have risen to fame in authorship by means of a university education. Our object is to point out such as, with the learning which is within the reach of all at common schools, have cultivated letters so successfully as to leave the world

world richer in literature when they passed away. We wish to present specimens from the different classes of working men—such as printers, tinkers, masons, blacksmiths, shepherds, ploughmen, weavers, mechanics, soldiers, sailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen, who, both in prose and poetry, are known to fame.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688) was the son of a tinker at Bedford, and, after acquiring the elements of reading and writing, followed for many years his father's occupation, and travelled about the country as a repairer of broken utensils. Such a life was not very favourable to literature, any more than to religion, and Bunyan grew up a wild, swearing, and lying fellow. But a great change passed over him: he became a Christian, and, without undergoing any literary preparation, a Baptist preacher. Imprisoned under Charles II. for twelve years and a half, with only two books—the Bible, and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'—he sent forth from his cell a work which ranks as high as any in the English language—'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and which has been translated into most of the European and Asiatic tongues. This book, though the production of a man who, even in his prison, had to aid by his labours the support of his wife and children, has received the highest eulogium which could be pronounced. Macaulay's brilliant pen has been occupied in its praise. When we consider the beauty of its style, the minds it has aroused, the good of which it has been the instrument, the literature of the Bedford tinker cannot be too highly valued. It has written John Bunyan's name on imperishable records, as with a pen of iron upon a rock for ever.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) was a printer, and the youngest son, and, all but two, the youngest child of a family of *seventeen children*. At ten years of age he left school, and was made his father's helper in soap-boiling; but having a strong passion for the sea, he hated to attend the soapy waves. Notwithstanding the blighting of his wishes, he was fond of books, and read voraciously. His brother having brought printing-presses over from England, received Benjamin as an apprentice. Soon it was manifest that 'the child was father to the man,' when he wrote two ballads for the sake of his brother's business, and hawked them through the streets of Boston. To obtain books he 'boarded himself for half the money which his meals were reckoned to cost.' Self-denial secured him reading. Determined to rise, yet rash it may be, he found himself in Philadelphia, in his eighteenth year, 'with one dollar and a few copper coins in his pocket, and, moreover, hungry, tired, dirty, and miserable.' But time rolled on, and Benjamin Franklin became the author of works which fill six volumes, made important discoveries in electricity, was elected one of the representatives of Philadelphia
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in Congress, and was sent as ambassador of the United States to the court of France, then the most splendid in the world. He had only common abilities, and many disadvantages; but by self-education, self-denial, and persevering industry, he became one of the most illustrious names in the Literature of Labour.

Few can be ignorant of WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835): few men in England were better known than he, while yet he lived among us. His books and pamphlets and periodicals acquired a national interest, not merely for the opinions which they expressed—though these, notwithstanding all his changes from the tory and high-churchman to the ultra-radical in church and state, never failed to make their way—but for the chaste and clear style in which he clothed his thoughts. ‘He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described’—a rare, but priceless faculty in any public writer. History, Politics, English Grammar, Domestic Economy were equally familiar to him, and on each he has produced works of interest. The bias of his politics will doubtless cause most of his works to pass into oblivion; but his English Grammar will long remain a monument. Yet this man, who was Member of Parliament for Oldham, a popular author, and a mighty moulder of the opinions of men, was brought up an agricultural labourer, and served as a soldier at a time when few cultivated letters either in the one occupation or the other, or had the opportunity which is now afforded both to the hind and the soldier. Our mechanics and artisans have not the same excuse for ignorance, the same difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge; and though they may not attain so pure a style, nor publish through the press, as William Cobbett, it ought to be their reproach if they remain untutored to a considerable extent in the Literature of Labour. The most gifted minds now publish their works at a price which secures their access to the workshop and the cottage, and afford to the poor as well as the rich the same means of mental cultivation and enlightenment.

HUGH MILLER, of Cromarty, published his ‘Autobiography’ a few years before his death. He was the son of a sailor, and bred a mason. He had, for his education, means which are available to all the youth of Scotland. He has given the ‘story’ of it in the work referred to. The schools which he attended have been happily styled by a writer in the ‘North British Review’—‘the school of ancestry,’ being wholesome influences of uncles who were alive, and of memories of the dead, for he was early fatherless; ‘the school of local circumstance’ being the shores and rocks, caves and hills, of his native Cromarty, which he has done so much to make famous, and from which he has brought so many contributions to science; ‘the school of literature’

ture' being the parish and subscription schools of Cromarty, where he had all the improvement that his own insubordination and inefficient masters suffered him to get; 'the school of friendship,' which, in his work as an artisan, he found among other working men. Though thirty years of his life were spent in these various scenes of education, and some of them amidst many things uncongenial to an inquiring spirit—though they were no better than many of his fellows possessed—yet Hugh Miller became one of the first names in geological science—one of the purest writers of the English language, whose style has provoked the envy of eminent professors, and excited the praise of all leading critics. His works, some of which are text-books at the universities and schools of science, fill seven goodly octavos, and with consummate ability, for sixteen years, he edited a first-class paper in Edinburgh—better known, and more extensively read by learned men, than any other in Scotland. The autobiography of such a man cannot but afford a powerful stimulus to working men, by whom it should be perused and valued as one of the noblest monuments of the Literature of Labour.

ELIHU BURRITT is believed to be one of the greatest linguists of the present time, yet he acquired his learning while toiling at an anvil as a blacksmith. He is the author of 'Sparks from the Anvil;' 'Voice from the Forge;' 'Peace Papers for the People:'—'In every line coined from the reflecting mind of the blacksmith of Massachusetts, there is a high philosophy and philanthropy, genuine and pure.'

We might mention J. C. LOUDON, who, from a landscape gardener, rose to the 'head of all the writers of his day, upon subjects connected with horticulture, and of the whole class of industrious compilers.' He wrote four Cyclopædias, and an 'Arboretum Britannicum,' in eight volumes, which itself might be the work of a life-time. So much can be done by men of ordinary education, in the use and improvement of their powers.

'The Autobiography of a Working Man, by One who has Whistled at the Plough,' which appeared in 1848, took its readers by surprise, much as they had expected from the soldier Somerville. A man whose childhood, youth, and manhood were a struggle for existence, amidst poverty at home and hard toil at the plough and in quarries of stone, and who took the shilling when low diet and no work had almost driven him to despair, could scarcely be expected to become an adept in writing. His military castigation in 1832 brought his soldier-life to a sudden termination, but it made the author of the Letter which occasioned it famous, the pet of the British public which purchased his discharge, and gave him a new opportunity. He who before felt the exclusion which kept the labourer from rising in society because
he

he had short tails to his coat, has since become Own Correspondent to newspapers, the author of some goodly volumes, and a contributor to the periodicals of the day.

But lest these should all be considered rather high for the ambition of the majority of labouring men, we would direct attention to a fact of some significance which the last few years brought to light. In the year 1847 the cause of the Sabbath was agitated. Many urged the plea of the working man, who, for six days, was confined to his shop and labour, and who needed the Sabbath for recreation. It was resolved to obtain the opinion of working men on the subject. A pious and liberal gentleman offered three prizes of 25*l.*, 15*l.*, and 10*l.*, respectively, for the three best essays on 'The Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes, in a Christian point of view,' to be prepared exclusively by persons engaged in labour. It was the first experiment of the kind; but, in the course of three months, *nine hundred and fifty* compositions were given in, and altogether *a thousand and fifty-seven*. Of these, several have been published, and have had an extensive circulation. One was by a labourer's daughter, entitled 'The Pearl of Days,' which, though precluded from a prize, was published under the patronage of her Majesty, and has had a circulation of 50,000 copies, besides translations into various languages. These compositions attest not merely a love for the Sabbath among the operative classes, but also the literary character which many of them possess. They afford a stimulus to all in similar occupations to cultivate their minds. Nor are these solitary instances. For a prize on Infidelity among the working classes, one hundred and nine essays were sent in. Throughout the empire of late, by the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions, Debating Clubs, Young Men's Christian Associations, &c., where the taste for composition, as well as for reading, has been encouraged, literature has got a place among the sons of toil, by which they can enjoy many a pleasure after the day's labour is over, and be elevated into regions of thought, and feeling, and usefulness, to which their predecessors were strangers.* Men of labour may be men of mind, able to appreciate the best writing in books, and able, if need be, to add their mite to the general knowledge, and float down the stream of time in the

* In the eloquent address of Lord Brougham at Liverpool, there is the following passage:—'There lies before me a short treatise by a working man, popularly written, because it is addressed to his fellow-workmen in the same line of employment, with the view of removing the prevalent but dangerous delusions on the subject of capital and wages, by explaining the true principles of economical science on this head. No student of that philosophy at the English—nay, at any of the Scotch universities, where it is more cultivated—could have produced a better-reasoned tract, or one showing more entire acquaintance with its principles. It is the work of a common shoemaker in the Midland Counties.'

remembrance of posterity. In Germany, it is said, there are no fewer than 50,000 persons who have each written a book. It is not unusual among ourselves to observe works with such titles as 'The Working Man's Way in the World; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer;' 'The Autobiography of an Atheist'—a valuable book by a man who was a sawyer in the bush in Australia; 'The Life of a Vagrant;' 'Essays by Working Men,' published by that great friend of the literature of labour, John Cassell, &c.—which indicate the literary aspirations and capabilities of the class. Men of handicraft! these examples are before you to encourage the cultivation of your minds, and the expression of your thoughts. Though you may never appear in print, yet you may make many advances, profitable to yourselves, and useful to others.

Poetry has been as successfully cultivated by persons in humble rank, as the field over which we have gone. There are more who are prominent in this department than in the other. It may be that the saying of the old Latin poet, Horace, is true, 'A poet is born, not made;' while a good English style is the result, not of a 'heaven-born inspiration, but of a home-bred industry.' This fact, however, remains—that the literature of labour is richest in poetry, and most famous. Many can appreciate a verse, and as those who love to pluck flowers wish also to grow them, so those who can enjoy a poem, a hymn, a song, may try similar composition. Many have done so. In Scotland it has been frequently attempted. No land is richer in ballads, no republic of letters has more working men in lists of the illustrious. Therefore, do we first select

ROBERT BURNS (1759-96). It is almost superfluous to state that he was a ploughman, and had only received the ordinary education of a parish school. He died at *thirty-seven*, yet left behind him evidences of the finest genius, and quickest sympathies, that could hear poetry in the carol of birds, the whistle of the wind, or murmur of the waters; and see it in the ordinary events of a ploughman's day, or a village scene. His poems are the national melodies of his country. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,' that he has stained those marvellous and spirit-stirring productions; yet among his pieces are those instinct with finest sentiment and purest morals. 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' would alone have immortalized him. The poetry of Europe contains nothing equal to it. It cannot be read too often. It is a model and a motive in one. His poems and songs are too well known to need quotation. They are ingrained in the hearts of Scotchmen, even as they echo their own vernacular; and, despite their rude provincialism, they are popular with all ranks of Englishmen. It is sad, indeed, that when his works became his monument, him-
self

self became a wreck. It is sad that a genius, whose flashing light might have led to God, has too often spread the plague of his own heart on that of his admirers. But his works will ever remain a most distinguished ornament of the literature of labour. Were it possible to obtain a purged edition of his poetry, the circulation of it would kindle the fire of virtuous genius in many a bosom.

The age of Burns had many literary labourers in Scotland. JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd (1772-1835), was not the least of these. He had only half a year's schooling in all; began to herd cattle when a mere child, and, when able, was made a shepherd. He loved reading; and his peculiar employment gave him abundant leisure for it. His taste and time were well improved; and the works of the Ettrick Shepherd made the literature of labour attract the attention of the great Sir Walter Scott. 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck' is one of his many prose works that is still appreciated, and his 'Queen's Wake' and 'Bonny Kilmeny' place him high among British bards.

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766-1813) was a Paisley weaver, and afterwards a pedlar of muslin. In 1792, he published 'Watty and Meg,' which, as it appeared anonymously, was attributed to Burns. Infected with the political fever which spread far and wide at the period of the French Revolution, he wrote a satire, which necessitated his flight to America. He began life anew there, in the same humble occupation as before, but prosecuted the study of ornithology, until he was able to give to the world a work, in eight volumes, on the 'American Ornithology.' He was buried at Philadelphia with public honours.

ROBERT TANNAHILL (1774-1810) was also a Paisley weaver, and the author of 'The Braes of Balquhiddy;' 'The Braes of Gleniffer;' 'The Flower of Dumblane;' 'Gloomy Winter's now Awa,' &c.; which will be long remembered, and often sung. Poor fellow! a cloud came over his sensitive mind, and in his despondency he cast away his life.

'Sick of life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world.'

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758) was of much older date, and arose on his country like a morning lark after the night of a century. He awoke the Scottish Muse after her long silence. Though born of parents able to give him a good education, yet, as he early lost his father, he only received the education of a parish school. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a wig-maker in Edinburgh. It was not until his twenty-sixth year that his poetic flame burst forth, and he was thirty-nine when his 'Gentle Shepherd'

Shepherd' was published. That drama is one of the truest to pastoral life ever written. The rural experience of Scotland is there finely represented. The reverence for patriotic lairds, the free and manly talk of farmers, and the happy clatter of young women, have there a real expression. Take the following as a specimen. It is from the dialogue on marriage, between Peggy and Jenny. Peggy is the speaker :—

'I've heard my honest uncle say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart;
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo',
Shall first be sold to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus, without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the world will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.'

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1776-1823), of Bury St. Edmunds, was a tailor's son, early made a farmer's boy, and afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker, because too weak and little for the labour of the field. But the shoemaker's garret became the workshop of nobler toil. There, after he was thirty-two years of age, had a wife and three children, he rendered into poetry his early knowledge and experience of farm life, and wrote 'The Farmer's Boy,' which won for him the friendship of literary men, by whose kindness it was published, and of the Duke of Grafton, who bestowed on him a small annuity. He also published other pieces, by which the literature of labour has been enriched.

WILLIAM GIFFORD (1756-1826), of Ashburton, Devonshire, rose from the ranks to the dignity of a poet. His case was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Early fatherless, he was a ship-boy on 'the high and giddy mast' at thirteen, and made to do all the dirty work of the ship. There was not a book on board except the 'Coasting Pilot'—he could therefore make no progress in reading. Recalled from sea by his unnatural godfather, he was sent to school for a few months, then apprenticed to a shoemaker—work which he hated. He had only one book, a treatise on algebra, an unknown subject to him, but by obtaining Farring's Introduction, he learned the science. Listen to the story of his education. 'This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and a sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying

applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.' He then began to compose poetry, which was the means of his advancement. Afterwards, by the kind offices of friends, he was sent to the university, where, of course, he goes out of our criticism at present. But the lesson of his life of labour is a suggestive one. Can young men of the working classes speak of difficulties after such a case as this?

JOHN CLARE was born at Kelpstone, Northamptonshire, in 1793. 'His parents were peasants; his father a helpless cripple, and a pauper. John obtained some education by his own extra work as a ploughboy: from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling.' Thomson's 'Seasons' were the means of stirring the spirit of poetry in him, and which he had procured by careful saving, and by a journey of six miles to make the purchase. His pieces, we are told by the author of a memoir prefixed to his poems, were composed under the immediate impression of his feelings, in the fields or on the roadside, and written down with a pencil on the spot, with his hat as a desk. In 1820 they were published, and met with cordial approbation. The result was an annuity of 30*l.*, with which he lived for a season in contentment. But by indiscreet speculations he lost his means, overbalanced his mind, and had to retire into an asylum. His advantages were few, his reading limited, yet his poems are rich and striking. Let the following speak for him:—

WHAT IS LIFE?

'And what is life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That, in the act of seizing, sinks to nought.

And what is hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flow'ret of its gem, and dies—
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.'

WILLIAM FALCONER (1730-1769) was the son of a poor barber in Edinburgh, became a sailor, and was shipwrecked in the Mediterranean ere he was eighteen years of age. In 1760 he again experienced the same fate, and made a narrow escape. He published a poem in 1762, entitled 'The Shipwreck,' which is almost the only poem which a sailor has ever written on his native element. Poor Falconer perished in a shipwreck. Burns thus wrote of him to Mrs. Dunlop—'He was one of those daring, adventurous spirits which Scotland, beyond any other country, is remarkable

remarkable for producing.' His poem was worthy of the theme, and has long retained its popularity. Though the sea is his tomb, 'The Shipwreck' is Falconer's abiding monument, and speaks to sailors still of what they might become in the literature of labour.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT is the poet of the manufacturing districts. Nurtured amidst toil, and long obliged to labour for his daily bread, he nourished genius and made poetry. His 'Pictures of Native Genius' should be the handbook of all aspiring poets among the working men of manufacture. Himself stimulated to write by reading, he would not fail to give a similar impetus to some of his thoughtful readers. Thus he addresses toil-worn parents who are anxious for their children's welfare:—

'Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir;
And while he feeds him, blush and tremble too;
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children (splinters from the mountain's side),
With rugged hands, *shall for themselves provide.*
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love.
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare;
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.'

The writings of Elliott, against the duties on corn, are well known, and won for him the title of the 'Corn-law Rhymer.'

Many more might be referred to, who have enriched their country's literature, while in the humblest positions. RICHARD GALL, the author of 'My only Jo and dearie O,' was a printer. THOM, the Inverury poet, was a weaver. ROBERT NICOLL was a labourer, and died at twenty-four, the editor of the 'Leeds Times,' and author of several poems. HENRY KIRKE WHITE was a stocking-weaver, and, while pursuing his trade, obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace. THOMAS HOOD was an engraver, and when will his 'Song of the Shirt' or 'The Bridge of Sighs' be forgotten? JAMES HISLOP was a shepherd boy in Ayrshire, and composed a beautiful poem called 'The Covenanter's Dream,' which yet lingers in the affections of Scotchmen, and has found a place in the 'Cyclopædia of English Literature.' One poem, such as 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' is sufficient to immortalize a man, and 'The Cameronian's Dream' is Hislop's only memorial. But it is a column in the working men's corner of the Temple of Fame.

ALEXANDER SMITH lately appeared, from a warehouse in Glasgow, with a volume of poetry full of lofty thoughts, expressed in burning words, of which these lines are a specimen:—

'A single

‘A single soul is richer than all worlds—
 Its acts are only shadows of itself;
 And oft its wondrous wealth is all unknown.
 ’Tis like a mountain-range, whose rugged sides
 Feed starveling flocks of sheep; pierce the bare sides,
 And they ooze plenteous gold. We must go down
 And work our souls like mines; make books our lamps,
 Not shrines, to worship at; nor heed the world—
 Let it go roaring past.’

This list is not complete, nor is it intended to be more than a collection of examples, for the purpose of exciting working men to study and composition. The annals of publishing are constantly adding new names to the literature of labour.

We would have the higher branches of learning extended to all, and higher intelligence cultivated by all. We have seen that the advantages can now be enjoyed—that the advancement can be made. It now remains for all, and especially for the young, to aspire and do their best, to cultivate their minds, by a perusal of the best authors, to appreciate lofty and suggestive thought. We look forward to the day when men of handicraft will be men of mind, men of literature—when, as great men are rapidly becoming fewer in relation to the abilities of others, all will attain greatness. ‘We cannot,’ says an accomplished writer in one of our Reviews—‘we cannot surpass Pericles (as a statesman), or Plato (as a philosopher), or Praxiteles (as a statuary); but we may look forward to the day, and contribute to hasten its arrival, when mankind shall be made up of such—when these great men shall have become types, not anomalies—specimens, not marvels—when the ideal shall be realized, and the selected good, and the surpassing great of former ages, shall be the average actualities of being, and not, as now, at once our reproach and our despair.’

We look forward to this because, among other reasons, of the beneficent and elevating influence of Christianity, which has not yet seen its highest style among men at large. When its pure and heavenly doctrines shall have fully moulded the mind and heart of humanity, the sons of men will have an intellectual acuteness and power, and an emotional excellence, transcendently higher than they have at present. *Excelsior!*

‘Deeper, deeper, let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge;
 Nature’s wealth, and learning’s spoil,
 Win from school and college—
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.’

ART. II.—*The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold.* By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. London: Kent and Co.

‘THE Life of Douglas Jerrold,’ by his son, is an excellent performance. Gracefully affectionate, gracefully filial, it is at the same time candid, modest, and truthful. If one feels always that it is a reverent and loving son that speaks, one feels also that it is a sincere and loyal man. In both respects, indeed, there is that in the book that endears the writer to the reader. Its spirit throughout is gentle and ingenuous; and the whole series of pictures it presents seems, as it were, to lie pleasantly, peacefully distinct in the clear, mild light of an amiable and kindly nature. Well-arranged and orderly, all is lightly, skilfully touched: there is grace in what is said, and there is grace in what is not said. In short, the little book is right acceptable, right welcome. One feels pleased and satisfied that the man finds such a biographer; one feels pleased and satisfied that the father owned such a son.

Besides that knowledge of him acquired from his writings, it is our fortune to have possessed, in respect to Jerrold, just sufficient personal acquaintance to render this life peculiarly attractive to us. It effects for us the rounding of the picture: what was known lends a charm to what was unknown; and the latter points the former. The solemn thought, too, sighs round us like a ghost, that he, of whom we read, he, whom we knew, has—in the prime of life, when the harvest waved before him, ripe for the gathering—passed from among us, and will no more speak to mortals! And so memories of the past mingle with the pictures of the present, as if to the music of far-off, melancholy bells, while feelings rise within us of indefinable regret, of indefinable sadness.

It is these feelings that have prompted—as we hope they will accompany and guide—the following notice.

The parents of Douglas Jerrold were but strolling players, for, even as managers of the theatre at Sheerness, they could hardly arrogate a higher title. That he was born in London (and the date is January 3, 1803) was probably a contingency due to the precarious profession of the family; for it is a fact, as well that the south of England was its usual habitat, as that the infant Jerrold was carried thither in his swaddling-clothes. The first four years of his life, indeed, were spent at Cranbrook, in Kent, where Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jerrold, patronized and protected by Sir Walter and Lady James, ‘the great people of Angley,’ had thankfully set up their modest theatre, under the rude rafters of a thatch-covered barn. The earliest impressions, then, of the future wit must have been those of green fresh pastures and tawdry theatrical properties, of fragrant wild flowers and unfragrant tallow, of the simple music of the sheep-bell and the squeak of fife

and fiddle. The eyes of the fair-haired, red-cheeked, stout little fellow must have opened round and large over these antitheses, so curiously typical of the main perceptions and leading imagery that characterized the literary efforts of his later years. How strange it must have seemed to him to pass, perhaps on the occasion of a rehearsal, from the fresh common (his little fist full, probably, of buttercups) into that squalid, murky barn, with its spectral rafters, and its skeleton-like benches, and the rough-hewn stage, and the coarse scenery, that should represent in the evening all the grandeurs of the earth! Loving the breezy fields, and the fragrant hedges, and the fleecy sheep, and the cloud and the blue of heaven, how odd the darned flesh-coloured tights must have seemed to him—the great, glaring, staring, glass jewelry, the pasteboard helmet, the cavalier cloak, the braggadocio boots, the pistols, swords, and daggers!

Nor when, at four years of age, he was removed to Sheerness, could the contrasts and contrarieties that still surrounded him have appeared to this curious and eager little soul one whit less striking. For the green meadows and the woolly sheep he has now the filthy streets and coarse populace of one of the filthiest and coarsest of seaports. In compensation, however, from the window of his lonely room—in which his good granny, for security, while she takes the money at the theatre, locks him up nightly—he can descry, away over the unsightly houses, the sea, and, on its glittering bosom, frigates queening it, or mightier bulks of war-ships glooming, solid, fast, like castellated keeps of founded stone.

But he is not always confined now to his room o' nights: when such necessity presents itself, he, too, supporting some suitable rôle, must do duty on the boards. Kean himself, then little bigger or better than a blackguard boy, has, as Rolla, carried this infant to the footlights. How the quick, susceptible little fellow must have looked and wondered at the scenes he saw! The benches, now no longer ghastly and spectral in the daylight, but filled—filled with such faces!—the oily brown ones of several hundred Jacks, and the blowsy red ones of as many Molls! Then the uproar, the whistling, the bellowing, the quarrelling, and the trampling—the loud comments, and the still louder accompaniments of the spectators! Then the green-room, and the men and women, and their dressing and undressing there! Surely neither variety nor contrariety is wanting here to excite and stimulate. Soon one of these strange men, in that strange green-room, takes interest enough in the willing little lad to teach him his letters; and soon he is able to cheer his solitude, when locked up o' nights, with 'Roderick Random' and the 'Death of Abel.'

What a strange web of influences it is here given us to see! What strange and contradictory materials must have constituted
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the thinking furniture of that poor little prisoner ! The sheep-bell, and the fresh meadows, and all the sweet scents and sights and sounds of country life are still dear to his memory ; and out there, far away before him, is the mighty sea ! But under him are the filthy streets, and the mean houses, and the meaner people ! And again, but just at hand, there is that rude playhouse, where the life he knows so well is now at its ruddiest ! Then the books he reads, ' Roderick Random ' and the ' Death of Abel !'

We must bear in mind, too, at what an epoch it is he lives ; we must bear in mind that these are the days of Austerlitz and Trafalgar ; when the armies of Napoleon are dominant on every land, and the fleets of Nelson vigilant in every sea. It is a mighty hour, and the minds of men are mightily stirred. Throughout all England there is but one element, and it is enthusiasm—enthusiasm for our sea-victories and enthusiasm for our sea-heroes—enthusiasm which leaps out in every look, tone, gesture of every man that meets his fellow on the street—enthusiasm that is caught up, shared, and declaimed nightly by every one of those dingy actors within the dingy little theatre of Sheerness. It is not wonderful, then, that he, too, the quick, spirited little Jerrold should, in such circumstances, acquire a feverish longing for the sea ; for it is a quick, spirited little Jerrold : no sickly, puny cageling, dying of the pip, is this, but a stout, vigorous little fellow, with plenty of indignant vehemence in him, and an instantaneous, instinctive impulse, not to shrink when attacked, but to stand up fiercely for himself. The sea and *its* contrasts, then, are the next experiences of little Jerrold ; but before we follow him thither we must advert to yet another source of contrast that lay for him in the characters of his parents.

His mother was young ; his father was old—older than the very grandmother ; for the present Mrs. Samuel Jerrold was the second wife of her lord, and the wife's mother was the junior of the wife's husband. It is she, Douglas's mother, who is the soul of the family, and the soul of the theatre also ; and much reason she has to keep her wits about her, not for the sake of the young ravens only (she has two boys and two girls), but for that of her aged partner also. He, for his part, the good old man, has been cuffed, and huffed, and buffeted in this sad world, and in that sad calling of his, till he is as mild, and meek, and pliant as well-kneaded dough—as limp as manipulated pasteboard—and is content and happy in the quiet of whatever out-of-the-way corner the swirls and eddies of the draught may chance to sweep him. He plays any character—Richmond or the Ghost in Hamlet—for his place now is thankfully in any gap that the exigencies of the occasion may present. He is happy, the good, quiet, well-kneaded Samuel, if things will just get along without stopping : he likes the fireside ;

he likes the repose of a quiet novel; he likes the serenity of a pensive pot of purl. His peculiar glory and his pride, however, the firm fundament of his life in this world, the soil on which he grows—what we may call his secret—is a pair of pumps. Pumps! yes; but then they are the pumps of Garrick; and they are still alive with the energy of the immortal sole. Poor old man! how one sympathises with him! How one rejoices, as he rejoices, in the rock of those shoes, on which he can so securely found himself! How one delights to know that his poor storm-buffeted bark had such an anchor to let down and ride at! As one thinks of all these cuffings, and huffings, and buffetings, and of the good, limp, pliant nature into which they have pressed, and turned, and kneaded him, one is glad to think that such an undeniable fountain of consolation was conceded him as this of Garrick's shoes.

Douglas does not seem to have enjoyed much attention from his mother. She, poor woman, had doubtless enough to do, for, as the phrase is, all devolved on her; and, in after years, while the good, easy old man is left by the fireside, we get glimpses of her flitting busily hither and thither on provincial engagements.

The maternal grandmother, Mrs. Reid, whose maiden name was Douglas, seems to have been the only one from whom little Jerrold received, during the whole of his infancy and boyhood, any regular and special guidance. She seems to have been Scotch; and from her, doubtless, little Douglas inherited, not his Scotch name only, but his Scotch blood also; for that *perfervidum ingenium* ascribed by Buchanan to the Scots was here, south of the Tweed, in the vehement individuality of Douglas Jerrold, as perfectly exemplified as ever, north of the Tweed, in any of the children proper of the ancient Caledonia.

One other point, which must have influenced the thoughts and feelings of our young ambitious aspirant, we must yet notice before following him to his ship—it is the absence of a pedigree. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, as he says himself, has not 'been at much pains to elaborate an ancestral tree;' the strolling player is traced no further than his own father, a horsedealer at Hackney; and all the facts of the case are as freely, frankly, and unreservedly stated, as it has ever been our lot to witness on the part of any one discoursing in these 'old-clo' days of his own birth and parentage. Still human nature will be human nature; and there is a touch or two here that are human nature itself. We trust, however, that we shall be seen to be merely yielding to the temptation of a naturalist, and not, in reality, unkindly, when we just slightly accentuate a phrase or two in the family legend.

'The son,' proceeds the said legend, referring to Douglas's father, the strolling player, 'the son of Mr. Jerrold, of Hackney (who was a large dealer in horses, at a time when horses were
cagerly

eagerly sought, in consequence of the long-continued wars), and the descendant of yet richer forefathers, the poor stroller must have remembered somewhat bitterly the fact, to which he often referred, that he had played in a barn *upon the estate that was rightfully his own*. *More of his family he never communicated to his children.*' There are strokes here that must come home, if not to the consciousness, at least to the memory, of many a reader; but we are sure that all will, as we do, only smile, with kindly recognition, on the family myth, and respect the family euphemism. As some consolation to humanity in general, however, whether tree'd or treeless, we may hint that there exist few gentle houses, few ducal houses, ay, few royal houses, where the family myths are as innocent and the family euphemisms as free from vulgarity.

Jerrold's novice in the navy—for, as we have hinted, after some five years of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and just eleven years of age, to the sea he went—was neither of long duration nor of much vicissitude. He entered as a first-class volunteer, and remained but twenty-two months in the service. One year and four months he spent at the Nore, on board a guard-ship; and only during six months had he any experience of active service. We can fancy with what pride, with what hopes, with what aspirations, he first trod the deck of a man-of-war. Still, the gloss of novelty once dulled, the ways of the ship once mastered, and the characters of those around him once comprehended, life on board must have appeared to his eager, restless nature but wearisome and monotonous. The captain seems to have been kind to him; for he allows him to read Buffon in the cabin, and indulges him in the recreation of a flight of pigeons. Without doubt, also, little Douglas employed unceasingly both those sharp eyes and those quick ears of his, and stored up daily in his memory picture after picture and thought after thought. Still he must have sighed for active service. Whether he liked it, when he had an opportunity of judging, scarcely appears; but, it seems, he thought it his duty in after life, when consulted by any young aspirant, rather to dissuade than encourage. Life must have been uncomfortable enough, one would think, during the six months that—visiting Ostend, Texel, Heligoland, and Cuxhaven the while—he was tossed in that little brig the 'Ernest,' from the Thames to the Elbe and from the Elbe to the Thames again. His hammock was stolen, and he had to sleep as he could. He had his disgraces and his difficulties, his haps and his mishaps; but no event of any importance distinguished the short career of the little midddy. He saw a man flogged—saw and sickened as he saw—and the brutality stuck to his memory. He transports from Belgium a number of the wounded

wounded of Waterloo; and has an opportunity of hearing something of war from those who had seen and suffered.

There are lessons involved here that we find turning up in many a page of the future author. His heart must have been at the bottom very tender; for that lacerated sailor and these wounded soldiers have engraved themselves deeply there. Other lessons, also, he doubtless learned. These were the days of brutal fun, of ferocious jocosity; Douglas was proud, of purer heart and higher intellect, we may believe, than any of his mates, and vehemently indignant at injustice; his frame, too, though stout and active, could not have been brawny: many cruelties must he have suffered, many mortifications borne. If young gentlemen were at all constituted then as they are everywhere nowadays, his antecedents of birth must have been often enough flung in his face, and awakened in his breast the keenest and fiercest of emotions. The teachings of experience were here in abundance then.

Altogether, though so far as book-learning is concerned, he is as yet not very far advanced, and has no acquirements but reading, writing, and arithmetic, still we may, without hesitation, assert that, as regards insight into this practical world and the conditions of existence, young Jerrold is wiser, riper, and maturer than many a much older youth who, as yet, has only learned and learned, and read and read within the walls of schools and colleges.

And conscious of this ripe experience, as well as proud of his increased strength and stature, must have been our gallant little middy of thirteen, as, leaving his ship for ever, he stepped once again ashore at Sheerness to greet his relatives. But, ah! how sad that greeting! Hot tears must have fallen on his cheeks with the kisses of his friends, for to them the world is changed. The theatre is broken up; the family is ruined; the good old manager has no consolation longer even in the shoes of Garrick; for neither he nor they will ever tread the boards again. A sad reverse for them—a fearful reverse for the proud young midshipman! The result is—after two months of an eclipsed existence in familiar Sheerness, while the young wife has gone bravely forth to seek some other resting-place for her helpless children and her equally helpless husband—a migration to London.

Broad Court, Bow Street, where the wanderers found shelter, could have offered no very cheering aspect to the high-hearted, crushed young middy; but, like some scenes we have seen already, it cut itself deep into his brain, and was stamped, in after days, on many a vigorous paragraph. Broad Court was a *poor* court; and every reader that has seen such has already before his eyes the proper picture. The houses are, of course, wretched, and the population teeming; but the characteristic feature is the children—ragged and dirty, but hot and loud with game or battle in the
midst

midst of squalor, filth, and meanness. Jerrold, to be sure, was but thirteen; and, at that age, the heart is usually light, while the memory is but short for anything better or worse than the present: still he was, in intellect and experience, riper, older than his years, and his proud nature must have been deeply galled. Picture him, in such a place, amid such a population, skulking—skulking *from the door to the door*—still in his uniform!

What all this taught Jerrold can be read in every page of his writings. Hitherto, his life has been a life of contrasts: at Cranbrook, at Sheerness, on board the 'Namur,' on board the 'Ernest,'—wherever he has been, contrast has been forced upon him. For Douglas Jerrold, the universe has been cast on the principle of contradiction: what the Germans call the *Satz of Widerspruch* has ruled his horoscope. But here, in Broad Court, it is that the contrast of contrasts, the antithesis of all antitheses, impresses itself on the heart and brain of Jerrold. Here it is that all the mighty meaning of the words Rich and Poor begins to unfold itself. And from this time on, this contrast will continue to impress itself, and this meaning to unfold itself; for pain, privation, labour, will be the constant companions of this proud, eagle-hearted youth for many years yet. Poverty, ignorance, vice, crime; riches, selfishness, insolence, arrogance; the inequalities of fate; the injustices of fortune: these are the cuds he ruminates, till the fierce thoughts of the vehement, indignant man leap into the lightnings of keen and passionate speech.

Meantime bread has to be won; and little Douglas is apprenticed to a printer. Whatever regrets the late midshipman may have felt on this occasion, we may be sure that, in view of Broad Court, the parting with his uniform was not one of them. His, too, is, after all, a susceptible, impressible nature; and he soon reconciles himself to his new position. Nay, he takes a colour from it: books become mighty favourites with him; and he acquires an enthusiasm for literature. It is probable, indeed, that an enthusiasm of this kind was not difficult to kindle in the reader of 'Roderick Random' and 'The Death of Abel.' How eagerly, how indomitably he throws himself on the new pursuits! Early as *the printer* is obliged to go to work, still earlier rises *the student*, and applies himself to his. At meal-times, too, his books undergo a longer mastication than his victuals. Finally, at night, the body, after its twelve hours of drudgery, may be wearied if it will, but the mind shall not; and the evening shall end as the morning began, with books. And what are those books? If it is for his poor old father, now invalided in the chimney-corner, that the good-hearted lad is pleased to read aloud volume after volume of Scott's novels, it is for himself that he reads Shakespeare, reads him till he has him by heart and can quote every line

line of him. But there are dryer studies necessary for his assumption of a literary position; and these shall not affright him. Burns, in penitent moments, when resolved on steadiness, would return, ever and anon, 'to his Latin again.' But Jerrold, with greater patience, with greater perseverance, remained *by* his Latin, and, as his whole dialect and general use of words testify, conquered it. Nor Latin only: French, Italian, German, were all in succession objects of study with him, and all of them were more or less acquired. Brave, then, as the little midshipman, on board the 'Namur' or the 'Ernest' may have been, braver, far braver, we may fearlessly pronounce this wearied stripling of a printer, in his mean little room in Broad Court, with the Latin Grammar in his hand.

We are glad to learn, however, that the due meed of relaxation is not denied him. Orders for the theatres are not rare, as is to be expected, in such a family; and we may readily surmise that one member, at all events, would neither refuse nor neglect them. These are the days, too, be it recollected, of Kean and Kemble; and the aspiring stripling is privileged alternately to glow and quiver before the grandest Hamlets and Othellos the world has ever seen. These theatrical experiences bias his literature: it is for the stage he would write; it is as the guild-brother of Shakespeare he would appear. So to dramas he applies himself. He was only fifteen when his first piece was written; and only eighteen when he had the pleasure of seeing it performed—when he had the pleasure of seeing it succeed. A very singular and rare experience for so young a lad!

But he is not one-sided in his labours: besides dramatic, there are other literary efforts; and these, too, succeed. Copies of verses he has the bliss to see printed in the magazines; and one morning his master, who seems to have been editor as well as proprietor of a newspaper, puts into his hands, to be set by him in type—'O joy!'—an article of his own! accompanied, too, by an invitation to write again! Surely the world is opening for our brave apprentice and his fortune near! Ah, no! it is but the gleam of sunshine in the early morning of a dismal day. If in the brain or breast of the successful boy-contributor, of the successful boy-dramatist, any wind of arrogance, any air of presumption have developed itself, most rudely will it be shaken out of him—most bitterly will it be expiated. For there await him years of incessant labour, years of frustrated hope, years of cruel disappointment, before his name shall emerge from obscurity and his place be fixed.

But these bitter experiences shall not be all unsweetened, and these dark days not all uncheered; he shall have a friend, and he shall have a wife. Of the latter, whom he marries when he is but
one-

one-and-twenty, we are not empowered to speak. The son could not with propriety have expatiated on the virtues of the living mother: the tone of the dedication, however, and the affectionate modesty of every word he uses when obliged to speak of her, assure us of the esteem in which he holds her, and supply a basis for that of the public also. Fancy will add the rest. The soothment of young love—the consolation of an absolute sympathy—the strength of purpose inspired by the consciousness of responsibility,—these and all other skiey influences that troop in the train of marriage which the heart has led, each of us shall picture for himself.

But let us linger a moment over the early friend: it is Laman Blanchard, whose grave is now no longer lonely, for that of Jerrold—the friend of his youth, the friend of his heart—lies there beside it. And it is fitting that, dead, they should thus lie near each other, they who, living, were bound together in such intimate and familiar union.

The soft, gentle, Shelley-like Blanchard seems to have looked to his harder, bolder, and more resolute companion, as to the master-mind that had a right and possessed the power to sway and guide him. His pure, open, unselfish nature directly acknowledges this. In 1826, he writes to Jerrold: ‘Such as my nature is, it is not too much to say that it has been almost moulded by you; and certainly of late years, nothing has been admitted into it that has not received your stamp and sanction.’ Then further on in the same letter, it is even with feminine tact that he writes: ‘If you think I can share my mind with others as I have done with you, let me refer you to a passage in “Childe Harold,” commencing—

“Oh! known the earliest and esteemed the *most*.”

There are allusions, here and there too, in this correspondence, to quarrels and to reconciliations of quarrels, that are particularly instructive and suggestive. It is not friends, in fact, we see; it is a pair of lovers! Blanchard is the lady, and in her loving, innocent spontaneousness, she is perpetually giving unconscious offence to her exacting, irritable, and somewhat perverse lord; she is, ever and anon, startled at his moody jealousies, alarmed by his fierce looks, and full of wonder as to what she had done: her allusions to ‘jarrings when we meet in company, and a constraint when we are alone’ are peculiarly touching, and faithfully depict the whole case. It is a pretty love-quarrel, in short, a pretty miff; and from this troubling of the waters we understand both friends better.

We are glad, then, that Jerrold has such friends to cheer his battle—for to him life is a battle, and this world the field of a most unequal fight. All the years of his early manhood are but one series of ingrate toils and unacknowledged labours. For
magazines

magazines and journals he writes scores upon scores of articles; and for the theatres, a whole host of pieces. Of these latter, some fifty have been specially enumerated; and fully thirty seem to have been written before their author could have counted as many years. Some of these, like 'Black-eyed Susan,' are eminently successful, replenishing the coffers of vulgar, dissipated, greedy managers, but bringing to their author a renewal only of neglect, disappointment, and injustice. Throughout all these years, in fact, up almost to his connection with 'Punch,' in 1841, we see him, a lean, pale, hard, exasperated little figure, standing by a gulf, over which he hopes presently to be able to pass by means of the masses of paper which he flings in; but, alas! the remorseless black maw swallows them all up, like snow, before his eyes; and there burst from his lips the fiery imprecations of a tearful wrath, and the fierce invectives of a scornful indignation. Few authors have ever undergone a more protracted ordeal, or passed through a longer noviciate than Jerrold. And when, at last, his bark did—after veerings, and tackings, warpings-in, and warpings-out, in the dirtiest weather and the most intricate of channels—reach the open sea, and the fog rose up and showed the shoals behind and the whole ocean of success in front, it was wonderful to find it still so hale and hearty, still so true and cheery, still so sound and pure at the core, if at the same time, also, it must be confessed, somewhat dull and indifferent, somewhat sceptical and incredulous as to the advantages of the voyage at all, and inclined rather to drop anchor and enjoy the sunshine.

The products of his literary activity during this period need hardly occupy us. In later life, they were, for the most part, condemned as worthless by their own author, who spoke even of the remarkably successful 'Black-eyed Susan,' and the equally successful 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures,' as trash and lollipop, and desired to assume the honours of paternity for such works only as 'St. Giles and St. James,' 'Time Works Wonders,' 'A Man Made of Money,' and 'The Chronicles of Clovernook.' Even of these latter works, it does not enter within the scope of our design to speak in any detail at present. We feel more occupied with the man than his works, and would use the latter only to demonstrate and illustrate the former. Indeed, it is doubtful if even these latter works possess themselves any very certain germ of an enduring vitality. For the conditions of literature are involved, nowadays, in processes of transformation that are as yet neither explained nor explored; and there is now the ever-increasing possibility of the existence of both talent and genius—clothed, too, in forms that, two or three generations ago, would have appeared marvels magnificent as palaces of Aladdin—but without the least chance of either eminence or permanence of place in the progression

sion of the ages. Every reader of experience is aware of examples even in the great world ; and there is hardly a circle in the kingdom but can point to literary powers that seem but as seed flung on the rocks or dropped on the roads. And, indeed, it is surprising with what equanimity they who recognise and lament the injustice acquiesce in the arrangement, and neglect the neglected. That this may be the fate of Jerrold, is, at least, to be apprehended. His prominence in the world was certainly attributable rather to extrinsic than intrinsic causes, though, of course, the latter are even prodigally present. At all events, we may say with assurance that, on the whole—despite one or two exceptions, which are themselves but temporary, perhaps—Jerrold's literary works have never struck deep root into public estimation, or enjoyed any very extended genuine popularity. Jerrold, no doubt, issued from that laborious noviciate of more than twenty years, a finished literary athlete, agile, supple, swift, with the power of accomplishing the most astonishing feats, as it were, spontaneously, almost involuntarily. Certainly the sinew of writing had, by that terrible practice, developed itself, as he said himself, 'like the smith's arm.' But were there no drawbacks to this marvellous facility, no shortcomings in this wonderful ability? Are there no such things as the evils of premature—are there no such things as the evils of incessant authorship? Is it true that the more a man writes the better, and ever longer the better, he will write? Is it true, that the sooner he begins the better he will end? We doubt both positions; we doubt the advantages of a man becoming a literary athlete at all, unless, indeed, his function be a mere matter of business, and his place that of scribe to some daily or weekly journal. If a man have any higher possibility than this in him—if it is to the giant, Genius, that he is to give birth—it is certainly not by becoming a literary athlete that he will accomplish his deliverance in any adequate or satisfactory form. The feats of the one athlete, like those of the other, however dazzling their facility, have only a temporary and extrinsic value ; their secret too is soon discovered, and the repetition palls.

We have done our best to love the writings of the brave Jerrold ; but images and ideas like these will ever intrude, and we wander from the book to theorize endlessly on the evils of premature and professional authorship. And yet we admit at once that Jerrold is a writer that has widely influenced the literary, political, and social opinions of his period ; that he is an able writer, a vigorous writer ; a man as dexterous with his pen as any master of fence with his rapier ; a coiner and utterer of richest, raciest, subtlest sayings. We admit, too, that with the names of Dickens and Thackeray that of Jerrold also must be always associated ; but even while conceding him this parity of
place

place beside both, we assert that this place has mainly a mere external foundation, and that his writings have never exercised a tithe of the influence or acquired a tithe of the renown of those of either.

Like that of some of the wits of the bygone century, his fame, indeed, may, at the last, prove an affair of tradition rather than document. He is essentially, even in his best writings, the sayer of good things, of strong things—the wit of clubs. His works are not so much carefully-meditated, carefully-elaborated, carefully-finished literary wholes, in which the fervid soul of an original author has accomplished the embodiment of the deep feelings and deep thoughts which he knows to be his own, which seem to him to have been born with him, which seem to him to live and move in him, tormenting him to speech—not so much these as collections rather of hard, sharp, effective hits in words. He writes, *succadé*, as if in blows. We feel as if we had to do with a sparrer whose rapid upper-cuts and unexpected back-handers were perpetually surprising and confounding us. His style and manner faithfully reflect his experiences, and declare him to have been a fighter, a bitter fighter, against adverse fortune and opposing circumstances. As we said already, contrast reigns; contrast is his secret. Of the three laws of association, one has no difficulty in deciding which it is that dominates the thoughts of Jerrold. It is from the perception of contrast that he rises on the wings of scorn and indignation to dart the lightnings of his epigram, and scatter lavishly the imagery of antithesis.

How keen he is, how bright, how swift, how polished! the points in his writing are like the points of needles. One feels sometimes, indeed, as if Jerrold thought in needles—wrote in needles. His very handwriting, ‘smaller than printed types,’ seems to have been the work of just such an implement. But if Jerrold dealt in needles, one must say it was a trade he was driven to. One could not eat the bread of the flinty Davidge or the brassy Elliston without being converted largely into iron; whence it would be some solace to fabricate needles wherewith to pierce these false giants to the core. How beneath the swift puncture of the all but invisible weapon they must have winced and winced again!

But his living depended on these giants; and this was the secret of his defects both as man and writer. Oh, it is fine work to fight a giant, but most miserable bondage to eat the bread of a giant! Under such bondage, the brightest, bravest soul will become at length hardened and embittered. Under such bondage, the very richest writer will become poor; for the necessities of the moment press; he must write and write—and ever for the same poor pittance—till all the germinal thoughts of his fresh young mind
are

are wastefully dug up and scattered, to die of inanition, over a score of reams, leaving at last, for the enchanted palaces he had projected and the big soul he had hoped to grow to, nothing without him but an endless chaos of piecemeal stones, and nothing within him but—the trick of the trade!

Such is the result of extempore literature. When success arrives, all one's Promethean fire is well-nigh burned out; one has well-nigh ceased to believe in it; there are no longer any of those cherished secrets in the heart for which one hoped a glorious utterance. Literature is no longer a realm of Faëry; no longer a magic region, in which one's young resolves are all at length accomplished; in which the mighty good one planned is now achieved and realized; in which one stands up to one's full height; in which one pours out, in free and unimpeded accents, one's whole glorious inner being. It is now a trade; a thing, dull, dead, mechanical; it no longer glows, it is made to *seem* to glow.

One has written so much, too, that one learns economy. A thought is not to be lost, at so much a page. We no longer *dart* an idea; we seize it as it rises; we turn it and twist it; we smite it and strike it; and so long as one spark will leap, or one clang ring, we will continue to strike it and smite it. We know that figures in our fingers are tortured ghosts; we hear them cry to us: 'Let me go now, then!—have you not done with me yet?—for mercy's sake, good sir, let me pass!' An example will explain this.

'Jingo was born for greatness. He had in his character the great element of a great general—a great statesman; marvellous self-possession. Meaner boys would have been in a flutter of impatience; not so with the pupil of Tom Blast. Hence, he sat under the bed, with critical ear, listening to the hard breathing of the drunken man, who soon began to snore with such discordant vehemence that Jingo feared the sleeper might awaken his bottle friend, Mr. Folder. Jingo knew it not; but his testimony would have been very valuable to Mrs. Tangle; for the snoring of her husband was one of the disquietudes of that all-suffering woman; the rather, too, that the man constantly denied his tendency to the habit. He never snored. Of course not; nobody ever does. Now Jingo, might have been a valuable witness on the side of Mrs. Tangle, who could never succeed, talk as she would, in impressing her husband with a sense of his infirmity. On the contrary, her accusation was wont to be repelled as a gross slander; an imputation unworthy of a wife and a woman. It is bad enough to endure an evil, but to have the nuisance treated as a malicious fiction, makes it intolerable. And Mrs. Tangle felt it so. Of this, however, by the way. Return we to Jingo.

'With knowing, delicate ear, the child continued to listen to the stertorous agent. At length, the boy crept from beneath the bed, and treading as lightly as a fairy at a bridal couch, he made his way to a window. Now, had anybody attempted to open it for any honest purpose—had Molly, the maid, for instance, sought to raise it merely to give her opinion of the moon and the night to any rustic astronomer below—it is very certain that the window would have stuck, and jarred, and rattled; it was too old and crazy to be made a comfortable confidant in any such foolish business. Ten to one, but it had waked the mistress of the Olive Branch, who would inevitably have nudged the master. And now a robbery was to be done—a most tremendous robbery—perhaps, to be further solemnized by homicide—for who should say that the Parcæ, who wove the red tape of the life of Tangle, attorney-at-law, were not about to snip it?—who shall
say

say that so awful a crisis did not at that moment impend—and yet silently went the window up; easily, smoothly, as though greased by some witch; smeared with fat “from murderer’s gibbet.” It is a pity that the devil makes evil so very easy to the meanest understanding.

‘Two or three minutes passed, not more, and Tom Blast thrust his head and one of his legs into the chamber——’*

We shall be glad if the reader turn up and read at greater length the original for himself. Our limits will not allow us a longer extract: we hope, however, that, such as it is, it will suffice to render our remarks intelligible, and that the method and secret of Jerrold’s progression in composition will now rise up more or less clear to every reader. The snoring, it is seen, furnishes one paragraph, and the opening of the window another. Then it will be found, that two other paragraphs of similar digressive moralities contrive to unwind themselves, while Tom Blast is kept astride of the window-sill. And even when allowed to descend, access to the money is still, and for a long time yet, denied him. The robber, like the author himself, is not at all in the smallest hurry; he, too, must moralize. Light in hand, he considers Tangle with the most meditative calm; a vein of philosophic reflection develops itself in the housebreaker; and so, paragraph after paragraph, now in soliloquy and now in dialogue, continues to evolve itself out of the most extraneous material. The writer, in fact, seems to be thanking heaven for every new stick, stone, or straw he can lug into his service; and it is only after full eight pages of mere moralization that the information is finally vouchsafed us that Jingo, having been concealed under the bed, opens the window to Tom Blast, who, forcing the closet containing the gold, succeeds in robbing Mr. Tangle while asleep drunk. Is it at all wonderful that we should get impatient at such a manner of telling a story? Is it at all wonderful that, again and again, in the course of these eight pages, the reader, on the rack, longing for a step, a stir, a move forward of any kind, should exclaim with Hamlet: ‘Begin, murderer?’

Nay, the author himself appears to side with the reader, for he says: ‘The thoughtless reader may deem it strange—unnatural—that a man about to perpetrate gibbet-work should thus coolly delay, and after his own fashion moralize. But then the reader must ponder on the effect of long habit. In his first battle, Julius Cæsar——.’ And then we have another digression; and so, after all, it is not the position of the reader that is improved, it is that of the writer—by another paragraph! Let it be understood, however, that we do not deny the quality of the writing as writing; it is always hard, firm, terse, clear, transparent, admirable writing. But then, it is *only* writing; it is not thought.

* From ‘St. Giles and St. James,’ Chapter XXII.

The skill is great ; but then it is *only* skill : it is not art ; it is *business*. As Hegel would say, it is only *Formell* ; there is no *Inhalt*.

We have not chosen our extract with malice prepense ; we took it at a venture. Jerrold's manner of writing will be found throughout his works generally similar. If there be any exception it is in the inaugural chapters, which, for the most part, are written freshly, flowingly, triumphantly, as if from a full heart and a full soul. Jerrold, indeed, is always buoyant, elastic, alert at the start : he is not long-breathed, however ; he soon flags—inspiration fails, and work grows drudgery. Then it is that the writing becomes similar to that which we have quoted. It looks artificial and mechanical ; the deft hand turns it and turns it till it shines again, but the *hand* seems only there ; the *heart* seems other-where : the heart, in fact, seems to be constantly saying to itself : ' This is weariness of the flesh ; this is but the trick of the trade : if I had my own will it is not here I should be sitting, playing upon words and ringing the changes upon sentences ! '

We find Jerrold himself confessing this in loud soliloquy to the reader. In Chapter XII. of ' St. Giles and St. James ' we find him talking quite misgivingly of the whole trade of fiction-spinning ; of what we once named *novel-blowing*. He there, of his own tale, asks doubtingly, ' if this small toy of a history may be allowed to have important moments ! ' But his thought is more explicitly stated here : ' All this delay, we know, is a gross misdemeanor committed on the reader of romance : who, when two lovers meet, has all his heart and understanding for them alone, and cares not that the writer—their honoured parent be it remembered—should walk out upon the foolscap and begin balancing some peacock's feather on his nose.' Novelists, it must be confessed, are seldom honest enough to avow their own views of their own industry and disenchant their readers in this plain fashion. This sentence, in fact, if taken with the context, will be found quite crucial ; and it needs only to read ' lovyers ' for ' lovers,' and ' parients ' for ' parents,' to show up the inherent bosh of the whole business. So far as Jerrold is concerned, there is a tone of fatigue in the whole passage : we see the weary scepticism with which he views the vanity and inanity of spinning those ropes of barren sand that nowadays are misnamed novels : we see the bitterness and dissatisfaction with which he recognises in his digressions and moralizations but the balancing of a feather and the trick of the trade. In such state of mind it is no wonder that his analogies are often so remote and distant that they appear impressed—crimped—*vi et armis* crimped into his service ; and that the writing seems, at times, a precipitate, exasperated spurt, as if the author, in sudden resolution, had dashed the rowels into his own flank.

We do not contemplate here any regular and complete criticism of Jerrold's writings; but we must remark, in passing, that the characters and conduct of the story display faults quite similar to those we signalize. The characters are never creations and seldom portraits: these Jerichos, and Cuttlefishes, and Canditofts, and Capsticks, and Bright Jems, and Tom Blasts, have no life of their own; they have the life only of their author; they are but his puppets and discourse at his motion and in his dialect. The conduct of the story in general may be understood from the extract we have already quoted. The incidents are few; each is made the most of, nor passes till its ultimate drop is wrung. The finale is merely arbitrary, and, as is to be expected, comes at last by a simple pulling down of the curtain.

In fact, we are carried always back to the evils of premature authorship. When Jerrold reached middle-life, and had acquired his audience, he was already *blasé*; he had now no longer enthusiasm and hardly hope. Sitting there at his desk, and having, with ready alacrity and prompt vigour, stamped with his own brand the living interests and current topics of the day for the columns of 'Punch,' it was only with unwillingness, we fancy, that he turned him to his other writings. These things in 'Punch' were alive; they had the red blood of the day in them: but those others, the creatures of his fancy, in his other and apparently more proper tasks, were but pale abstractions. The world was no longer what the golden boy had dreamed it was. His illusions were all gone. The evils of life were too gigantic; he heard them roaring all too unappeasably around him: he could no longer believe in a transforming Presto of the pen. His fancy was no longer an inspiration; it lay in his hands a tool—a tool that he could most dexterously use, but still a tool. Ever to cut and carve out weapons wherewith to pierce the wrongs he could no longer hope to redress, was irksome to him. His past lay behind him like a fearful dream. Why should he work? he thought. Had he not worked enough?—and he shivered. No; there in *the club* was the ruddy reality of life; *there* were living men to speak with; there were opportunity and matter for living thought and living speech. So the club became his arena, and the solitary chamber, deserted of the enthusiasm that once had made it bright, was chill to him as the cell of monk.

The estimate we have thus put upon his writings may appear to many much too narrow, much too niggardly. We may seem to have flung but coldly, summarily, into the scales the products of a life for which we pretended so much sympathy. Formal criticism has not been our object, however; and we hope that, while endeavouring to trace in the tissue the thread derived from the prematurity and necessity of the authorship, we have not unduly depreciated

depreciated the signal and essential merits of the tissue itself. To that tissue, genius, as well as talent, has set its stamp; and it is heavy with gems with which, hereafter, many a pilgrim will seek to decorate his own plainness. The reader, we think, will easily discern withal that, even in the discussion of his literature, we have really been working at the figure of the man, and that that figure has now received its final and concluding touch. Yes; that last glimpse of him, as he turned his back upon his study in haste to reach his club, is the finish of the picture as we designed it. We believe the reader to have it in his power to see now the whole growth and history of the character of Jerrold. For from this time out his career offers no vicissitudes but those of literary life in general, and is unmarked by a single salient incident. Why chronicle his changes of residence, his changes of theatres, his changes of periodicals, his changes of clubs, his changes of trips and tours? Each series but marks the road he travelled from penury and obscurity, through toil and suffering, up to affluence and fame. It is not our part, either, to follow him to that last dinner at Greenwich; and still less is it for us to intrude our presence into the sad and solemn scene of the 8th of June, 1857, when the brave soul, surrounded by his loved ones, whispered, 'This is as it should be,' and passed away.

One word of personal reminiscence, however, shall here be added.

It has been said, that 'if every one who had received a kindness from the hand of Douglas Jerrold flung a flower on his grave, the spot would be marked by a mountain of roses.' The present writer is one of those who has received such kindness; and he, too, would fling what flower it is his to bring upon the grave.

The prospectus of the 'Shilling Magazine' had reached me, busy with professional avocations, in the heart of the iron district of South Wales; and its calm, high, generous tone of universal sympathy, hope, promise, spoke at once to my inmost feelings. The first number corresponded to the promise of the prospectus, and I could not resist penning and transmitting an article to the editor. In a few days after despatch of my paper, I was surprised by the receipt of a small note in a hand unknown to me—in a hand altogether unexampled in any correspondence I had yet seen. In motion evidently facile, fluent, swift—swift almost as thought itself—it was yet as distinct in its peculiar decisive obliquity as if it had been engraved—sharp and firm in its exquisitely-minute fineness as if the engraving implement had been the keenest of needles. 'Surely,' thought I, 'the Iliad in a nut-shell is now conceivable.'

It may readily be supposed that I opened and read this note with no inconsiderable curiosity. There it is now before me, that little note, in its browning envelope, the delicate trenchant tracery of the superscription confessing to the action of the river of time.

There it lies before me, and all the emotions it excited are fresh again within me, fresh as when on the outside of that well-known post-office, in that well-known Welsh iron-valley, I first opened and read it. Surprise was not confined, however, to the outside only; for if, on turning to the inside, gratification predominated, surprise still held its ground. What experience I had had, some years earlier, of applications to the editors of magazines, had been all so different that surprise, on this occasion, could hardly yield even to the gratification.

The reader shall have it, this little note. It ran thus:—

‘SIR,

‘January 24, West Lodge, Putney.

‘I HAVE the pleasure to inform you that your paper, the —, will appear in the next number. Should you feel inclined to favour me with other papers, it would be desirable that I should have them as early as possible in the month.

‘Yours faithfully,

‘DOUGLAS JERROLD.’

This little note, with a few others from the same hand, I cherish with peculiar care; not, I am sure, to the disapprobation of the reader.

I had sent my article in the middle of January, and had expected no notice of my communication even in the February number. I had looked to the number for March as likely to contain the word of acceptance or rejection: and here, before I had even seen the advertisement of the contents of the new number, was a polite acknowledgment of acceptance from the editor himself and with an invitation to send more! If the reader believes that any editor of a high-class magazine ever acted towards a new and wholly unknown contributor with a generosity at all similar to this, I, for my part, can only smile at his credulity.

I had only twice the pleasure of seeing Douglas Jerrold; the first time, in May (I think), 1846; and the second time, certainly in May, 1847. On both occasions I found him in that pleasant residence on Putney Lower Common, which his son so well and so lovingly describes. On the first occasion, his first words to me were, ‘Why, I had you in mind, this very day;’ and he proceeded to tell me of his newspaper which he was then planning, and which made its *débüt* in the following July. On both occasions he was as open, cordial, and unaffected as if it was an old friend he was receiving, and not a person comparatively unknown to him. He moved, talked, laughed in the most perfect spontaneity of freedom. There was not a particle of the snob in him; not a breath of the ‘*bel air qui s’apprend si vite*,’ and which some of his contemporaries—and even those who have distinguished themselves the most by felicitous persiflage of said ‘*bel air*’—are yet signal examples. No; Douglas Jerrold was no snob: he was a child of nature, as free, and frank, and unconstrained, and so as graceful as a child. He did not seem, as some do, to mutter ‘gentleman’

'gentleman' to himself, and stiffen himself up into the due attitude and aspect. He seemed never to *think* of being a gentleman, never to *try* to be a gentleman, and yet—though it cannot be said, perhaps, that he had all that delicacy of feeling that results only from that equality of respect for others and respect for one's self which only the true gentleman possesses in sweet equilibrium within him—he can be very warrantably named, gentleman. It is to be considered, also, that these two species of respect, thus in calm neutrality of union, but with graceful oscillation now to this side and now to that, hardly find a favourable bed in the breast of a literary man; for a literary man generally feels himself all too specially an 'ego,' a particular and peculiar 'I,' and dreams ever of his own proper mission, to the disparagement frequently of that of all others.

But be this as it may, there was not a pin's point of affectation in Douglas Jerrold: he was natural, simple, open as a boy. He chatted away, on the occasion I speak of, in the liveliest manner, gaily, frankly, unconstrainedly, and made no secret either of his thoughts and opinions, or of his predilections and antipathies. And I must not forget to add—for I have heard of accusations against him in this respect—that the first time I called, he wrote out, quite unasked, and even as he chatted, a cheque, as compensation for two or three articles I had sent him. He gave me, also, a copy of 'Clovernook,' showing me, with some pride, a translation of it in German, and expressing the decided opinion that it was his best work.

During both visits, passages in his own history were as freely communicated, as descriptions, anecdotes, and personal traits of his contemporaries. We talked of Carlyle: he could not say he liked his style, but he honoured him, for he was a man thoroughly in earnest, and had at heart every word he wrote. Did Carlyle come out among them? Yes: he was not quite an anchorite. He had met him at Bulwer's. They had talked of Tawell, the murderer of the day. He (Jerrold) had said something about the absurdity of capital punishments. Carlyle had burst out: 'The wretch! (Tawell) I would have had him trampled to pieces under foot and buried on the spot!' 'But I (Jerrold) said, "Cui bono—cui bono?"' This little anecdote made quite an impression on me. As Jerrold related it, his eye seemed to see again the whole scene; his features assumed the look they must have worn, and his voice the tone it must have possessed on the occasion; and he seemed again to be holding his breath, as if again taken suddenly by surprise. To me, too, the whole scene flashed up vividly: the vehement Carlyle, all in fuliginous flame, and the deprecating 'Cui bono?' of the astounded, not then vehement Jerrold; the stronger, broader conflagration appalling the weaker and narrower.

The house at Putney seemed just the house a literary man would choose. It lay there on the very hem of the green common, apparently, to me, the very utmost house of the very utmost suburb of London. The study, into which you entered almost directly from a very comfortable sitting-room, was itself a most comfortable apartment, well-sized, well-lit, well-furnished, and the walls well-covered with books.

Jerrold surprised me by the exceeding shortness of his stature ; which was aggravated also by a considerable stoop. I do not think he could have stood much over five feet. He was not thin, meagre, or fragile to my eye, however. His foot seemed a good stout, stubby foot, the hand not particularly small ; and he had quite a stout appearance across the chest. Then the face was not a small one : he had a particular broad look across the jaw, partly owing, probably, to the complete absence of whisker. The upper lip was long, but the mouth remarkably well formed ; flexible, expressive, moving in time to every thought and feeling. I fancied it could be sulky, and very sulky, too. But I said as much when I described his character as Scotch : for what Scotchman—ourselves inclusive—is not sulky ? His nose was aquiline and *bien accusé*. His blue eyes, *naïve* as violets, but quick as light, took quite a peculiar character from the bushy eyebrows that overhung them. Then the forehead, well relieved by the masses of brown hair carelessly flung back, was that of genius—smooth, and round, and delicate, and moderately high ; for gigantic brows, colossal fronts are the perquisites only of drapers and greengrocers.

Altogether, the stature excepted, Jerrold's physique was such as any man might be proud of, and corresponded very admirably with the rapid, frank, free soul that worked within it. He was closely, smoothly shaved, and showed not a vestige of whisker. He was well, and even, I thought, carefully clothed ; his linen scrupulously clean, and the trousers strapped quite trimly down on the patent-leather boot.

The second time I visited him he was kind enough to drive us (an American with weak eyes had dropped in) up to town. During the ride he was particularly chatty and agreeable. He told us of 'Black-Eyed Susan' and Elliston ; of his early marriage and difficulties. We had the anecdote of the French surgeon at Boulogne, who insulted his rheumatic agonies with, 'C' n'est rien,' and got his retort in return. We had erudite discourses on wines and descriptions of pleasant places to live in. He told us his age. He talked of the clubs. He named his salary from 'Punch.' He related the history of that publication, and revealed the authors. He pointed out which articles were his, which Thackeray's, and which Tom Taylor's. He spoke of Percival Leigh. We heard of Clarkson Stanfield and Jerrold's

own experiences as middy. He chatted of Dickens, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Tom Taylor, and Albert Smith. Of all he spoke frankly, but discriminatively, and without a trace of malice or ill-nature. Dickens he mentioned with the greatest affection; and the articles of Thackeray and Tom Taylor were praised in the most ungrudging fashion. No doubt Jerrold's feelings were quick and his expressions hasty; no doubt he could say bitter things and savage things; but still I believe his nature to have been too loyal to admit either of envy or jealousy.

And so we came to Trafalgar Square; and there we parted. And I see him now as I saw him then, when he turned his back and climbed the stairs of the Royal Academy. I did not think then it was the last time I should see him. I did not think then that, one day reading the 'Times' newspaper in the Museum Club of Heidelberg—the window open, and bright in the intense sunshine the mountain opposite—the tidings of his death would come on me with a shock. I did not think then that, returning from a six-years' sojourn on the Continent, one of the first places I should visit in England would be Norwood Cemetery, to seek out there the grave of him who had once been kind to me, and to find it only by a reference to that of Laman Blanchard. (For in the September that followed his death I could see no memorial of the earth that held 'so dear a head.') But so it was fated. And so, calling up again the short figure, and the bowed neck, and the face so swift and eager that the hair blew back—thinking again of the free, sailor-like nature that despised convention and detested cant, of the sensitive heart, of the liberal hand, of the simple, loyal impulse that made his movement straight—I fling this, my flower of grateful recollection on his grave, and cry, Farewell! Brave, frank, impulsive, generous Douglas Jerrold, farewell! Thou surely, if any man, didst thrill to the poet, when he called—

'Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.'

- ART. III.—1. *Meliora*. First and Second Series. *Essays edited by the Viscount Ingestre*, M.P. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
 2. *The Claims of Labour*. 2nd Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
 3. *London Shadows: a Glance at the 'Homes' of the Thousands*. By George Godwin, F.R.S. London: Routledge.

RATHER more than sixty years ago four young men conceived the idea of establishing a model society in the then almost unknown recesses of Central America. This association was to have been pure and innocent as that first society when man still dwelt in the garden, and knew nothing of towns. These generous enthusiasts lived to see the impracticability of their designs,—lived to learn that if they would afford the world an example of a perfect community, they must attempt rather to amend the existing condition of mankind in the great cities of England, than found a new society in the plains of the Susquehannah. These men were no fools. Two of them lived to become famous; and modern literature boasts no names more honoured than those of Coleridge and Southey. Forty years after 'Pantisocracy' was first suggested, Coleridge, then 'the old man eloquent,' uttering words of deepest import to his reverent listeners, said: 'That is the most excellent state of society in which the patriotism of the citizen ennobles, but does not merge, the individual energy of the man.'

We shall presently find that the more this aphorism is studied, the more will its wisdom appear. In the mean time let us reflect for a little upon the social condition of England at the close of the last century, and compare that time with our own.

First, then, it must be remembered that though Rousseau was a Frenchman, his doctrines had many admirers in this country. Very seductive was the picture of primitive happiness to those who, toiling on wearily from year to year, scarcely knew what happiness meant. By a change in the existing state of society they thought that at least they risked the loss of nothing, for they had nothing to lose, and they hoped to gain much. But they were mistaken, as the sequel soon showed. The expiring century, which seemed to so many the close of a long and dreary night and the dawning of a bright day, ended amid the darkness of a reign of terror and universal war.

The meanest and the poorest man learnt that he had this to lose—the protection of the law. And this is where the reformer of 1859 differs from him of 1789. In quietness and confidence is our strength; and only in quietness and confidence can we devise those social measures which will be productive of lasting good to the whole community.

These measures are of a twofold description—

I. Such

I. Such as may be accomplished by private means, or by public associations other than the legislative body. In other words, such as are intended to correct individual evils.

II. Such as can be carried into effect by the legislature alone; or such as will tend to produce organic change in the relationship between the employer and the employed.

We can glance only at the first in the present article.

The welfare of the workman is dependent upon—*his Work, his Wages, his Dwelling, his Education and Recreation, and his Provident Savings.*

The Work.—It would be impossible, within the limits of an article of reasonable length, to describe all the various occupations in which the workman is engaged; nor is it needful to detail them. It is sufficient to consider them with reference to such particulars, as, whether they are skilled or unskilled, healthy or unhealthy, solitary or associated. By the recent census we find that there were, in the year 1851, in England and Wales, 129,002 'masters in trades,' and that there were 727,468 'men employed by masters.' Of the 129,002 masters, 41,372 employed *no men*; but the remaining 87,270 masters state that they had in their employ 727,468 men, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ men each on the average; 378,127, or more than half of the number, were employed by masters who had 30 or more men in their employ; more than a fourth part, or 202,500, were employed by 752 masters, who had each 150 or more of them engaged on the day of the census. The number of labourers employed by farmers was 665,651; so that there were nearly 62,000 more labourers employed in manufactures than in agriculture.

But these figures are far from presenting the grand total of what is usually called the 'working classes.' There are vast numbers of men, women, and children who are expending all their energy in the hope, not of ultimately obtaining a competence, but that they may keep body and soul together. The 'Morning Chronicle' and Mr. Mayhew have told us something about this class; and with these, and countless other works that have been written on similar subjects, one-half of the world has now no longer any excuse for not knowing how the other half lives.

'I know a woman who is making shirts at five farthings a-piece,' says a recent writer. Now if we consider what this fact means, that it means want of food, denial of rest, unceasing toil of a sort that soon injures the eyesight and ruins the health; that it means, in short, slow starvation, terminated only by a painful but most welcome death, can we wonder that modern philanthropists have to mourn over, and despair of ever remedying that which has been well called the 'great sin of great cities?'

Much

Much has lately been said concerning the employment of women in occupations that are now filled by men. Any arrangement by which feminine labour will be rendered more valuable must be highly advantageous, to a certain degree. But yet there is a very considerable danger connected with this, which, though one might deem sufficiently obvious, has been, for the most part, overlooked.

In the same proportion that women are employed in factories, shops, or otherwise, they must neglect those duties which peculiarly belong to the female sex—those which we term domestic. Mr. Mill, indeed, seems to think that, in the long run, this is rather an advantage than otherwise, since he deems that, ‘among the probable consequences of the industrial and social independence of women will be a great diminution of the evils of over-population. It is,’ he urges, ‘by devoting one-half of the human species to that exclusive function, by making it fill the entire life of one sex, and interweave itself with almost all the projects of the other, that the animal instinct in question is nursed into the disproportionate preponderance which it has hitherto exercised in human life.’*

We confess that we are not sanguine as to the effect of any teaching which should induce women to consider marriage and maternity as quite subordinate elements in their life. The registrar-general, in the census for 1851, has very well remarked (p. 64):—

‘Without overlooking the high duties which women, as well as men, perform in England, it must be admitted that St. Paul, when he says, “I will, therefore, that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house,” lays down, for the women of this class, their substantial business, which cannot be neglected without imminent peril to their children—to the nation of the next generation. The child receives nurture, warmth, affection, admonition, education, from a good mother; who, with the child in her arms, is, in the eyes of all European nations, surrounded by a sanctity which is only adequately expressed in the highest works of art. The fatal effects of living in concubinage—or of a wife sending her children to the foundling hospital—neglecting her duties—leaving her children to the care of strangers—are well known; for under such circumstances monogamic nations inevitably fall in arrear like the races who practise polygamy.’

But this question is not left as a matter of theory. In the manufacturing districts, especially, females have been largely employed, and that to the exclusion of their husbands, brothers, and fathers. It is very certain that where married women are generally occupied in work that calls them away from their homes, the whole family must suffer. The wages which the mother earns do not make up for the evils which the children suffer from want of nursing and maternal watchfulness, or for the lesser

* ‘Political Economy,’ vol. ii., p. 331.

evils which arise to the husband from the absence of domestic comfort.

We are not disposed to think that Mr. Mill's argument has much force. What he terms 'improvident marriages' may be prevented by the general employment of women. But it must be remembered that these occupations involve, for the most part, frequent association with men; and too often the morals of the former have irretrievably suffered from this intercourse, and in such a way that decrease in the number of marriages by no means implies decrease in the number of births. Undoubtedly, however, population is checked by the employment of female labour, but in such a way as Mr. Mill did not contemplate, and which the most rigid political economist would deprecate. More than half of the children born in towns where large manufactories abound die before they are five years old. This arises, indirectly, from the weakened constitution which the offspring derives from its toil-worn and enfeebled mother; and, directly, from the want of nurture and maternal supervision, so necessary in the first few years of infancy.

Here, then, is an example of the great difficulty which meets all those who attempt to correct a great social evil—the underpaid wages of female labour. To many, the remedy seemed easy and simple. Only transfer to women a tithe of the work which is given to men, it was urged, and all will be well. But experience has shown that this practice is attended with great danger; that it too often implies demoralization to the woman, fatal neglect to the children, and to the husband all the discomforts and consequent temptations of a disorderly home.

The difficulty is only partially met by the provision of a larger amount of work that can be accomplished by the woman at her own house; and it is one of the evils attendant upon the great mechanical improvements of the present time that this is rendered every year more and more difficult.

It appears from the last census that there were 267,791 milliners and dressmakers, and 73,068 seamstresses and shirtmakers. In England the lot of most of these is a hard and painful one. In the colonies they would be loving wives and happy mothers. Let our ladies at home ponder these two facts. Perchance, reflection might convince them that a portion of the money which they so freely bestow in innumerable charities, might be better spent in restoring their own sex to the independence which is the right of every woman.

If we take some of the principal occupations in which our population are engaged, we find, from the census, that there were, in 1851:—

	Persons.	Character of Occupation.
Boot and shoemakers	274,451	For the most part sedentary, solitary, and unhealthy.
Tailors	152,672	For the most part sedentary, associated, and unhealthy.
Carpenters and joiners	182,696	Moderately active, associated, and healthy.
Blacksmiths	112,776	Very active, and perhaps not unhealthy.
Masons and paviors	101,442	Active and healthy.
Carriers—carters	56,981	Active and healthy.

MINING OCCUPATIONS.

Coal-miners	219,015	} Active, associated, and though, perhaps, not unhealthy in themselves, are attended with great hazard.
Iron-miners	28,088	
Lead-miners	22,530	
Copper-miners	22,386	
Stone-quarriers	23,489	

The first of these tables includes both masters and workmen. It has not been found easy to separate them. But, of course, the great majority are of the latter class. In the second table, the number of masters, *i. e.*, owners of mines and quarries, is so small as to be safely neglected in forming an estimate of the occupations of the working classes. The total number of agricultural labourers, farm-servants, &c., is given in the census as 1,460,896; so that the number of persons employed under-ground is equal to more than a fifth of those engaged in the cultivation of the surface.

With regard to the *characters* of these occupations, it is clear that where they are naturally sedentary no ingenuity can make them active. But as regards the unhealthiness attending those of the first table, and the hazard attending those of the second table, there is no doubt that in each case the unfavourable circumstance may be lessened.

For instance, in the case of tailors and shoemakers, the unhealthiness to which they are subject is not necessarily dependent upon the work; for though sedentary occupations are naturally less salutary than active, they may be rendered comparatively innocuous by obedience to the fundamental laws of hygiene. Cleanliness, ventilation, and temperance, are simple rules, neither difficult nor costly in the keeping, but which, broken, become their own Nemesis. The first and last of this triad are affairs of the workman; the second is a matter to which the master should give his earnest attention. Nature avenges the transgression of her laws upon the children of the offenders even to the third and fourth generation. Her vengeance is seen in blanched cheeks and hollow eyes, in feeble limbs and bodies, suffering under the dire scourge of scrofula. And as regards mining employments, the remedy here, likewise, is greatly in the hands of the workmen. More accidents are caused by carelessness than from unavoidable circumstances.

Wages have been already adverted to in this Review, therefore we pass at once to

The Dwelling.—The subject of dwellings has received more attention than any other that affects the working classes. At first, investigations were looked upon with suspicion, and it was openly argued that we had no right to interfere with an 'Englishman's castle.' But the absurdity was too apparent. A few details afforded by those who had made themselves acquainted with the haunts of the lower orders soon silenced all such pedantic excuses for selfish indolence. Reports, and pamphlets, and volumes, all having the dwellings of the poor for their subject, multiplied exceedingly. The legislature at length interfered, and it was only the ignorant clamour of a few parliamentary upstarts that prevented more stringent provisions than those which already exist.

The great majority of the vagrant poor, and the classes that unite some sort of regular work with theft, live in lodging-houses. Speaking of one of these, a City missionary says:—

'I measured the "parlour," which was 18 feet by 10 feet; beds are arranged on each side of it, composed of straw, rags, and shavings. Here are twenty-seven male and female adults, and thirty-one children, with several dogs; in all, fifty-eight human beings in a contracted den, from which light and air are systematically excluded. It is impossible to convey a just idea of their state. The quantities of vermin are amazing! I have entered a room, and in a few minutes I have felt them dropping on my hat from the ceiling, like peas. "They may be gathered by handfuls," observed one of the inmates. "I could fill a pail in a few minutes. I have been so tormented with the itch, that on two occasions I filled my pockets with stones, and waited till a policeman came up, and then broke a lamp, that I might be sent to prison, and there be cleansed, as is required before new comers are admitted."'

Mr. Riddall Wood says:—

'I have met with upwards of forty persons sleeping in the same room, married and single, including children, and several young adult persons, of either sex.' (This was in Liverpool.) 'In Manchester I could enumerate a variety of instances, in which I found such promiscuous mixture of the sexes, in the sleeping-room. I may mention one; a man, his wife and child, sleeping in one bed; in another bed, two grown-up females; and in the same room, two young men unmarried. I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister sleeping in the same bed together. I have known at least half a dozen cases in Manchester, in which that has been regularly practised, the unmarried sister being an adult.*

We find, likewise, that in countless instances virulent epidemics are clearly traceable to the total absence of ventilation and drainage which are the invariable characteristics of these dwellings. We are told that 'the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventible causes of typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo.' These

* 'Remedies for the Perils of the Nation,' pp. 267, 268.

facts are fully borne out by Mr. Godwin's most painfully-interesting little work on the 'Homes of the Thousands.'

The condition of these lodging-houses at length became so bad, or what is, perhaps, more strictly true, the public attention was so powerfully directed towards them, that parliament interfered. Now it is provided that not more than a certain number of persons shall sleep in a given space. But though this is a step in the right direction, it does not thoroughly meet the case. Government could not insure decency or morality, and still the melancholy fact remained, that, as Lord Shaftesbury stated, 'It would be found true, upon inquiry, not only of the metropolis, but of the smaller as well as of the great towns throughout the country, that seven-tenths of the juvenile crime perpetrated in the different localities are concocted by the society which meet in those lodging-houses.' It was felt that the true mode of remedying the evil was by offering other lodging-houses, superior in every respect, and at the same rate as most of the old lodgings. On this principle the Labourers' Friend Society acted. 'The first efforts were on a small scale, being simply experimental, and were limited to the adaptation of existing houses in the worst and most crying localities. The indispensable requisites were decency, cleanliness, and essential comfort; strict, though considerate, rules for the maintenance of order; prices the same as those commonly paid; and lastly, that the whole should be on the footing, not of eleemosynary shelter, but of a self-supporting and even profitable institution.*' It was considered, and with justice, that in order to render these experiments successful, they must be not only self-supporting, but remunerative; otherwise, there could be no chance of driving out from the field those proprietors of lodging-houses who were making large fortunes out of the misery, destitution, and immorality of their fellow-creatures. The experiment, happily, proved successful. The society first took two houses in King Street and Charles Street, Drury Lane, which held, respectively, twenty-four and eighty-three lodgers, in rooms of unequal size, containing from three to eleven beds. The locality was well chosen, since it was in the very midst of those dwellings which it was so desirable to suppress.

The City missionaries bear testimony to the happy change that resulted from these efforts. The inhabitants of these new lodging-houses were warmly grateful for the shelter that had been afforded them, and looked back with horror upon the scenes that they had once witnessed.

The society, thus encouraged, attempted greater things, and determined to build a model lodging-house themselves.

* 'Quarterly Review' for December, 1847, p. 147.

'A site

'A site was selected in George Street, Bloomsbury, and a house was built, capable of containing one hundred men and boys. This house is five stories high, besides the kitchen floor; the staircases are built of stone, and are wide and well lighted; gas is supplied to all parts of the building. One of the lower apartments is assigned to the lodgers as a store-closet; each person having a small provision-safe to himself, fronted with a plate of pierced zinc, which he keeps under lock and key. The dormitories each contain no more than thirteen beds, and each bed, with a narrow pathway at its side, is separated from the adjoining one by a high wooden partition, and is approached by a private door from a common passage down the centre. In this small compartment are a bed, chair, and wooden box for clothes and other valuables; and to this contracted but comfortable recess the tenant can withdraw himself and enjoy an hour's retirement. This advantage is most highly valued. On each floor are rooms with zinc basins, and a full supply of water for personal cleanliness, and every other convenience; and below is a spacious laundry, where the inmates may wash their linen; tubs, hot water, and drying-closets are provided. The use of these comforts, including a small library, is charged at the rate of 4*d.* a night, for every night in the week. This is an increase of 4*d.* on the weekly payments of the other houses, since there Sunday's lodging is allowed for nothing; this increase, however, is cheerfully paid.'

Notwithstanding the original cost¹ of building, and of the purchase of the land, which was very heavy, the society have derived a fair profit from their undertaking. Nor is this surprising, when we hear from the City missionaries that many of the proprietors of the old lodging-houses are men of notorious wealth, and 'live in great splendour' in different parts of London. One lodging-house keeper has stated that he came to London a journeyman carpenter, with only five shillings in his pocket, and that now he could lay his hands any day on ten thousand pounds.

There are other lodging-houses, similar to the one above described, in various parts of London: nor are they confined to the metropolis: they are to be met with in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birkenhead, and other large towns.* The necessity for such establishments becomes greater every year. For each year, while the working population is increasing in numbers, the amount of available accommodation for them is actually decreasing. This arises from the architectural improvements that are constantly occurring in large towns. A broad, handsome new street is a pleasant thing to look upon, and a far more pleasant place to walk in than the old courts and alleys which once occupied its site. Yet, truly, there is not much cause for boasting in the enterprise that deprives the poor of their abodes, and drives them to seek shelter in dens unfit for the meanest beast.

In cases where it is not deemed desirable to erect 'model lodging-houses,' much may be effected by amending existing dwellings. There are a few leading principles which should never be lost sight of in any such undertaking. It should be remembered that it is absolutely necessary for the health of the inmates that there

* See 'Quarterly Review,' December, 1847, article 'Lodging-houses;' and Reports of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Working Classes. should

should be good ventilation, thorough drainage, complete cleanliness, and a plentiful water supply. While it is no less important that their morals should not suffer by the shameful over-crowding of the rooms, which has been the cause of such fearful immorality and sin. Where there is no provision made for the separation of the sexes, what result can be expected from uneducated people, but the practice of the most brutal vices, such as St. Paul says it is a shame to speak of?

Nurtured in such haunts, children become polluted from their birth. They grow up steeped in sin, and adepts in every crime. 'The experiment,' says Dr. Southwood Smith, 'has been long tried on a large scale, with a dreadful success, affording the demonstration, that if, from early infancy, you allow human beings to live like brutes, you can degrade them down to their level, leaving them scarcely more intellect, and no feelings and affections proper to human minds and hearts.'

There is little doubt that our neglect recoils upon our own heads in the shape of increased taxation for the conviction and punishment of criminals, in the terrible scourges of fever and cholera that break out from time to time, and which, though having their origin amidst the filth and effluvia of back lanes and courts, do not remain there, but spread to the mansions of the wealthy, infecting all the atmosphere as they pass. If we listen to the voice of these grim messengers, they will indeed have been messengers of mercy, angels of life though veiled in the form of Azrael the angel of death. It will not have been in vain that twice within ten years we have been visited with pestilence, 'and our children will have cause to bless God for the cholera if it teaches us that cleanliness is indeed next to holiness; if it teaches us, rich and poor, to make the workman's home what it ought to be.'*

Already we appear to have profited by these lessons. Dr. Southwood Smith tells us, that while the annual mortality for the whole of the metropolis is 22 to every 1,000 inhabitants, and in some parishes the average reaches the fearful height of 40 in 1,000, the deaths have receded to 7 in 1,000 in all the lodging-houses built by the Society for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Working Classes. Further, whilst during the epidemic of 1854, 20 victims might have been counted in one street of London, and 6 in one house, there was not a single case in these lodging-houses. We receive the same cheering intelligence from other parts of England. In Wigan, where there are 24 lodging-houses, receiving 30,000 travellers per annum, and in Wolverhampton, which has 200 of such houses, affording accommodation

* 'Who causes Pestilence? Four Sermons by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.'

to the incredible number of 511,000 persons, the police have not had to record a single case of fever.*

Education.—In the year 1850, Mr. Kay wrote: ‘It has been calculated that there are at the present day, in England and Wales, nearly 8,000,000 persons who cannot read and write.’ By the census of the following year, the total population of England and Wales was 17,927,609 persons, so that four-ninths of the inhabitants of England and Wales were destitute of what might have been deemed the most ordinary instruction. This is a startling fact, and one for which few people would be prepared. In comparison with other countries, England ranks most unfavourably as regards education. In the Swiss cantons the proportion of scholars to inhabitants is about 1 in 5·7. In Württemberg and Prussia it is 1 in 6; in Saxony 1 in 5; in France 1 in 10·5; in Belgium 1 in 10·7; in Scotland 1 in 8; last of all comes England, where the proportion falls to 1 in 14.

And yet it seems as though we had of late heard sufficiently about education. The tracts and treatises that have been published on that subject would make a library of no ordinary dimensions. Whence, then, this sad result? The answer is not difficult. The very abundance of these works testifies to the want of unity among the writers. This supposition is confirmed by the fact, that whereas in ten countries of Europe, viz., France, Prussia, Bavaria, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Saxony, Hanover, Württemberg, Grand Duchy of Baden, the different religious sects unite in assisting government to promote the education of the people; in England, quite the reverse is the case, and the inextinguishable jealousies that have been excited as to what the people shall be taught, have caused that a large proportion of the population receive no education at all. It is difficult to find any remedy for so complicated a disorder. At present, the best method of treatment seems to be that government should make use of schools which already exist, without regard to the religious denominations by which they are supported; while, at the same time, the system of local rates should be adopted in connection with voluntary subscriptions. But this question is beyond our province. Our attention should be directed chiefly to the mode of instruction afforded to the ‘working classes.’

Now, it is very certain that the term ‘working classes’ includes a variety of grades. The well-paid mechanic residing in a private house is an altogether different person to the squalid inhabitant of the penny lodging-house; while the neatly-dressed pupil in the

* See on this subject the very able Paper of Mr. Henry Roberts, ‘On the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes,’ read at Liverpool, and just published in the ‘Transactions of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science.’

national school is no less distinct from the rag-clad neglected prowler in the filth of back streets.

Practically, this difference has been found to be very considerable. For instance, it has been proved that the national school is wholly useless as regards the lowest grade of children; for them it was necessary to create an altogether different institution. And the result has happily shown that ragged and industrial schools will succeed where their more respectable prototypes have utterly failed.

On this point Lord Teignmouth has offered some interesting information. We read, that 'it has invariably been found by the clergy and their lay coadjutors, most conversant with the social condition of large towns, that there is a class of children who, whether from the destitution, vice, or crime of their parents, cannot be drawn to the national schools.' Under such circumstances, ragged or industrial schools have been established, and the result has been most gratifying. The first experiment of this sort was made at Bristol, in the year 1847. Cleanliness was first insisted upon by the society's rules, and secured by the provision of a washing apparatus for each school. 'The scheme of education includes reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as religious instruction. And the proficiency of the children is attested by periodical as well as occasional examinations. Multitudes have acquired, besides a good secular education, considerable knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, of the doctrines and duties of religion.* The Bristol police bore ample and willing testimony to the influence of these schools in diminishing juvenile crime. The great secret of this success lay in the fact that the children were not only taught in the usual way, but were also instructed in useful employments. Many of the boys who went to these schools were found to be starving from want of work; their existence was dependent upon their expertness in petty crime. They were at once set to work at oakum-picking, fabricating nets, and shoemaking. 'The effect of these schools in withdrawing the children from criminal pursuits may be gathered from the following summary of the number of those on the lists committed to prison in the first six years of their existence:—

	Average Attendance.	Number Committed.
In 1847, when two sets of schools were opened . . .	Incomplete.	12
In 1848, after opening two more schools	459	19
In 1849, four sets of schools in full operation, and the industrial school opened	503	26
In 1850, a fifth school opened, and industrial in full operation	647	9
In 1851, five sets of schools in full operation . . .	693	1
In 1852, five sets of schools in full operation . . .	763	1 †

* 'Meliora,' Second Series, p. 50.

† 'Meliora,' *ut supra*.
Now,

Now, these figures are full of interest, more especially when connected with other figures, viz., that in London alone there were stated to be upwards of 30,000 uncared-for juveniles; while it has been calculated that in Great Britain there were no fewer than from 200,000 to 300,000 juvenile offenders who subsist upon the property of the industrious classes, to the extent of 5,250,000*l.* yearly. Another fact may be stated, full of significance to those blest with the hearing ear. It has been proved 'that in any part of Great Britain, even in London itself, children may be fed, taught, and trained, for less than 5*l.* a year each.' It would cost 10*l.* a year to keep any one of those children in the workhouse; 20*l.* a year in the gaol, irrespective of the loss to public property by his depredations; while if he should continue, as is only too probable, in his evil ways, so that he be at length transported, he will cost from 200*l.* to 300*l.**

We have now to refer to the education of the class above that of destitution. And first we must endeavour to discover what are the chief deficiencies in the present system of education. On comparing our own country with that of Western Europe generally, we are at once struck with the very inferior attainments of English teachers; and while the absurdity of dames' schools is almost confined to the villages, the condition of many of the schools in the towns is not very much better. The fact is, that scarcely any provision is made by government for the education of the teachers or for their maintenance. The little provision that does exist for the instruction and training of teachers is dependent upon voluntary subscriptions, so that the normal colleges cannot afford to give more than a year or eighteen months' training; while on the continent the teachers receive *three years'* training in the teachers' colleges at the expense of the government. In France, there are 92 normal schools to a population of 34,000,000. In England, there are only 12 to a population of 17,000,000, or only a fourth in proportion to those of France. When compared with other countries this difference is even greater. In Prussia there are three normal colleges to every million of the population; in Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, two to the million; and in *Switzerland, six to the million*. If it be asked, Can we do without normal colleges? we reply in Mr. Kay's words—

'We can do without them, certainly, if we are resolved not to educate the people. Or if education consists in merely teaching to read and write, and forcing instruction into the child by means of the ruler and the cane, then we may do without normal colleges. Or if the profession of a teacher is one for which *any one* is fitted, and to which any one may turn as his last shift in the world for obtaining a decent maintenance, then we may do without normal colleges; or if it is impossible for a badly-organized school to do harm, most grievous harm, and to demoralize instead of improving youth, then we may do without normal colleges.

* 'Meliora,' Second Series, p. 126.

In short, if the education of the people is a visionary scheme, on which none but enthusiasts speculate, or if it is doubtful whether it will advance the cause of religion, morality, prudence, foresight, and order; or if it is merely a plaything to soothe and gratify the people, then assuredly we have no need of normal colleges.*

This, then, is the first point to which educational efforts should be directed. The next subject of consideration is the condition of the schoolrooms. This, in many cases, is very bad. We are aware that much has lately been done towards the improvement of schoolrooms; handsome structures have been erected with the assistance of government grants. Indeed, we do not see how this could have been accomplished otherwise. That the voluntary system alone would not have sufficed is proved from the fact that it had not been sufficient. The teachers themselves were in no position to afford better schoolrooms. They were unaided by government, and being wholly dependent upon the pence of their scholars, were often in a state wellnigh of destitution.

Yet even the plan now adopted by government, of yielding educational grants proportional to the amount of subscriptions, is by no means perfect. Sir John Pakington showed that parishes where education had friends (and which, therefore, do not require so much help) get helped liberally, whilst parishes which have no friends, and want help, get little or none. ‘Clerkenwell, St. Giles’s, Shoreditch, and Shadwell—friendless parishes, with a united population of 138,900 souls—divide amongst them 12*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, whilst St. Michael, Chester Square, St. Barnabas, Kentish Town, and Kensington—parishes with a joint population of only 50,000, but which have friends—take from the public grant 3908*l.* annually.†

Educational rates seem the only remedy for this great evil.

We now proceed to consider the proportion of children that receive education in schools. At the last census it was found that there were in England and Wales nearly five millions of children between the ages of three and fifteen. Rather more than two millions of these were at school. Now it has been usually considered that this small proportion of scholars is owing to the cupidity, or if we will not use so harsh a word, to the neediness, of the parents, by whom a large majority of the children were early sent to work. The census proves this theory baseless. Only about three-fifths of a million were at work, the remaining two millions and a quarter were neither at work nor at school. The exact numbers were—

Between the ages of 3 and 15 at work	599,829
“ “ “ school.	2,046,848
“ “ “ neither at work nor at school.	2,262,019
Total number.	<u>4,908,696</u>

* Kay, op. cit., vol. ii., pp. 481, 482.

† ‘Edinburgh Review,’ October 1855, p. 401.

‘Neither at work nor school!’ Those words are full of import to the political economist. If not there, where are they then, is the natural inquiry. The answer is a sad one. The back streets and courts of our crowded cities can tell. Half naked, begrimed with dirt, wallowing in the filth, fighting, swearing, hopelessly degraded—such is the primary education of half the ‘rising generation’ of England. A few years later we shall see these wretched children matured in vice, experienced in crime, the pariahs of society, from whom all eyes are averted but those of the policeman and the detective. We have already stated that there are from 200,000 to 300,000 juvenile offenders who subsist upon the property of the industrious classes. Never was it found more true that prevention is cheaper than cure. It is now become a very important question how far education may be made compulsory. We have the example of other states for such a measure; and in our own country, ‘if the question is one of principle, involving the liberty of the subject or the authority of the parent, it is said to have been conceded by successive Acts of Parliament, which compel the attendance at school, for half their time, of all the children, 17,834 in number, between 8 and 13 years of age, who are employed in cotton and print works. If it be a question of expediency, the admitted success of that experiment is adduced; and the right of other children is asserted to the protection which the Legislature has extended to these. . . . Why should Parliament legislate only for children employed in one kind of labour? There are 24,000 boys under 15 years of age employed in collieries, 80,000 of the same age employed out of doors in agriculture, 30,000 who live in farm-houses: these have the same right to be protected from the cupidity of their employers as the factory children have.’ Were this Act rendered universal, ‘the administration of the law would be rendered comparatively easy; the parish register and the school register would be all the machinery required to detect the evasions of it.’*

This enactment would produce two important and beneficial effects—

1st. Two millions of children would be sent to school who do not now attend.

2ndly. Double the number of children would be employed in remunerative labour that are now employed.

‘Thus,’ says the reviewer, ‘the work of industrial and ragged schools would be done. The vagrant children of large towns would be swept into the schools. A large proportion of them would find remunerative employment for half their time (a better training to

* ‘Edinburgh Review,’ October, 1855, pp. 389, 390. See the very interesting account of the Hants and Wilts Educational Conference, recently holden at Basingstoke, for further particulars on this subject.

industry than that of the industrial school), and all would find education. Were there no other good, to drag the misery of these poor children into the light of the school would be something.'

It is, then, very gratifying to know that this particular social reform has so rapidly progressed since its initiation at Aberdeen in 1841, that in 1858, or after 17 years, there were in London alone 166 schools in connection with the Ragged School Union. In these 41,803 children were instructed by 330 paid and 2,139 voluntary teachers.

Hitherto we have spoken of the education of children; but we would not have it supposed that we deem education to cease with childhood. There is no mistake more common, scarcely any more hurtful, than this. Men are but 'children of a larger growth;' and the man who deems that he has nothing more to learn has not yet begun to learn. The working classes have until lately peculiarly suffered from this error. The child, when taken from the national or other school, was told that his pupilship was now ended, and that he must henceforth think only of making his way in the world. And so it has often happened that the young man, by the time that he has lived a quarter of a century, knows even less than when he was only half that age.

To remedy this evil, some public-spirited inhabitants of Sheffield, a few years ago, started a working-man's college, which, after various reverses, appears to be now permanently established. A similar institution was commenced by Mr. Maurice and other gentlemen in London. The college was opened at Red Lion Square in November, 1854, and numbered 140 pupils. The subjects of teaching included divinity, natural philosophy, mathematics, anatomy, history, political economy and biography, English grammar and the structure of the English language, geography, French, Latin, drawing, and sanitary legislation. The college was divided into five classes. The 1st, to consist of a general body of matriculated students; the 2nd, of students who obtain a certificate of competency in some one branch of study after they have attended the college for four terms; the 3rd, or associated students, who shall prove that they have a competent knowledge in the principal subjects of our teaching, no effort being made to elicit their opinions, but a reasonable knowledge of Scripture history, of English history, of the principles of English grammar, and of either geometry or algebra, being considered indispensable. The 4th class, of fellows, *i. e.*, of persons chosen out of the associates, who shall be considered morally and intellectually capable of assisting in the education of the students; the 5th class to contain the council, which is proposed to be recruited from the fellows.*

* See Maurice, 'Learning and Working,' preface, p. xxii.

Now the leading idea of this college is, that it shall be self-supporting. No doubt, as Mr. Maurice says, an appeal might be made 'to the religious, or benevolent, or wealthy public, as it is called, in advertisements, in favour of an education for working men. . . . But what would thereby be gained? Less than nothing. The notion would be spread that we are raising a charitable fund, and the working people do not want our charity, and will not accept it. They would suppose that our charity could not be entirely disinterested; that we should expect some *quid pro quo* for our money in the shape of interference in the subjects of teaching. They give us money, it would be argued, that they may teach us in their own way.' Such an experiment could not fail to be unsuccessful. But, on the other hand, where it is understood that the working classes shall pay for the benefits which they receive; that they must exercise some little self-denial in order to obtain them; that their teachers are not their masters, but their fellow-workers and fellow-learners; then we may hope that such manifold benefits will not be contemned, but will be readily and joyfully accepted. We believe that such a happy result has followed. Already the Working-man's College in London has been compelled to remove from Red Lion Square to more commodious quarters; already there are many hearts full of gratitude, and many voices loud in the praise of Mr. Maurice and his coadjutors.

Recreations and Amusements.—The immediate transition from education to recreation is natural to those who treat of the condition of the working classes. It is necessary to the working classes themselves. Yet city amusements are far less under the influence of the upper classes than the amusements of the country. There is nothing in our large towns answering to the bowling-greens or cricket-grounds of the village. There are few who have the power, like the noble Mr. Crossley, to give away a park; still fewer, perhaps, who have the will to do so.

Thus it happens that the labouring population of the cities contrive their own amusements. The consequences might be foreseen. There is no higher refining influence at work, and the amusements of the million speak poorly for their decency and morality. The penny theatres and the cheap balls are akin to the light literature of Holywell Street. The suburban tea-gardens, which, strangely enough, have been held up by one of the most popular writers of the day as the scenes of innocent hilarity, are, we have good authority for stating, the haunts of the most profligate of either sex. But there is one distinguishing characteristic which unfortunately marks English conviviality—drunkenness. It is in the gin-palace and the beer-shop that the tired artisan seeks his recreation. There he finds anything but re-creation. There his powers
are

are wasted, his wages squandered, his morals degraded. With Cassio we exclaim, 'Oh that man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!'

Seventy millions sterling are spent in this country every year upon intoxicating drinks and tobacco. Well may philanthropists despair of ever effecting any lasting good while the British nation bow down to this insatiable demon! The man who first discovered alcohol deemed that this was the long-sought-for elixir of life. This it was which was to give new youth to the aged, new strength to the weak, and prolong the ordinary threescore years and ten of human existence to the patriarchal age, when the man nine centuries old was still hale and vigorous. He little knew the curse that lay stored up in his much-prized vial. He little thought that it contained woes as terrible as those borne by the seven dread angels whom St. John saw in his lonely isle of Patmos.

Again and again have our judges declared that were it not for this universal sin of drunkenness they would have wellnigh nothing to do. One judge with his last breath bore witness to the curse that strong drink had brought upon this land; the long calendar of offences on which he was to pass sentence filled him with emotions that at first having vent in impassioned words, then silenced his voice for ever.

As year by year passes away, it seems as though the efforts made by the workman's truest friends were utterly unavailing. And yet we trust that they are not so. Every one should join in the crusade against our national sin. Even those who do not agree in all the statements of the thorough teetotalter, may at least endeavour to provide other places of recreation and sociable refreshment than the gaudy gin-palace. It is not altogether from choice that the Englishman so often falls. He longs for companionship. That he cannot obtain in the miserable room that constitutes his home. It is only in the beer-shop and the gin-palace that he can meet his fellows. Alas! that the blessings of society should be turned into a curse! Yet surely nothing is easier than to offer rival attractions. The cheerful coffee-room, with its table well covered with newspapers, would be gladly welcomed by all but the most depraved. We would likewise have popular lectures frequently delivered, in which the unlearned should be brought acquainted with all the marvels that lie, though unseen, about all their paths. For the higher classes of working men there should be a great extension of mechanics' institutes. For both classes—the higher and the lower—the increase of public libraries would be an inestimable boon.

Provident Societies.—A few words on provident societies will not be inappropriate here. The old proverb of 'A penny saved is a penny

a penny get' was never truer than when said of the money saved from the gin-palace, and invested in some benefit or clothing-club. Lord Ingestre, lecturing in a town containing 24,000 inhabitants, and where 50,000*l.* are annually spent in ale or liquors, thus speaks of the various uses to which this sum might have been applied:— 'It is rather more than 2*l.* a-head. It might have been paid into a clothing-club, or laid up as a reserve against sickness or bad times. It might have been spent in sending children to school, and teaching them the difference between right and wrong, letting them know what crime was, both against their Maker and against their country. Or let us suppose that the sum of 25,000*l.* had been handed over to the local authorities; that it had been spent in whitewashing, in repairing houses, in education, and in generally improving the neighbourhood.' We may add that a payment of 2*l.* a year, commencing at the age of 21, will insure the sum of 100*l.* being given to the wife or children of the insured after his death; while in course of years the annual premium will be much reduced, and eventually extinguished.

There are two forms of provident societies, however, against which we must testify. The one is that of loan societies, where the working man pays 20 per cent. for his money, when he might obtain money at 5 per cent. The other is that of burial-clubs. Mr. Chadwick has unfolded a tale of horror respecting these. The principle of these clubs is, that a small sum is paid every year by the parent, and this entitles him to receive from 3*l.* to 5*l.* from the club on the death of the child.

'Many parents enter their children in several clubs. One man in Manchester has been known to enter his child in *nineteen* different clubs. On the death of such a child, the parent becomes entitled to receive a large sum of money; and as the burial of the child does not necessarily cost more than 1*l.*, or at the most 1*l.* 10*s.*, the parent realises a considerable sum after all the expenses are paid. It has been clearly ascertained, that it is a common practice among the more degraded classes of the poor in many of our towns, to enter their infants in these clubs, and then to cause their death either by starvation, ill-usage, or poison! Mr. Gardiner, the clerk to the Manchester union, deemed the cause assigned by a labouring man for the death of his child unsatisfactory, and staying to inquire, found that popular rumour assigned the death to wilful starvation. The child had been entered in at least *ten* burial-clubs, and its parents had six other children who lived only from nine to eighteen months respectively. They had received from several burial-clubs 20*l.* for *one* of these children, and they expected at least as much on account of this child.'

The town-clerk of Stockport says: 'I have no doubt that infanticide, to a considerable extent, has been committed in the borough of Stockport.*' Another case is mentioned, which gained a considerable notoriety, where the *fourteen children* of a woman named Mary May had died suddenly. Two more sharing the same fate, the suspicions of the clergyman of the parish were excited. One of the bodies was exhumed; traces of arsenic were detected; the

* 'Sanitary Inquiry Report,' 1843, p. 235.

woman was arrested, tried, and convicted. Previously to her execution she refused to make any confession, but said: '*If I were to tell all that I know, it would give the hangman work for the next twelve months.*' These murders were not confined to the children. Wives, in many cases, have administered poison to their husbands who were members of a burial-club. This is one of the blackest pages in the history of human society. The future chronicler of England's glory will turn with horror from details so terrible, so fearfully humiliating. Yet the fact that

'A Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,'

should be no argument against habits of prudence and providence. There are other ways in which these habits can be exercised besides the 'burial-club.' Indeed, strictly speaking, they are not exercised there, for the murderous member of the burial-club merely pays down a small sum, which he knows will bring him in a large return as soon as he pleases. There is no prudence or self-denial involved in such a devilish transaction. The honest labourer, mindful that 'hard times' may some day come, seeks out some upright means of providing against them. We cannot do better than recommend him some large *enrolled* friendly society, or life insurance; or, if he be unmarried, and have only to think of himself, a government deferred annuity will afford him a resource when old age comes upon him.

ART. IV.—1. *Chaplain's Reports on the Preston House of Correction.* Preston: Clarke.

2. *Testimonials of the Rev. John Clay, B.D.* Preston: Clarke.

3. *Preston Guardian.* November 27, 1858.

4. *Preston Chronicle.* November 27, 1858.

5. *Alliance Weekly News.* December 11, 1858.

6. *Irish Quarterly Review.* January, 1859.

'THERE are in every county in England large public schools, maintained at the expense of the county, for the encouragement of profligacy and vice, and for providing a proper succession of housebreakers, profligates, and thieves. They are schools, too, conducted without the smallest degree of partiality or favour, there being no man (however mean his birth or obscure his situation) who may not easily procure admission to them. The moment any young person evinces the slightest propensity for these pursuits, he is provided with food, clothing, and lodging, and put to his studies under the most accomplished thieves and cutthroats the county can supply. There is not, to be sure, a formal arrangement of lectures after the manner of our universities; but the petty larcenous stripping, being

being left destitute of every species of employment, and locked up with accomplished villains as idle as himself, listens to their pleasant narrative of successful crimes, and pants for the hour of freedom that he may begin the same bold and interesting career. This,' wrote Sydney Smith in 1821, 'is a perfectly true picture of the prison establishments of many counties in England.*' Preston Gaol was one of those from which the portrait may have been drawn. It is now a 'model prison.'† In the very year in which the passage we have quoted from Sydney Smith appeared, an officer was appointed to the staff of Preston House of Correction, to whose efforts it chiefly owes its present high position in the catalogue of English prisons.

To the late lamented chaplain of that gaol, the Rev. John Clay, its improvement is mainly to be attributed; and we shall endeavour in the following pages to indicate, by extracts from his invaluable reports, not only the means by which that amelioration was wrought, but the important aid he rendered to penal science itself by the light his benevolent zeal, sagacity, and experience enabled him to throw upon the causes of crime and the habits of criminals.

'It is impossible,' wrote the Bishop of Manchester to Mr. Clay, in 1854, 'to have ever read your valuable reports . . . without acknowledging the very complete manner in which you have devoted yourself to the reformation of prison discipline, the prevention of crime, and the improvement of those around you. It is impossible to have visited, as I have done more than once, the House of Correction at Preston without perceiving that yours is not a mere theory or benevolent dream, but a system based on long and extensive observation and experience.'

'Your successive reports,' wrote Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, 'have faithfully traced the connection between the neglect of all the means of Christian civilization and crime. In establishing this, by reiterated demonstration, you have strengthened the hands of all who prefer prevention to punishment. The advocates of all the means of humanizing, instructing, and evangelizing the mass, turn to your reports as to an armoury of facts from which to prove that society encounters all its most serious dangers from the neglect of these means.'‡

It is deeply to be regretted that many of these reports are no longer to be obtained. From 1824 to 1836 they were only printed in the local journals, and few, if any, are now in existence. From 1837 to 1845 the newspaper type was put into double columns, forming a quarto pamphlet; but of these scarcely any are remaining. It was not until 1846 that the document assumed its permanent octavo form. Sixteen reports, ranging in date from 1837 to 1858, out of the thirty-three published by Mr. Clay, are all we have been able to procure. We believe, however, that they include the most important among those he issued, and they certainly

* 'Edinburgh Review,' July, 1821, p. 286.

† 'Preston Chronicle,' Nov. 27th, 1858.

‡ 'Testimonials,' pp. 11—14.

afford far more passages of deep interest than the space at our command will permit us to transcribe. But before we enter upon the public career of the chaplain of Preston Gaol we will mention a few details of his early life.

JOHN CLAY, the fourth of five sons, was born at Liverpool on the 10th of May, 1796. His father, an ironmaster of that town, though member of a family which had long been settled in Derbyshire, died while he himself was yet a boy, leaving him and his brothers to make their own way in the world. When a child he was very delicate, and, according to the judgment of those at home, rather dull. As a young man he was chiefly famous as being about the best rider, fencer, runner, cricket-player (cricket then being in its infancy in the north), singer, actor, and light-weight boxer in Liverpool! With such qualities he was, of course, a great favourite in society; so much so, that all his elderly relations prophesied that it would be the ruin of him.

Mr. Clay was educated at Liverpool, where he was the pupil of Mr. Wylie. He acquired many accomplishments, besides an acquaintance with the more solid branches of knowledge. Thus in after life he used the pencil and brush with proficiency; he was conversant with most modern languages, and, with a taste for almost every science, he was as able as he was ready to lecture upon geological, antiquarian, and, indeed, nearly all subjects which could be thought useful or interesting to an English audience. He was originally destined for a commercial career, and served two apprenticeships with different mercantile houses in London and Liverpool. It was the failure of the second firm, when he was about twenty-four, that first led to his abandoning commerce and taking orders. At this time he went on a visit to a connection of his family residing near Preston. Intending originally to stay ten days, he remained more than a year, and, having determined upon entering the church, he occupied this time in reading for ordination. He was ordained in 1821 by the Bishop of Chester as a 'literate person.' He then entered himself at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and in due time graduated as a Bachelor of Divinity.

In 1828 Mr. Clay married a daughter of Mr. Fielding, of Myerscough House, near Garstang. Soon after their marriage Mrs. Clay's fortune, a large one, was almost all lost. Misfortunes never come alone, it is said, and Mr. Clay was now attacked by brain fever, the result of overwork. Happily for his family, and happily for mankind, he recovered, and at about the same time a turn in the tide of fortune relieved him from pecuniary troubles. With restored health, and freed from anxiety, he spent several years as happily to himself as usefully to his fellow-creatures, with

with the exception of one period of intense suffering arising from a domestic calamity. This was the death of his eldest son, a boy whose great abilities and wonderful personal beauty had so endeared him to his father, that the grief occasioned by his loss endangered Mr. Clay's own life.

We return now to the date of Mr. Clay's ordination as a deacon, when, in 1821, he was licensed to the assistant-chaplaincy of Preston Gaol, and commenced those labours which, through the reports in which they resulted, have obtained for him a world-wide reputation. He was appointed, at a salary of 100*l.* per annum, for a year, the chaplain, Mr. Harrison, being then in infirm health. The following year the appointment was renewed, and in 1823, on the death of Mr. Harrison, he was unanimously chosen by the court of annual sessions as his successor, with, however, no augmentation of salary, no improvement having yet been made at Preston on the prevailing rule, to which Sydney Smith alluded when he wrote, 'But the poor chaplain should be paid a little better; every possible duty is expected from him—and he has one hundred per annum.*' Still, this sum was twice the amount received by Mr. Clay's predecessor, who, of course, could not afford to give all, or, indeed, much of his time for so small a remuneration. In the November after Mr. Clay's appointment, however, the magistrates of Lancashire resolved 'that the chaplains of the several prisons of the county should in future bestow their whole and undivided attention to the duties of their respective offices.' Their salaries were all advanced; that of Mr. Clay to 250*l.* About 1850 it was increased to 350*l.*, at which it remained until his retirement from office.† Yet how inadequate a recompense is even the latter sum for such services as he rendered, or, indeed, for the services of the chaplain of any large gaol, who conscientiously discharges his duty—a duty of overwhelming importance, absorbing his whole time, bringing him hourly into contact with the vilest of mankind, taxing his powers of endurance both physical and moral, to the uttermost, and sometimes, indeed—as was the case with Mr. Clay—far exceeding the limits which regard for health should place to its demands!

Mr. Clay had, we are told, 'a peculiar aptitude for statistics. The compilation of his annual reports was a work which he liked, and here is the secret of its being so well done. He mapped out the crime of England, and exhibited at a glance the amount of criminality in various counties, endeavouring to trace the difference observable to specific causes. . . . He shed a flood of

* 'Edinburgh Review,' July, 1821, p. 299.

† 'Preston Chronicle.'

light upon our criminal population, and upon various local and general sources of crime, and it is by his reports only that the public can judge of the extent of his labours over a long period of years. He believed, with Mr. M. D. Hill, that "the vast majority of all who enter our prisons as criminals can be sent back into the world after no unreasonable term of probation honest men and useful citizens." *

Mr. Clay's painstaking investigations into matters affecting crime, and its causes, established him as an authority on all questions of moral or social interest. There was scarcely a speech delivered on any such question, by any man of eminence, but Mr. Clay's facts and figures were quoted. They were often referred to in both Houses of Parliament; and it has happened that on the same night his authority has been twice quoted on entirely different subjects.† Indeed, whatever movement for a philanthropic purpose was attempted, his information and experience were of value, and were enlisted into the cause. Immediately his reports appeared they were translated into several foreign languages. Not only were his writings thus appreciated, but his evidence was often sought by committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons on questions affecting the social condition of the people.‡

The earliest of his reports which we have been able to procure is dated 1837, and is a fair specimen of these admirable documents. In it we find a philosophical exposition of the various causes of crime, enforced by arguments and illustrated by instances which carry conviction with them; while its nature and amount in Lancashire during that year, as compared with the past, are clearly revealed by elaborate tables.

So early as in 1827 Mr. Clay had declared 'that no system of prison discipline could be generally efficacious unless the influence of religious instruction were aided by the *individual separation* of the prisoners,' § and this principle he strenuously advocated from year to year. It was not, however, until 1839 that he obtained its adoption, and then to only a very limited degree. Many years elapsed before it was acted upon to a large extent; and thus, in his report for 1846 we read:—

'For more than twenty years I have seen a house of correction operating as a seminary of sin; and WHEREVER THE ASSOCIATION OF PRISONERS IS PERMITTED, THERE THE WORK OF CORRUPTION IS STILL GOING ON.'

Nevertheless, he tells us:—

'The authorities of this gaol were not only among the first to recognise the necessity for abolishing association among convicted prisoners; but, as I believe,

* 'Preston Guardian.'

† 'Evening Mail,' Feb. 11, 1848.

‡ 'Preston Chronicle.'

§ Report for 1848, p. 17.

were the first to take the most momentous step ever yet taken in prison reform by sanctioning the individual separation of the UNTRIED.*

So long and so universally did the pernicious system prevail of allowing the casual offender and the hardened felon, the old and the young, the tried and the untried, to associate unwatched and in idleness. The criminals themselves are aware of the effect such intercourse has upon them, and numerous passages like the following are to be found in their narratives quoted by Mr. Clay:—‘Coming to prison hardened me. We was always talking in prison about our robberies, and scheming different things. Imprisonment does lads no good. It is best to put them in *Pompey* † for a week or two, and give them a right good flogging: lads will come again and again till they are transported.’ ‡

And Mr. Clay shows, with the help of his tables, how the victims of this corrupting system *did* return again and again until they *were* transported. Perhaps the strongest proof of the efficacy of the separate system, when at length he had obtained the remodelling of Preston Gaol upon that plan, is afforded by the steady diminution in the annual number of recommittals—a diminution which he stated had, though he was always sanguine on that point, far exceeded his expectations.§

The potent effect of separate confinement reveals itself in the awakened conscience, the self-examination, and the free and candid avowal of error in those subjected to its operation. To use the words of one of the most philosophical writers who have treated of reformatory discipline, M. Demetz:—‘Il faut avoir été témoin de ses effets pour se faire une idée exacte de l’heureuse influence qu’il peut exercer sur les mœurs. Une transformation complète s’opère dans l’individu qui y est soumis. . . . *La réflexion ramène sans cesse devant ses yeux le tableau de sa vie passée . . . il est amené forcément à faire un retour sur lui-même.*’ || ‘Everything that ever I did since I was a child has come back to me; and I see things now different to whatever I did before,’ are words, Mr. Clay tells us, frequently used by prisoners in the cell. ¶ ‘When a man is put here by himself, it like forces him to pray.’ **

In one important respect Mr. Clay departed from the rigid observance of the separate system. The prisoners were not isolated in chapel, for he believed separation during divine worship to be destructive of devotional feeling, and that fewer offences

* Report for 1846, p. 5.

† Solitary confinement.

‡ Report, 1839, p. 10.

§ Evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords on Criminal Law, 1847.

|| Rapport sur les Colonies Agricoles. Tours. 1855. p. 45.

¶ Report for 1844, p. 7.

** Ibid., 1846, p. 46.

were perpetrated in his chapel than in those where the prisoners are concealed from each other.

‘With regard to the question of social worship in chapel and isolated worship, I obtained yesterday from the chapel clerk a return of the offences committed in chapel during the thirteen weeks ending on the 30th of April; and I find that although we had upon the average 290 men present daily, there were only 19 offences, and that these were—5 for looking about, 6 for inattention, 6 sleeping (that was the chaplain’s fault more than the prisoners’), 1 turning round, and 1 looking on another prisoner’s book, which is no offence. I can only say that when prisoners are spoken to in chapel earnestly and intelligibly (for that is the main point—speak to them so that they can understand you), I never saw a congregation behave so well.’*

Doubtless their excellent behaviour was to be chiefly attributed, in part to the shortness of the services—a point which Mr. Clay held to be essential to their good effect †—and still more to his manner of conducting them. Mr. Frederic Hill says:—‘Religious and moral instruction are conveyed in an admirable manner by the chaplain in the daily and weekly services in the chapel. . . The benevolent and earnest manner in which Mr. Clay addresses the prisoners, and the clearness both of his language and matter, are very striking, and must give great force to his counsel and admonitions.’‡ ‘He strikes so deep,’ is one of the many testimonies to his power in addressing the prisoners which we meet with in their own narratives.

Mr. Clay appears (for many years, at least, after its adoption in Preston Gaol) to have preferred cellular imprisonment under all circumstances (except in the few cases in which regard for bodily and mental health forbade it) to any other system, and to have reconciled himself with difficulty to the association during labour even of men upon whom a long period of separate confinement had exercised its beneficial effect. It must be remembered that he had long been compelled to witness the horrors of promiscuous imprisonment, while he had yet to gain experience of the advantages resulting from modified association. The change in his opinion wrought by that experience may be gathered from passages in his later reports, as well as from his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on Prison Discipline in 1850,§ and still more conclusively from an extract from his journal cited by Mr. Frederic Hill, of which we insert a portion:—

‘*April 14th.*—Many of the prisoners who would be otherwise confined in the corridor, and who have undergone a certain term of “*encellement*,” are now employed in the open air in taking down the old buildings, &c. The super-

* H. C. Report of Committee on Prison Discipline, 1850, p. 362.

† Report for 1847, p. 26.

‡ Thirteenth Report of the Inspectors of English Prisons, Northern District, 1848, p. 2.

§ ‘Report of House of Commons Committee,’ p. 365.

intendence over them is very strict, and, I believe, perfectly effectual. At all events, if a word of communication should be now and then risked, anything like contamination is impossible. Varied by this bodily and healthy labour, the service of the chapel seems to be now enjoyed. . . .

'May 31st. . . . I had an opportunity to-day of conversing with about 12 or 15 of these men, and in every case I am satisfied that moral progress is decidedly made. Two men, more especially, manifested as much feeling as I ever saw evinced by men subjected to the *strict* separation of the cell.

'Aug. 18th.—Since the beginning of May, the works carried on within the prison-walls have required the presence of about 90 bricklayers, &c., and about 30 or 40 of the prisoners. On some occasions a still larger number have been employed in wheeling, excavating, dressing bricks, &c. The discipline has not suffered under these circumstances in the slightest degree. On the other hand, the order, and regularity, and decorum of the prisoners seem to have been in some measure communicated to the workmen. I have never heard any noise from them but that of their tools; their conversation is never, as far as can be heard, improper or even loud; and the governor and officers assure me, that ever since their work commenced, oaths or other profane language have never been heard from them.*

Testimony such as this from so acute and experienced a student of prison discipline must have great weight, and a peculiar value attaches to it when it is taken in conjunction with the success attained in Ireland by Captain Crofton, whose system includes among its several stages a probationary term of cellular confinement followed by labour in association.

Mr. Clay devoted much attention to the subject of juvenile crime. He demonstrated by statistics in the gross, and by special instances in detail, that it has its rise in dense ignorance, in the demoralizing influences of low concert-rooms, penny theatres, and vicious literature, but more still than these in the neglect, the evil example, the drunkenness, and too often the brutal cruelty of parents, of which the narratives of prisoners reveal the most hideous examples. But above all these causes of juvenile depravity Mr. Clay places the contamination of the gaol. Frightful as is the effect of indiscriminate association in the prison-yard upon the adult, he showed that upon the child it is yet more appalling. So great an evil made that of solitary imprisonment appear comparatively small, and in 1840 Mr. Clay earnestly advocated that mode of treatment for young criminals. The unfitness of a prison to their case, however, pressed itself upon his mind, and in 1844 he advocated a system of training resembling that now pursued in reformatory schools.†

In 1850 he again urged the importance of checking crime at its source by dealing with these victims of parental neglect:—

'Are the children of neglect always to think that no one cares for them? Is the wretched creature who has met with little else than blows and imprecations, ever to be permitted to know that the human voice can speak in kindness as well as

* Thirteenth Report of Inspectors of Prisons, Northern District. 1848. p. xxi.

† Report for 1844, p. 4.

in curses; that the human hand can encourage as well as strike?* that, if "a collar round his neck, and a cart-whip flourished over his back were what the gods would have appointed him," those "gods" were *false*—and their reign is over?†

The passage quoted by Mr. Clay occurs in a work entitled 'Model Prisons,' by Thomas Carlyle, compared with whose outpourings the ravings of a lunatic and the denunciations of Judge Jeffreys are words of common sense, and the accents of Christian love!

It was not until the end of 1851 that the appeal of the chaplain of Preston Gaol met with a response. A conference on 'Preventive and Reformatory Schools,' suggested by Miss Carpenter, and assiduously promoted by its honorary secretary, Mr. Joseph Hubback, of Liverpool, but which Mr. Clay and other friends to the reformatory cause united with them in convening, assembled at Birmingham in December of that year. Mr. Clay took an important part in all its meetings, opening it with prayer. In reference to this address the chairman, Mr. M. D. Hill, after reading a passage from a letter from Lord Brougham, said:—"Lord Brougham concludes his letter thus; and after the affecting prayer we have just heard, I cannot refrain from reading out that portion:—"Among the names attached to the requisition, I observe some most valuable coadjutors in the inquiry of 1847 of the Lords to which I have referred. Of Mr. Clay, especially, it would be quite impossible to exaggerate the services and the merits."‡

In seconding a resolution moved by the Rev. Edwin Chapman, Mr. Clay proved that in Preston 'criminal children were usually the offspring of parents well able to provide for their support and education, and urged that such parents ought to be compelled, by law, to defray part or the whole of the expense incurred in giving that religious and industrial education which they themselves have culpably neglected to give.'§ He has also maintained, that the parents of children committed to prison should be held responsible for their cost.||

He took no less a share in the proceedings of the second conference held at Birmingham in 1853, and again urged that the principle of parental responsibility should be enforced, adducing numerous instances to show that the money which should preserve their offspring from evil is spent by vicious parents in debauchery.¶ These conferences were speedily followed by the

* 'Few can conceive the softening effect wrought on a *separated* prisoner, when, in speaking the word "in season," an *encouraging* hand is laid upon his shoulder.'

† Report for 1850, p. 30.

‡ Report of First Birmingham Conference on Preventive and Reformatory Schools. Longmans. 1852. P. 8.

§ Ibid., p. 54.

|| Report for 1855, p. 21.

¶ Report of the Second Birmingham Conference. Longmans. 1854. P. 76.

passing of the Juvenile Offenders Act of 1854, and the establishment of reformatories throughout the country. To the much-debated clause in that Act rendering obligatory fourteen days' imprisonment prior to admission to a school, Mr. Clay was, however, strongly opposed.

'The indiscriminating enactment,' he says, 'works most mischievously, in dooming the child to fourteen days' exposure to the worst corruption, by way of prelude to the good influences of the reformatory. If we wished to give a thorough personal cleansing to the same child, we should hardly think it necessary to begin the process *by immersing him in a common sewer.*'*

Mr. Clay has demonstrated how closely *ignorance* is allied with crime. In his report for 1837 he gives a table showing that out of the 935 persons committed to Preston Gaol in that year, 460 were totally ignorant, while the best-instructed class, described as able to 'read and write well,' comprised only 18 individuals; and this proportion is, with one or two exceptions, rather *above* the average of instruction exhibited by the statistics of succeeding years. Moreover, fluency in reading by no means insures comprehension of what is read. The process is often merely mechanical, and conveys no meaning whatever to the mind. A young man to whom Mr. Clay expressed his astonishment that while he could *read* perfectly he should remain utterly ignorant of the sense of what he read replied, indignantly, 'Why, they never learned me the *understanding* of the words!'†

Unfortunately the want of education which cuts off the class from which criminals spring from wholesome knowledge, does not keep them in ignorance of that which is baneful. To illustrate this fact Mr. Clay gives the following table ‡:—

Degrees of Ignorance, &c.	Sessions.			Summary.		
	M.	F.	Per Cent. on 416	M.	F.	Per Cent. on 1022
Unable to name the months of the year, &c.	163	45	50	416	85	49
Ignorant of the name of the reigning sovereign	134	34	40	344	62	39
Ignorant of the words 'virtue,' 'vice,' 'righteousness,' &c.	143	36	43	355	75	42
Unable to count a hundred	65	18	20	112	24	13
Have read or heard read books about Jack Sheppard, Turpin, &c.	158	18	42	314	39	34

The noxious influence of such works as the histories of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin is painfully apparent in the narratives of prisoners already alluded to. When unable to read for themselves, young lads listen with avidity to such books read aloud by

* Report for 1858, p. 73.
Vol. 2.—No. 5.

† Ibid., 1846, p. 23.
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‡ Ibid., 1844, p. 23.
their

their companions, and are fired with ambition to rival the exploits of the highwaymen, who, they are taught, 'robbed the rich for the poor.'*

As regards ignorance on subjects of religion the following statistics disclose appalling facts. Of all the prisoners committed to Preston Gaol in one year (1855-6) 37 per cent. were ignorant of the Saviour's name and unable to repeat his prayer; 53 per cent. knew his name, but could repeat the prayer only imperfectly; 8 per cent. were acquainted with elementary truths; less than 2 per cent. possessed adequate knowledge; while *none* are entered under the head 'well-instructed.'†

Such is the dense ignorance existing among our labouring classes—still existing, we grieve to say,‡ to the disgrace of our boasted high position among civilized nations.

'If a people such as I have described, so ignorant, so degraded, exposed to the most demoralizing influences, but abundantly capable of mental and religious good, were believed to exist in some distant island of the Pacific, our missionaries would be poured upon their shores, and gold without stint would be spent in the effort to Christianize them. Why are our own *home heathens* so long overlooked? Are they less "benighted" than those of "India's coral strand?" No; their darkness is the more intense from its close contrast with the light. Are their numbers too insignificant? *In this county alone there is nearly A MILLION OF THEM!*'§

Again:—

'The great English institution for the conversion of the distant heathen, which has existed half a century, and has expended in the work more than a *million and a half sterling*, now reckons as the fruit of its labours 13,000 "communicants." Last year about the same number of our domestic heathens were summarily punished in one town—*Liverpool*—for offences more or less arising from their unregarded *irreligion*.'||

Very much of the crime which fills our gaols is attributed, not only by Mr. Clay and others who have treated of the subject, but by the offenders themselves, to the temptation to evil-doing met with in the casino, the 'penny gaff,' and the low concert-room; and the revolting scenes enacted there forbid a doubt of their depraving influence.¶ To suppress such dens of infamy seems the obvious remedy. Let us be assured, however, that, if sup-

* Report for 1850, p. 27.

† Report of 1858, p. 32. In 1847, Mr. Clay's statements demonstrating the ignorance of our lower classes were impugned by Mr. Edward Baines as gross exaggeration. Mr. Baines's counter-statement we have not had an opportunity of reading, but judging from the elaborate reply of Mr. Clay in the '*Scotsman*' (April, 1847), the latter gentleman appears to have established the trustworthiness of his facts and figures only too well.

‡ Report issued in 1858 for 1855-6, p. 31.

§ 'The examples of ignorance and degradation to which I have alluded are drawn from North Lancashire only; and, as I showed in my last report, only three counties in England—Cornwall, Cumberland, Westmoreland—exhibit a more creditable moral state than this division.'—Report, 1846, p. 24.

|| Report for 1849, p. 56.

¶ See Mayhew's '*London Labour and the London Poor*;' also '*Liverpool Life*,' *Liverpool*, 1858; and Mr. Clay's Report for 1850, p. 51, &c. &c.

pressed, they will soon be replaced by others, unless the ground be preoccupied.

We do not undervalue the means of recreation afforded by public readings, lectures, and similar entertainments.* They are excellent, and the more widely multiplied the better. But there are times when we all, especially those who work hard with head or hand, need more complete relaxation than books or speeches will yield; and if we prohibit lighter amusements—in *themselves* harmless, we maintain—resort will be had to the grosser sensual indulgences. Very little inquiry suffices to show that the *virus* of such amusements lurks, not in the amusements themselves, but in the *DRINK* which accompanies them. Banish *this*, and the passions which impel to vice and crime will never be aroused.

Respecting the enormous cost to the community of criminals while at large, and the vast number of thefts and robberies in which the offender escapes detection, Mr. Clay has given from time to time overwhelming proof. He cites the narrative of a man in prison upon only his third conviction, who must, by his own showing, have stolen, by a series of petty thefts, property to the amount of many hundred pounds.

‘I cannot recollect all the robberies I have committed; they are many a hundred score. . . . I have committed three robberies in one night, and have attempted more. I have done as many as fourteen or fifteen in one week. . . . Many commit crimes and robberies for the glory of the thing, and for the sake of cracking about them afterwards. I did things for the sake of mischief. I couldn’t be quiet. I mostly got into shops and public-houses—seldom private houses, except farmers’. I did a good deal that way in the bits o’ villages about Whitehaven. . . . Fences [receivers of stolen goods] should be more severely punished. They push one on, and say, “So-and-so draws three times as much as you. So-and-so would *do* the thing while you are *talking* about it.”’†

Ten years later Mr. Clay informs us that there are in Liverpool ‘1270 thieves *whose residences are known to the police*, and whose plunder cannot be estimated at less than 200,000*l.* a year. This,’ he adds in a note, ‘may seem a startling calculation; but an inquiry, at the instance of the Liverpool Municipal Council, made some years ago, led to the conclusion that the annual contribution forced from the town by thieves was about 700,000*l.*’‡

‘There are now many hundred pickpockets robbing at the rate of 300*l.* to 1000*l.* a year,’ Mr. Clay informs us, in 1850, and adds an estimate, the result of careful investigation, of the ‘cost to the public of 15 pickpockets during their career,’ which was no less

* Most valuable information upon the subject of recreation for the working classes will be found in a pamphlet, entitled ‘Experience of Factory Life,’ by M. M., published at the ‘Englishwoman’s Journal’ office, 14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, price 6*d.*, containing an account of what has been done for the social improvement of their operatives (of whom they employ upwards of 2000) by the Messrs. Courtauld, silk-crape manufacturers, at Braintree, in Essex.

† Report for 1839, p. 10.

‡ Ibid., 1849 p. 27.

than 26,500*l.*, one of them having robbed to the enormous amount of 8,000*l.** Let us contrast this with the expenditure for reformatory discipline. 'The entire annual cost per head in the Preston House of Correction is 16*l.*, which is reduced by certain repayments, &c., to little more than 11*l.*† We append in a note information on this point respecting the Irish Convict Prisons, for which we are indebted to Captain Crofton.‡ At the Glasgow House of Refuge, which is ascertained to reform 85 per cent. of its inmates, the cost of each lad is about 15*l.* a year.§ Let us remember, also, the numbers whom adult criminals, when discharged, will naturally influence, for evil or for good, according to the effect produced upon them while under detention. 'The number of *legitimate* children whose parents have been imprisoned in this gaol during the year is 1993.'|| And let us not forget that every young offender will probably become the head of a family, whom he will abandon to the miserable course he has himself been left to pursue, or so train that they may avoid the crimes he has learnt to abhor, according to the treatment he shall have received at the hands of his country.

Mr. Clay, in investigating the sources of crime, ascertained the connection between it and different trades or callings. He found that the proportion among prisoners of coachmen, grooms, and postboys is excessive, and deduces from this fact 'striking evidence of the connection between irregular employ, consequent inducements to drinking, and crime.'¶ This passage confirms a statement made to us when visiting a pauper lunatic asylum; that a large proportion of the male inmates had been coachmen and cab-drivers, who had become insane from indulgence in drink. Not only does the irregularity of their employment, but also the exposure to the weather they have to incur, and the impossibility of returning to their homes for refreshment, incite them to drink; and it surely is a duty incumbent upon their employers to reduce

* Report for 1850, pp. 41-46.

† Ibid., 1849, p. 26.

‡ 'The cost of a convict depends upon how many there are in each prison. The establishment charges, if divided over a larger number of convicts, of course reduces the cost of each. Our present cost is therefore greater, now our prisons are half empty,' [a fact of great importance, testifying to the efficacy of a reformatory system in diminishing crime.—ED.] 'than they were when they were full. The best approximation to what you require will be to take the number of convicts that certain establishment charges would provide for, and then divide the cost. According to this, the expense would be about 21*l.* per annum. By deducting the value of his *unskilled* labour, during its low scale in the separate stage, its moderate scale in the ordinary stage, and its higher scale in the intermediate stage, a four years' penal servitude would cost about 84*l.* His unskilled labour would be worth about 65*l.* Therefore he would cost the public about 19*l.* for the four years. An invalid would be a dead weight.'—Letter from Captain Crofton, dated March 17th, 1859.

§ 'Irish Quarterly Review,' January, 1858, p. 1118.

|| Report for 1849, p. 46.

¶ Ibid., 1844, p. 6.

to the uttermost this source of temptation. A little thought on the part of masters and mistresses might save private servants from many an hour spent unnecessarily upon the coachbox; while to them, though still more to those employed on public vehicles, almost whose whole life is passed in the streets, an ample supply of drinking-fountains in our thoroughfares would prove an inestimable boon.

Another instance in which employers are responsible for the temptation to drink incurred by their servants is revealed in the following passage from the biography of a navvy:—

‘It is and has been a very customary thing to pay men working on the railway at public-houses, on the Saturdays, which has been the ruin of many men, as well as myself. There you get seated, perhaps waiting two or three hours for your pay. It is a customary thing to have a quart of beer each man, which costs sixpence; and when you are paid, it is not that quart nor that sixpence, it is keeping bad company. You will meet with companions as will say, “Jack, or Bill, come, let us have another quart, and another gallon;” until at last there becomes a most terrible scene—a tap-room full of drunken men.’*

That this evil may be avoided, we learn from the statement of a man who, after imprisonment for a serious felony, had been so fortunate as to obtain employment on the railway then making between Bolton and Blackburn. There

‘The men are paid *weekly* in money. *Tickets* to “tommy-shops” or to beer-shops are unknown; added to which any labourer may receive two shillings of his day’s wages whenever he has done a day’s work. T—— says that on this line there is less irregularity and drinking than on any other he has seen conducted on the usual and injurious system of monthly or fortnightly payments in connection with tickets for provisions and liquor. The name of the contractor (for the whole line) who has established these fair and most beneficial plans is Evans.’†

The worse than uselessness of short imprisonments was repeatedly dwelt upon by Mr. Clay, and he was equally alive to the importance of exercising a restraining authority over persons ‘who are openly running into crime.’‡

A suggestion was made in 1850 by the recorder of Birmingham, that persons already convicted of an offence implying dishonesty, and known to have relapsed into crime, should be called upon to prove that they possess the means of an honest livelihood, or, in the absence of such proof, to give surety for their good conduct, or that failing also, that they should be liable to imprisonment for fixed periods.§ This proposal attracted general attention, eliciting a great variety of opinions. That of Mr. Clay we find in a letter to Mr. Hill, dated November, 1853, from which we are permitted to quote:—

‘I believe that on a former occasion I had the pleasure of expressing to you my humble approval of the plans you have suggested with regard to a systematic

* Report for 1848, p. 71. † Ibid., 1847, p. 73. ‡ Ibid., 1849, p. 39.

§ ‘Suggestions for the Repression of Crime,’ by M. D. Hill, Recorder of Birmingham. London, 1857. P. 151.

watching of known bad characters after their discharge from prison, and to the coercion and punishment of those who are *manifestly* pursuing their old courses. The recent alteration in the law in respect to transportation makes the adoption of your views a necessity; for I do not think the country will ever gain a due mastery over its criminal population until something of the kind is done. The necessity for this is perhaps more strikingly apparent in Liverpool than in any other town. It would be absurd, if it were not monstrous, that in Liverpool there were, on the 31st December, 1848, no fewer than "1270 *thieves whose residences were known to the police*." I have no "returns" since '48; but if these "thieves" have continued to increase in number for the last four years as they had done previously, their present amount must be fearful; the increase from December, '47, to December, '48, was 45 per cent.!

The *necessity* of which Mr. Clay speaks for exercising a restraining power over the criminal class was recognised by the legislature in framing the Ticket-of-leave Act, when it adopted the principle upon which was based the plan propounded by Mr. Hill, without, however, his safeguard of a trial. But that Act, in its integrity, was never in England carried into effect. The conditions inscribed upon the ticket-of-leave remained a dead letter (with exceptional cases, so few as simply to prove the rule), and those among their bearers who departed from prison unreformed, together with hordes of absolutely discharged penal-servitude men, spread terror throughout the land by the deeds of violence they perpetrated in all directions. Mr. Clay's opinion on this subject was in conformity with that expressed in a charge to the grand jury at Birmingham* by Mr. Hill, to whom he wrote (November, 1855):—

'I am very thankful to find that your views of the "Ticket-of-leave" plan sanction my humble opinions about the matter. If the system were worked with care and judgment, instead of by routine, I am sure it would be found to answer well.'

Mr. Clay's opinion, based on upwards of thirty-four years' experience of the criminal class, is fully confirmed by the results obtained in Ireland. There it *has* been 'worked with care and judgment,' and there it *has* been 'found to answer well.' In 1849 he had expressed his conviction that police surveillance, although regarded by many with jealous dread, besides being 'justly employed *"for the punishment of evil-doers,"* is also capable of being exercised *"for the praise of them that do well."*'† In Ireland this happy result also has been attained. The holders of tickets-of-leave are there called upon to report themselves periodically to the police. 'The greatest difficulty,' said Captain Crofton at a recent public meeting, 'at first with old thieves was with regard to this matter—they were afraid that their every movement would be watched; but now they regard registration as a protection to themselves, if well intentioned.'‡ He mentioned, as an instance of the protective power of registration, that at a

* 'Suggestions for the Repression of Crime,' p. 462.

† Report for 1849, p. 39.

‡ 'Bristol Mirror,' February 26th, 1859.

quarter sessions in Ireland, upon one of the magistrates observing that there had been several offences committed in the county, and that he supposed ticket-of-leave men were about, the head of the constabulary replied that he was in a position to state *where all the ticket-of-leave men were*; and, further, *that they were all at work*. Thus is the ticket-of-leave system in its integrity carried into effect in Ireland; thus, we trust, it will before long be acted upon in England. 'For,' to resume the words of St. Peter, 'so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' *

Large towns Mr. Clay shows to be productive of crime,† but not necessarily so *employment in factories*; and he, indeed, states that female operatives can claim a better character for honesty than domestic servants.‡ The conduct of persons working in factories, however, depends much upon the care for their welfare evinced by their masters. Mr. Clay enables us to contrast the general appearance and conduct of the workpeople in a mill whose owner manifests no interest in their well-being with those of the Messrs. Catterall, the Messrs. Horrocks, and others, who have established schools, libraries, &c., for the use of persons in their employ, very favourably to the latter, as may be supposed; and quotes the testimony of a large millowner to the pecuniary advantage to the masters resulting from such a course. § 'Were those to whom Providence has given position or intelligence to act according to their opportunities, their responsibilities, and their INTERESTS, how would crime dwindle!' || Such efforts on the part of employers tend to diminish another source of crime pointed out by Mr. Clay—the estrangement existing between the upper and lower classes in this country. 'It is not,' he says, 'so much wealth or power that is wanted, but friendly interest, timely advice, a more free and more frequent intercourse among the different classes of the community. Who cannot do something in one of these ways?' ¶

To the discomfort experienced by children, especially of the lower classes, in places of worship, the cold, the fatigue, and the hard raps from a beadle or monitor's cane which afflict them during the long services, and inspire a distaste for church and chapel, as well as to using the Bible as a task-book, Mr. Clay attributes much of the godlessness which leads to crime. **

* 1 Pet. ii. 15.

† Report for 1837, p. 6, and Report for 1844, p. 11; also Report for 1839, p. 13. The passages here referred to present valuable analyses of the causes and amount of crime in manufacturing as compared with agricultural counties, and in large towns contrasted with districts sparsely inhabited.

‡ Report for 1844, p. 6.

§ Ibid., 1848, p. 41. 1849, pp. 53, 54.

Ibid., p. 52.

¶ Ibid., 1850, p. 48.

** Ibid., 1839, p. 12, and for 1846, p. 23.

His paper on the effect upon committals of *Bad and Good Times*, read before the British Association in 1854, and which he incorporated in his report for 1855, has made his opinion upon that subject so well known, that we shall allude to it here but very slightly, and only as it illustrates the connection between drinking and crime.

Many years before, he had noticed the intemperance, and consequent increase in 'assaults,' resulting from a period of prosperity.* In 1847, a time of distress, crime had considerably decreased compared with the three preceding years of abundant employment.†

'The embarrassments of 1847, which in North Lancashire threw more than 12,000 "hands" out of work, and more than 30,000 on "short time," produced scarcely an appreciable effect on the numbers in our calendars.'‡ 'Crime and disorder are decreasing; and circumstances authorize the hope that the favourable movement is something even more hopeful than the mere moral fluctuation of the great popular wave. The decrease since 1845 is attributed by Mr. Sheppard, the chief constable of Salford, mainly to the restricted means of indulgence in liquor. In this view I fully share; and it is, I think, singularly corroborated by the falling off in the revenue derived from malt and British spirits in the present year. A decrease of eight millions of bushels of the former, and two millions of gallons of the latter, argues less drinking and consequently less crime.'§

In 1850, a season of prosperity, though the decrease in the number of committals generally, and of recommittals especially, demonstrated the favourable working of the reformatory system now established in Preston Gaol, there had been a rapid increase in the number of summary convictions which required investigation. The result of his inquiries confirmed Mr. Clay's opinion that, to use the words of the chief constable, Captain Woodford, which he cites, 'in times of distress more *crime* is committed, and that in prosperous times the people are prone to indulge in those excesses which lead to disorder, drunkenness, and quarrels.'|| In 1850 and 1851, when employment was abundant, the offences punished by summary jurisdiction were far more than double the number of those so dealt with in 1847, the commitments for vagrancy and drunkenness having increased *threefold*. 'In Liverpool, in the year of distress, 1848, the apprehensions of the "drunk and disorderly" were 3019; in prosperous 1855 they amounted to 9055!¶ The following table adds one more 'damning proof' to the evidence so painfully abundant in Mr. Clay's pages that our working classes, although they endure adversity with heroic fortitude, have yet to learn how to render a season of high wages and abundant employment the basis of permanent prosperity, instead of the high road to degradation and crime.

*. Report for 1844, p. 3.

† Ibid., 1850, p. 16.

|| Ibid., 1850, p. 11.

† Ibid., 1847, p. 4.

§ Ibid., 1847, p. 24.

¶ Ibid., 1858, p. 106.

'Criminal Returns from Manchester.' *

—	Years of Distress.		Prosperous Years.		Less Prosp.	Years of Distress.	
	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	1847	1848
Years . . .	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	1847	1848
Drunk, &c. .	551	748	1761	3019	1820	1161	768
Totals . .	2957	2981	3961	5117	3795	3091	2885

'First committals and committals of the employed are nearly identical; and they chiefly contribute, through the unhappy addiction to intemperance, to the increased numbers who enter our prisons in good times.' †

'The general conclusions deducible from the facts now detailed appear to be that "bad times" may add a few cases to the sessions calendars, and that "good times" greatly aggravate summary convictions; that the increase to the sessions consists of the young and thoughtless, who, when thrown into idleness, are liable to lapse into dishonesty; and that the increase of summary cases arises from the intemperance which high wages encourage among the ignorant and sensual.' ‡

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written upon this vice, notwithstanding that, whatever the social evil we investigate, drunkenness reveals itself as its author; that 'into whatever path of benevolence the philanthropist may strike, the drink demon starts up before him, and blocks his way;' § notwithstanding that year by year thousands upon thousands of its victims fill the poorhouse, the madhouse, and the grave, we must believe that those whose lot in life has placed them above the labouring classes are yet in ignorance of the extent to which the habit of intemperance prevails among their humbler fellow-countrymen. Upon what other supposition can their apathy with respect to this overwhelming evil be accounted for? But ignorance of that which involves the misery or the well-being of our fellow-creatures becomes a sin if the means of knowledge exist, and are neglected.

'It is palling to the attention to have it dragged through successive stories of neglected infancy, idle and godless youth, drunken and profligate manhood: but, nevertheless, these stories should be read—let me say studied—by every one to whom the real state of society is a matter either of temporal or spiritual solicitude. The same, or similar details, may recur so often as to tire the unthinking, but that very repetition may rouse the thoughtful; for it must be borne in mind that these are only a few specimen memoirs, illustrative of the conduct and condition of very many thousands in this county.' ||

From the melancholy narratives thus introduced, we select a few extracts which will enable our readers to form some estimate of the cost and consequences of drunkenness. It will be remembered that the innumerable instances cited by Mr. Clay, which our limits permit us to do little more than indicate, all came

* Report for 1858, p. 106.

† Ibid., p. 107.

‡ Ibid., 1855, p. 44.

§ 'Repression of Crime,' p. 325.

|| Report for 1849, p. 43.

within the knowledge of the officer of *one* gaol, and sufficiently prove that his opinion of the fearful extent to which the working classes indulge in habits of drinking, was founded—as might be expected from one of so thoroughly logical a mind—upon a rule, and not upon exceptional cases.

A careful examination of Mr. Clay's tables of offences from 1837 until 1856, shows that the proportion of crime which originated in *acts* of drunkenness amounted to nearly one-third of the whole; but he tells us 'if the extent of the *habit* could be known, we should find that more than another third of the yearly offences would be thus accounted for.'*

'Delinquents will readily admit the particular instances of drunkenness which may have been the "proximate cause" of their offences, but they are by no means so willing to allow that they are habitually or frequently drunkards. Many a man has denied that he was addicted to liquor, who, nevertheless, has admitted that he spent weekly one-fourth or one-third of his wages in the public-house.'†

'J. W. had been in the receipt of twenty-six shillings weekly for fourteen years, up to within a fortnight of the time of his committal. I asked him what he had saved.—"Nothing." "How much would you now be worth if you had put into the savings bank all that you have spent in liquor?"—"Why, I believe about 400*l*." And thus it is with thousands! . . . If the ordinary principles of prudence and economy which guide the middle classes, and the neglect of which would bring them to poverty, were communicated to the labouring portion of the community, and acted upon by them, I am persuaded that, with certain inevitable exceptions, they would soon entirely and permanently emancipate themselves from all dependence upon charity and the poor rate; but I fear that this "consummation so devoutly to be wished" can never be brought about so long as places are licensed, if not for the purpose, certainly with the effect, of tempting the labourer and artisan into excess and ruin.'‡

'J. P., committed on a charge of felony; only 29 years of age. He formerly earned nearly forty shillings a week as overlooker in a factory. For about six years he spent "a sovereign a week" in liquor. . . . J. N. could earn, in the summer, seven shillings or eight shillings daily . . . yet too often the whole has been spent in drinking and treating.'§

'T. B., a collier, said:—"I've spent in drink, one way and another, a hundred pounds this last four months; and what's worse, I've pawned about thirty pounds' worth of goods, and made all the money away.'

'The Appendix contains statements and narratives by numerous victims of intemperance—or rather, of the beer-shop and public-house. I possess fifty-two of these personal histories, written or dictated by adults; and in all but two of them these places figure as the first cause and continued incitement to almost any crime by which society is injured.' . . .

'In these it may be distinctly seen how crime flows—the metaphor is not so inappropriate as it may seem—from, through, and into the beer-shop. It is there that the poacher receives his first lesson and his chief encouragement; there the reckless "navvy" squanders his earnings and his strength, often drinking himself into desperation, and so becoming ready for any act of robbery or plunder, in order to purchase means for another debauch; there labourers and artisans assemble by troops, and drink away wages, clothing, health, life. || There they take their wives' and children's bread and cast it to dogs!

* Report for 1840, p. 11.

† Ibid., 1839, p. 8.

‡ Ibid., 1839, p. 9.

§ Ibid., 1846, p. 49.

|| 'Mr. Heyes says: "I have noted, for pretty nearly the last twenty years, that, if you exclude inquests held on children and accidents in collieries, nearly nine-tenths of the inquests I hold each year are on the bodies of persons whose deaths are to be attributed to drinking."

"It may be thought that the insane fondness for drink is confined, after all, to the criminal population of the country, to "*la classe dangereuse*." It would be some little drawback from the mischief to have it so limited. But I must proceed to state that which will dissipate such an idea, and indicate how far the infatuation prevails among the *whole* working part of the people. An opportunity presented itself which enabled me to estimate, or rather to ascertain, the weekly expenditure in liquor of all the men—hard-working labourers and skilful artisans—employed by one master. The result I give in the Appendix, and I venture to recommend it as well deserving of serious consideration.* The table alluded to exhibits the wages earned by 131 men—distinguishing between the married and single—whose wages ranged from eleven to forty shillings per week, the greater number earning from twenty to thirty shillings.

"The gross weekly earnings of the 131 men amount to 154*l.* 16*s.*, and the aggregate of the sum weekly spent by them in liquor is 34*l.* 15*s.*, or 22·4 per cent. of their wages. On the supposition that these wages and this expenditure continue nine months in the year, 39 weeks \times 34*l.* 15*s.* = 1,355*l.* But as the 131 include 12 who entirely abstain from liquor, each of the 119 drinkers expends annually 11*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* in the indulgence of this propensity.† We see there, that taking any 100 or 150 well-employed workmen [except that small proportion who are total abstainers], each of them, on the average, devotes to the pleasures of drink more than 25 per cent. of his earnings; that many married men thus squander 40 or 50 per cent.; and that some are so infatuated as to throw away weekly, in drink, thirty-five shillings out of forty shillings wages. I have minutely examined the official returns by the gentlemen respectively superintending the county, Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Preston, and Wigan police, and I find that in the year 1846 more than 15,200 persons appeared before the magistrates charged with drunkenness, and upwards of 10,000 more accused of "breach of the peace" and "assaults;" offences implying drunkenness in almost every case. I do not now notice those more terrible offences, manslaughter, rape, robbery, which are almost always produced by the same cause. It is the knowledge of facts like these which renders credible the calculated expenditure in the United Kingdom, in intoxicating drink, viz., more than *sixty-five millions of pounds sterling annually!*‡ *Ten times the usual amount of the English poor rates!* That is, the ignorant and the profligate squander away the means of comfortable livelihood, or independence, and then come in pauperism and shame to seek a miserable support from those who have been sober and prudent.§

"I would shortly advert to the evidences brought to light by the Preston "turn-out," of the almost incredible expenditure of the industrial classes in drink. Through the courtesy of the chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, I received from the supervisor of this district an account of the consumption of spirits and beer in the borough of Preston during the six months preceding, and the six months of, the strike. From this account it would appear that . . . the diminished expenditure in the ale and beer-houses of the borough, for the six months of the

* Report for 1847, p. 18.

† Appendix to Report for 1847, p. 45.

‡ This estimate Mr. Clay appears to have had reason, a few years later, to raise considerably. The recorder of Birmingham, in a charge to the grand jury delivered in January, 1855, says: "The cost of stimulants (alcoholic drinks and tobacco) is upwards of fifty millions sterling per annum. Indeed, according to the deliberate opinion of Mr. Clay, the able and experienced chaplain of Preston Gaol, than whom no man has more carefully studied the question, the true cost to the British nation is little short of a hundred millions, aggravated as it is by the profits of retailers and by those fraudulent additions to the price which are the result of adulteration."—*Repression of Crime*, p. 387. In a note Mr. Clay appends the following statement founded upon his first and lowest estimate of the amount expended in drink in the British Isles:—"The expenditure in drink exceeds by five millions sterling the declared value of the exports of the United Kingdom; and is about five times the amount of all the local taxation of the country, poor rates included."

§ Report for 1847, pp. 18, 19.

strike, was about 1,000*l.* weekly! an enormous sum, when considered as the result of decreased drinking amongst those who formed the body of "turn-outs," only 4,050 of whom were males above eighteen years of age! Now, as this weekly thousand pounds' worth of drink was dispensed with by our factory hands during the six or seven months of the strike, it may be concluded that, when in receipt of their ordinary wages, they might easily save the money. Fifty thousand pounds annually "laid up in store" by them would incalculably promote their own happiness and social elevation, as well as the welfare and credit of the town. The contrast between what *might* be done, and what *is* done, in this respect, is very sad; for it appears that in November, 1852; there were only 905 "factory hands, spinners, and weavers" among the depositors of the savings bank, and their accumulated store for, probably, some twenty or thirty years, was only 17,527*l.*! It might have been a million! It moves indignation as well as sadness to think of this enormous waste; to think that a large portion of our harvests—of the bounteous gifts of Almighty Providence to the poor, and intended for their food and sustenance—is made deliberately and systematically the means of their impoverishment and degradation. There is little or no hope of remedy for these things until the really Christian part of the public fully recognises the evil, and with one mind determines to have it removed.*

We have seen what vast sums of money, which might raise its possessors to a position of comfort, independence, and even wealth, are habitually squandered upon drink. We have yet to present to our readers proofs of the appalling harvest of human woe in which that dread sowing results. The details we have to give are, indeed, revolting; but they must not be withheld. The surgeon who would effect a cure dares not shrink from probing the wound to its foulest depths. We would not, however, have it inferred that Mr. Clay attributed a habit of reckless drinking to the *whole* of our working population, any more than we ourselves would do so. He gladly notes instances to the contrary, and demonstrates by examples within his own knowledge, the benefits which flow from abstinence. But such cases, alas! are few and far between, and only lighten, at rare intervals, the gloom of his mournful experience. Unhappily, too, the very kindness towards each other practised by the working classes, in a degree which may well put the wealthier and more highly educated to shame, but too often results, through the baneful influence of drink, in the destruction of the recipients; and hundreds of the unemployed find their way into prison, victims to such misdirected sympathy. 'Sir,' they have said to Mr. Clay, in tones as bitter as they were sad, 'you can get *drink* given you when you can get nothing else!' †

The report for 1846 shows that almost all the cases of recommitments are attributable to drink.‡ It gives us also the following table, indicating the connection between ignorance and intemperance, from which we may infer, that the latter is often indulged in as the *only* means of relaxation its unhappy victims are capable of appreciating.

* Report for 1855, p. 59.

† Ibid., 1848, p. 34.

‡ Ibid., 1846, pp. 4 and 8.

‘Table

'Table showing the ages of persons led into offence by drunkenness' [committed to Preston Gaol during 1846], 'who are also destitute of all general and religious knowledge.'*

Degrees of Ignorance.	Under 20	20 to 30	31 to 40	41 to 50	51 to upwards	Total.
Unable to read	17	89	42	23	16	187
Unable to name the months . .	17	77	34	21	12	161
Unable to repeat a prayer . .	8	57	24	16	11	116

We now insert a special instance, taken from many, of the misery resulting from drink.

"To make things short, I have been guilty of crimes of every sort except murder. . . . I soon got to drinking, . . . breaking the sabbath, going to ale-houses and carding, and meanwhile *clamm*ing [starving] my wife and children. . . . Since we began to have children, I began to take the oldest to the public-houses with me. It used to stick hold of my hand, and I used to lead it. And when I had gone a-sitting all day [at a public-house], and had been drinking there, my wife would have come, and begged me to come home. And when I wouldn't, she would have said, 'Well, if thou won't come, thou must keep the child with thee.' And then I would have set to, and *fed* the child with rum and brandy and all—all sorts of liquor as we had been drinking. This child is now turned five years old; and if I were to say that it has been drunk a hundred times—sometimes almost choked, with its mouth open—I don't think I should be lying. And the mother would have been so badly frightened, she would have sat feeding it with cold water and vinegar to sober it. The second child, thirteen months younger, has been brought up in the same way, *only worse*. If I had asked either of those children to act the drunken man, they would have done it on the floor; and then I was just suited—just proud to let people see how well they could do it. Within this last three-quarters of a year I have learned my wife to drink. When she would have come for me, I would keep pressing drink on her. Now she can drink; but before, nobody could be more against it. . . . This is a woeful sight for God to see! Both parents drunk in bed, with their clothes on, in the middle of the day-time; one throwing up on one side, and the other on the other side, and this in the presence of three children. 'The oldest lad would have said, 'Ma'm, art thou drunk? Art thou drunk like my dad?' And this same child has brought me up many a pot of water in a morning, when I have been drunk overnight.'"+

This mode of life he pursued for three years, when the offence was committed which consigned him to gaol. He had continued 'full of spite against every one' there for many weeks, when at length that power of affecting his audience which the chaplain possessed in so remarkable a degree, touched even this man's heart.

It is satisfactory to learn that some months after his liberation, notwithstanding many difficulties and temptations, he was persevering in the better course he had chosen.†

In 1847, Mr. Clay writes of drunkenness:—

'I believe that but for this besetting sin the population of North Lancashire would exhibit virtues of the highest order. . . . An examination of the records which I have kept for many years assures me that the offences for which distress is *pleaded* are exceeded five-fold by those in which drunkenness is *admitted*.

* Report for 1846, p. 36.

† Ibid., 1846, p. 43.

‡ Ibid., p. 46.

During the last year I have examined more carefully the alleged pleas of distress, in order to note the *fact* rather than the *excuse*; and the tables in the Appendix show that while only *seventeen* felonious offences could be attributed to distress—that being in many cases the consequence of drink or idleness—one *hundred and seventeen* were undoubtedly caused by drunkenness.*

In 1848, he says:—

“The GREAT SIN is still, even in these times of poverty and sorrow, foremost in the ranks of iniquity, or rather foremost as the leader of a host of crimes—heading on a disorderly multitude of brutal passions and vile propensities which, but for its inflaming influence, would remain dormant and harmless. It still rises, in savage hostility, against everything allied to order and religion; it still barricades every avenue by which truth and peace seek to enter the poor man’s home and heart.”†

A lad in prison for felony, and whose history proves that parental neglect was the cause of his crime, relates of his father, a confirmed drunkard—

“At last he got my mother agate drinking, and she would go away for about three days, and leave five children in the house with no one to take care of them, and sometimes no bread. . . . Father began a-selling all the goods till he sold all that we had—only ten chairs and a bed; he also sold the bedstocks, and spent all the money in drink. . . . One night he came home drunk, and laid himself on the bed, and never doffed his clothes; and in the morning he was found dead!”‡ The youth’s better feelings were awakened by a sermon from the chaplain, and his good aspirations were given a practical direction by a second sermon upon drunkards, every word of which doubtless came home to the poor boy’s heart. “I thought about my poor brothers, for I knew they was going the wrong road, and I thought I must try if I can’t show them the right road, for I knew they would be very willing to learn; for many a time they have said to my mother, ‘Mother, why don’t you be steady and save your money, and buy some clothes and send us to school?’ Then she would have set her down, and began crying, but give them no answer, as if she wanted some one to show her the right way. . . . I think when my mother sees her children praying, and saving their money to buy books with, it will begin and turn her heart.”§

It is pleasant to know that the writer of the foregoing statement was reported as conducting himself well, twelve months after his liberation. ||

In his report for 1855, Mr. Clay states, with regard to the offences committed by prisoners in Preston Gaol, during that year—

* “According to my experience, at least three-fourths of the criminal charges that are brought to trial, originate in habits of intemperance, and the spending all leisure time in public-houses.” Mr. Justice Wightman.—Report for 1847, p. 17.

† Report for 1848, p. 33.

‡ Ibid., 1848, p. 60.

§ Report for 1848, p. 62. We cite a parallel instance of inversion of duty between parent and child. At a ragged-school in Bristol, ‘a little fellow, nine years old, applied to the master for leave to go home. He was asked why he wanted to go home, when he replied, he “must let mammy out;” and on further inquiry it appeared that this poor lad, shortly before coming to school that morning, had found his mother drunk in a public-house; he had contrived to get her home, and then, in order to save her from injury in his absence, he had locked the door on her, and put the key into his pocket. It was now time, he calculated, for her to have so far recovered from her intoxication as to be set at liberty.’—*Suggestions for the Repression of Crime*, p. 365.

|| Report for 1848, p. 63.

'The highway robberies have been, in every instance, the consequence of drunkenness. After a debauch in an ale or beer-house, it too often happens that some of the "company" are found in the high road or in the streets, the perpetrators, or the victims, of a robbery originating in the sudden and wicked impulses engendered by intoxication. In other but less numerous cases, drunken men are set upon by ruffians, who systematically look out for such prey, and effect their object by the aid of a "picking-up woman," or by the shorter process of the "garotte." '*

'In the last two years,' he writes 'it has been my melancholy duty to converse with 1,126 male prisoners rendered such by drink;† and he appends a table showing that upwards of two-thirds of the heaviest offences during one of these years had proceeded from the same source.

'Are these figures to be passed over as dry and repulsive statistics? Surely not. When murders, manslaughters, stabbings, shooting, rapes, burglaries, "and such like," to the number of 250 in one year, and in one county, are traceable directly to *acts* of drunkenness, or more indirectly, but no less certainly, to *habits* of drunkenness, Christian feeling must indeed be dormant if it is not moved to deep sorrow for the crimes, and roused into determination to abate the cause of them.

'Within a few hours of writing the above, the criminal history of Liverpool recorded that a police-officer was called into a house in that town, where he found a girl of eight years old lying dead, and a boy of four years old in a dying state, both naked, their bones protruding through their skin, and their bodies covered with filth; a third child "cowering in a corner, more like a dog than a human being." And who were the perpetrators of this tragedy? Drunkard parents! who thus exemplify the horrible consequences of this national vice almost at the very time when the legislature repeals a law which would have set some bounds to the practice of it.‡

In the passage here quoted, Mr. Clay alludes to the rescinding of the Act which restricted the sale of liquor on Sunday. He cites the narrative of a prisoner belonging to a respectable rank in society, who forcibly describes the drinking in which young men of his class—that of shop-assistants—habitually indulge on Sunday, and which had brought him and his companions to gaol.§ Even to persons comparatively well educated, the temptation afforded by drink to abuse the day of rest is often too strong to be resisted; while of the Sunday debaucheries practised by a still lower class the reports afford superabundant proof.

Those who have reflected upon the consequences which must ensue from billeting militiamen upon public-houses will not be surprised to hear that 'the extraordinary amount of militia recom-mittals is solely attributable to drunkenness; as, indeed, are almost all the recommitments. It is certainly astounding that while the recommitments of males within the year for civil offences are under 7 per cent., those of the militia, chiefly, though not solely, for military offences, exceed 52 per cent.'|| We cite this passage from Mr. Clay's concluding report. Its pages are crowded with

* Report for 1855, p. 7.

† Ibid., p. 56.

‡ Ibid., 1855, p. 57.

§ Ibid., 1855, p. 97.

|| Ibid., 1858, p. 22.

cumulative evidence of those dire results of drink, which, for upwards of thirty years, he had unceasingly urged upon public attention.* We had intended quoting many passages from this and other reports (in addition to those already given), in which Mr. Clay powerfully advocates prohibitory legislation; but want of space limits us to the following extract:—

‘The chief cause which leads to the commission of criminal offences the chaplain still believes to be the ale-houses and the beer-shops. They are answerable, directly or indirectly, for nearly three-fourths of the imputed felonies tried within the last year.—Report for 1832.’

‘Eighteen cases of murder and manslaughter, in one year, arising solely in the propensity to, and facilities for, the abuse of intoxicating liquors! Were any *new* cause of crime, prevalent as the one I speak of, suddenly to appear among us, the energies of the whole community would be forthwith directed to its suppression; but we have become familiar with the features of this old destroyer; and, as if crime and ruin were not broadly written upon them, continue insensible to their real hideousness.—Report for 1838.’†

‘What can be done,’ exclaims an author whose experience of the vices and virtues of working men forcibly corroborates the opinions of Mr. Clay, ‘to rid Britain of this besetting sin of her working classes? Will no great soul give to this subject serious thought and persevering effort? Is there no “wise man” who will stretch forth his hand to “save a city,” or a nation, by his wisdom in suggesting, and his energy in carrying through, a moral or legislative cure for this corroding disease? Will the day never come when we shall be able to give our working brothers their holiday, their one little green isle here and there upon a sea of toil, without its ending by numbers of them drinking themselves into ferocity or idiocy?’‡

The ‘wise men’ are not wanting, and their ‘energy and wisdom’ are already stirring to save the nation from the curse of drunkenness. They desire to give the people a Maine law as the only legislative protection which has been found efficient against drink; but until the nation is ready for that vast reform it would be futile to introduce it. A tentative measure, therefore, has been proposed, which shall enable a majority—not less than two-thirds—of the rate-payers of any district to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors in their locality. This measure, known as the Permissive Bill, has been in agitation many months: it ranks among its supporters some of the most enlightened men of our country; and a resolution, urging its adoption by her Majesty’s government, was carried by acclamation at the great meeting held in Exeter Hall on the 16th of last February.§

On that occasion Professor F. W. Newman declared that it is the rich, and not the poor, who desire to retain the liquor traffic. We fear there is too much truth in the assertion. The higher classes are restrained by education and public opinion from those

* ‘In the first of my reports, of which I possess a copy—that for 1825—it was declared that “the overwhelming curse which debases and ruins the lower class resides in the ale-houses.”—Report for 1858, p. 34.

† Report for 1852, p. 14.

‡ ‘English Hearts and English Hands,’ pp. 214, 215. London. 1858.

§ ‘Alliance Weekly News,’ Feb. 26, 1859.

excesses into which the ignorant are tempted by drink ; and though sums of disgraceful amount are squandered by them upon intoxicating liquors, still these bear no comparison with the *proportion* of their income wasted by the lower classes upon the same indulgence. Thus the rich are spared the bitter penalties which drink inflicts upon the poor ; and, forgetful of the Christ-like admonition of St. Paul, ‘ It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak,’ there are many we fear among us who, because we can indulge it without self-risk, would not forego our individual gratification to save our brethren from the misery into which, unprotected by the education *we* have neglected to give, drink will inevitably plunge them.

We now conclude our memoir of Mr. Clay. During the long period of his ministration at Preston he was associated with almost every good work set on foot in that town, party feeling or sectarianism never marring his benevolence. In the visitations of distress to which manufacturing districts are subject he was always among the most active friends of the unemployed. He formed the Preston Charitable Society, which sought to detect and punish imposture and to succour the deserving poor ; and the Soup Kitchen owed much to his assistance. The Mechanics Institute, as well as the Philosophical and Fine Arts Institutions, also were indebted to him for support.* It was his practice to perform himself the important duties of a Patronage Society in maintaining a correspondence with discharged prisoners, and aiding them with his sympathy and advice;† and he strove to lessen the difficulties which impede their efforts to obtain work by the establishment, in conjunction with a few benevolent friends, of a local association for the employment of liberated convicts.‡

Apart from the valuable documents published by him as chaplain to the gaol, Mr. Clay drew up, in 1844, an able report upon the sanitary condition of Preston, of which Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and others, expressed the highest opinion.§ Mr. Chadwick also bore testimony to the important service he rendered by displaying, in an able pamphlet, the murderous influence of burial-clubs.||

We have already spoken of the attack of brain fever, the consequence of overwork and anxiety, which soon after his marriage nearly deprived Mr. Clay of life. A similar affliction, resulting from the same causes, befell him in 1845 ; and after this illness he never entirely regained his health. His duties at the gaol were

* ‘ Preston Guardian.’

† Inspector of Prisons’ Report, Northern District, 1848.

‡ ‘ Preston Guardian.’

§ Testimonials.

|| ‘ Burial-Clubs and Infanticide in England.’ A Letter to W. Brown, Esq., M.P., by the Rev. J. Clay, B.D. Preston.

now too heavy a tax upon his strength ; but the efforts made by friends to obtain some preferment of not much less value than the chaplaincy (for he could not afford to forego a modest emolument) failed, and he was compelled to struggle on at his post until the completion of his thirty-sixth year of service should entitle him to a full retiring pension. This, at the cost of health, broken beyond the possibility of recovery, he accomplished. But the hand of death was already upon him when he resigned little more than a year ago. He removed to Quorndon in Derbyshire for the benefit of its fine air ; and thence, late in the autumn of last year, to Leamington. Very shortly after making this change he became seriously ill, and only three days later—on Sunday, the 21st November—he died. On the following Friday he was buried at Churchtown, near Garstang, in the same grave in which his wife had been laid five months before.

‘Had his country rendered to Mr. Clay but a tithe of the good which he conferred on his country, he might still have been alive, assisting by his counsel, if unable still to engage in active labour ; but his spirit and liberality were beyond his physical strength and narrow income. He was allowed and compelled to work beyond his power. No church living, to which he would have done so much honour, was presented to him ; and till it was too late, no assistance was afforded him in the discharge of his prison duties, or the means offered to him of retiring on a pension sufficient for his necessities, and the consequence is that Mr. Clay has sunk into the grave before his natural time.

‘May his own county and the country at large, as far as still lies in their power, discharge to Mr. Clay’s children the debt of gratitude which they left unpaid to the philanthropist himself!’*

Our sketch of Mr. Clay’s life and labours is very imperfect, and our notice of his writings conveys a far from adequate impression of their value. To be rightly appreciated they must be studied again and again. It was his intention, had life and health been spared, to have given to the world the collected results of his experience in prison discipline, and he had already amassed the material for his work. Yet although he himself was not permitted thus to crown his lifelong labours, his design will be carried into execution. The son, who has undertaken this pious duty, has wisely chosen biography as the appropriate vehicle for transmitting the precious legacy which, in the noble example of his life, no less than in those facts and suggestions teaching us the most effective treatment of criminals, and surest prevention of crime, John Clay has bequeathed to mankind.

* ‘Alliance Weekly News,’ Dec. 11, 1858. We quote from a memoir of Mr. Clay, contributed by Mr. Frederic Hill, late Inspector of Prisons, whose official duties (before he resigned that office) brought the state of Preston Gaol periodically under his notice, and whose support in promoting its reform was warmly appreciated by Mr. Clay.

ART. V.—*On Liberty*. By John Stuart Mill. London : J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

ANYTHING from the pen of Mr. Mill must command attention and respect. The clear and concise style, the careful and logical accuracy of thought, and, above all, the calm self-respect and tolerance which distinguish his writings, have gained for him the highest position among our political philosophers. The work which stands at the head of our present article will be welcomed as breaking a silence which Mr. Mill has for some time maintained. In a tender and delicate dedication he discloses enough of the emotion of the past to win from the reader, not only the admiration due to intellectual power, but the kindly sympathy accorded to sorrow and bereavement sustained with a manly and touching dignity.

The purpose of this little volume is to discuss the principles which should limit the interference of the state with individual independence—a discussion as important as any relating to political inquiries, and which involves a determination of conditions as ‘indispensable to the good conduct of human affairs as a protection against political despotism.’ Perhaps it would better convey the scope of the essay were we to describe it as ‘an assertion of the right of individual independence;’ for the principle laid down and contended for throughout is, ‘that the sole end for which mankind are warranted individually or collectively in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection.’ To this, and, indeed, to every collateral principle laid down by Mr. Mill in this treatise, we cordially and fully assent; but it is somewhat strange to find ourselves compelled to differ from his application of the principle in almost every case selected by him for illustration. We are not surprised at this, although we ask ourselves whether we may not be mistaken. It is not always the philosopher who, in his closet, works out by laborious thought some great social truth, who can be accepted as an authority upon the special facts which bring any given social phenomenon within the principle he enunciates. In his little volume of 200 pages Mr. Mill devotes 170 to the consideration of ‘Liberty of Thought and Discussion,’ ‘Individuality as one of the Elements of Well-being,’ and ‘The Limits of the Authority of Society over the Individual,’ and generally carries with him our most cordial acquiescence. But the remaining 30 pages of ‘Applications’ provoke our strongest dissent. Mr. Mill is deficient in the special knowledge which alone could enable him to pronounce upon some of the questions he deals with in this department.

It is one thing to succeed in establishing a standard to which each act of legislation must conform; it is another to be possessed

of the information necessary to decide as to the fact of conformity. In the first Mr. Mill has succeeded ; in the second he has failed. He has unanswerably demonstrated the truth of the general principle for which he contends : he has shown himself unable to apply that principle to particular cases, simply because he has not made himself acquainted with their special characteristics.

It must be admitted as desirable that some general agreement should be arrived at by which to fix a limit to the power of a majority. Unless rigidly guarded, individual freedom may be crushed under a tyranny none the less galling because irresponsible. But the extent to which individual freedom can be enjoyed is itself a question which can be settled, not by an appeal to any external authority, but by society itself alone. In society, absolute individuality cannot exist. Individual liberty is merged in social liberty. The moment the individual meets a companion entitled to equality with himself, his absolute freedom ceases. His rights become necessarily limited by the rights of his fellow, and certain common rights arise which neither may infringe. But mutual agreement alone can decide what these common rights shall be. As the number bound in such a federation increases, the majority must decide in the event of disagreement ; and the whole power of the new state, more or less effective in its execution in proportion to the formidable or insignificant amount of dissent, *must* be exerted to prevent any act which infringes the rights which it has been determined shall be guaranteed to all. The most which can possibly be contended for is the best form of society, viz., that which secures the greatest amount of social advantage and protection with the least sacrifice of individual independence. But society alone can determine these relations for itself. Its prime end is not individuality, but socialism ; that is, the maintenance implicitly of the guarantees which have been decided to be common rights. Individuality must always be held subordinate ; and the vital question appears to us to be, not as Mr. Mill seems to regard it, 'How far *may*,' but 'How far *must* society interfere with personal freedom?' Certain acts *must* be prohibited, or society would cease to exist, because it could not command the implicit faith of its members in its guarantees. In our present society, for example, theft *must* be prohibited and punished by law. Society has decided that individual possession of property shall be one of the common guarantees. It might have been otherwise. A state of society is at least conceivable in which communism and not individual right to property should be recognised. In such a society there could be no theft, and, therefore, no necessity for such an interference with personal freedom as a law against theft. But BECAUSE society has determined in favour of individual property, it becomes its bounden duty to prohibit each and every one of its members from
any

any act tending to weaken that common guarantee. If some individual, desiring to possess that which belongs, under this guarantee, to some other, proceeds to seize it, society interposes, and says, 'No; if we permit you to do that, our guarantee is worthless;' and the delinquent forthwith loses all the other guarantees of liberty and property with which he was himself surrounded. Whatever be the rights of the individual, as secured by society, whether to life or liberty or property, he forfeits ALL these rights if he use them so as to make his neighbours' rights insecure. The man who deprives, of malice aforethought, his neighbour of life, forfeits his own; the convicted felon is not only deprived of liberty, but the state resumes possession of, and authority over, the property it had enabled him to possess. We do not say this is the *only* justification of a law against theft or other social wrong, but it is sufficient.

Mr. Mill, however, does not contend for a principle so rigidly defined. He abandons any advantage which could be derived from the idea of 'abstract right,' and acknowledges 'utility' as the ultimate appeal on all ethical questions. But still more distinct and appreciable are the admissions involved in his own statement of his case. In the Introduction he says:—

'The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating or reasoning with him, or persuading him or entreating him, but not for compelling him or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to do evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one for which he is amenable to society is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself his independence is of right absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

'It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury.'

In the course of the further discussion, Mr. Mill puts his view still more strongly:—

'If either a public officer or any one else saw a person attempting to cross a bridge which had been ascertained to be unsafe, and there was no time to warn him of his danger, they might seize him and turn him back without any real infringement of his liberty; for liberty consists in doing what one desires, and he does not desire to fall into the river. Nevertheless, when there is not a certainty, but only a danger of mischief, no one but the person himself can judge of the sufficiency of the motive which may prompt him to incur the risk; in this case, therefore (unless he is a child, or delirious, or in some state of excitement or absorption

absorption incompatible with the full use of the reflecting faculty), he ought, I conceive, to be only warned of the danger; not forcibly prevented from exposing himself to it.'

Our readers cannot fail to see that Mr. Mill, in both these extracts, abandons *altogether*, not as a concession, but as hopeless, any contest for an absolute individual right. Among the cases to which his general doctrine is not intended to apply, the first extract we have given enumerates that of young persons who have not arrived at the period, *itself to be fixed by law*, before which their individuality may not begin; and in the second those persons are distinctly excepted who are *unfit* for the exercise of the freedom claimed. How that unfitness is to be determined, except by an appeal to the ultimate authority of society itself, Mr. Mill does not say.

But if the authority of society over the individual be in principle absolute, and the necessity for its exercise determinable by the will of the majority, it does become a grave inquiry, 'How shall the rights of the minority be saved or protected?' On this point, at least, we have no difference with Mr. Mill. The right of freedom of thought and freedom of discussion is the great protection of the minority. This must be maintained at all hazards. Liberty of thought and speech is the foundation upon which all social and political liberty must rest. The minority must obey, but they may object. It is in every way the interest of the majority itself that such objection should be heard, since all can be benefited by the social embodiment of truth and good, and error may be eliminated by such discussion. The members of the majority to-day may to-morrow be in the opposite position, and must, in their turn, submit to a power superior to their individual will. 'Liberty,' says Mr. Mill himself, 'has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion.' A sound public sentiment can arise only out of full and unfettered exchange of opinion, and we hail Mr. Mill's essay as a most valuable contribution to the discussion of the vital question we have briefly treated. At present public opinion is wavering and undecided. Definite and intelligible notions on the duty and sphere of government are much to be desiderated; and, with the popular mind thoroughly imbued with the principles contended for by Mr. Mill, personal freedom would be secure. We should, however, anticipate as a result, not the abandonment, but the acquirement of certainty in legislation. Our social evils would be dealt with, not timidly, but unsparingly—with decision, and not with hesitation. The mawkish sentimentality which leads to a jealousy of all law and social control, is even more mischievous than the hasty appeal to legislation which may degenerate into a well-meaning tyranny.

Our

Our object, however, is not to discuss at any length the principles of social liberty as laid down by Mr. Mill, but rather, taking these for granted, to correct, so far as our influence may extend, some of his errors of application. Among the various social movements which to him, as a looker-on, appear dangerous to liberty, Mr. Mill ranks the Maine law or prohibition movement. We unhesitatingly declare our conviction, with every respect for Mr. Mill, that he does so because he does not understand it.

Of course Mr. Mill's first objection to any legislation of the character indicated is fundamental. He declares that no social act should be interfered with which does not involve injury to others; but even if beaten from this position he retires behind another. He may admit that society has an interest in the performance or non-performance of any act, but that the interest is so trifling and indirect as to be unworthy of notice. In legal phraseology, he would say that 'the damage is too remote.' Now the application of either of these arguments to a movement hostile to the trade in strong drink can only be accounted for by the absence of information as to the nature and results of that trade.

We have no desire to evade any of the difficulties of the question. Mr. Mill appears to regard law as a certain inconvenience only to be allowed upon good excuse. Now we venture to declare our belief that acceptance of sound principles of social authority must force the conviction that the prohibition of the traffic in strong drink is an act, not *permissible* to the state merely, but *incumbent* upon it. We hold that government *ought* to do this; and that failing to do it, government proves itself recreant to its duty and purposes. Before passing to the general discussion thus opened, our readers shall judge for themselves whether our charges against Mr. Mill are unfounded.

'Under the name,' he says, 'of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half of the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes: for prohibition of the sale is, in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the States which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has, notwithstanding, been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or "Alliance," as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would "deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution," undertakes to point out the "broad and impassable barrier" which divides such principles from those of the association. "All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me," he says, "to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary

cretionary power vested in the state itself, and not in the individual to be within it." No mention is made of a third class different from either of these, viz., acts and habits which are not social, but individual, although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the state might just as well forbid him to drink wine as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The secretary, however, says: "I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another." And now for the definition of these "social rights." "If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralizing society from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse." A theory of "social rights," the like of which, probably, never before found its way into distinct language, being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular violates my social right and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except, perhaps, to that of holding opinions in secret without ever disclosing them: for the moment an opinion which I consider noxious passes any one's lips it invades all the "social rights" attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

Here are more errors of fact, and more haste and inaccuracies of judgment than we thought to find in anything from Mr. Mill. Our readers need hardly to be told 'that the impracticability of executing the law' has *not* 'caused its repeal' in several States; that it has been re-enacted in Maine after another experiment with license, and that its obstruction in other States has arisen from technical opposition, quite apart from 'impracticability.'

Nor can they fail to see that the arguments quoted by Mr. Mill are merely individual sentiments, and may or may not justify the agitation which the writer defends. Their demolition would not involve the defeat of the Alliance, for no cause can finally be made to depend on the strength or weakness of a particular advocate. But we do not regard the arguments quoted as in any way invalidated by Mr. Mill. Fragmentary as they are—isolated from their context—the entire consecutive argument of which these passages are merely the fringe, altogether ignored, we cannot discover in them the absurd 'theory of social rights' deduced by Mr. Mill. Security and equality as to public burdens undoubtedly are social rights, and it is as surely a social wrong so to weaken and demoralize society as to deprive the individual of their certainty.

We quote Mr. Mill himself as our authority.

'The fact of living in society,' he says, 'renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. This conduct

duct consists—first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests which, *either by express legal provision or tacit understanding*, ought to be considered as rights: and, secondly, in *each person bearing his share* (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labours and sacrifices incurred for defending society or its members from injury or molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing, at all costs, to those who endeavour to withhold fulfilment.'

We have perused with some care *the whole* of the correspondence between Lord Stanley and the Secretary of the Alliance, and there is scarcely a point raised by Mr. Mill which has not been anticipated and answered. 'But,' says Mr. Mill, 'the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but of the buyer.' Surely here is a distinction without a difference. What right has the buyer which does not equally enure to the seller? The trading, which Mr. Mill admits to be a 'social act,' is not complete without *both* seller and buyer; and it is too much to contend that while the seller may, upon legitimate principles, be interfered with, the convenience of the buyer may compel the provision of facilities which society has determined cannot exist consistently with public good.

Let our readers now turn to the second extract we have made from Mr. Mill's essay, and consider the principle involved in it. The passage itself is perhaps the strongest expression to be found throughout the volume of Mr. Mill's views. No objection is raised to a forcible prevention of any person from incurring an immediate and pressing danger. He is to be left at liberty to incur a *risk*, provided there be time to make him acquainted with its existence, and provided he be not under the influence of some 'absorption incompatible with the full use of the reflecting faculty.' It is strange such an exception should occur to an opponent of the Maine law. Not a line in the whole of this illustration which does not tell against Mr. Mill's application of it. The bridge is supposed to be in existence, but *unsafe*. It is *danger* which is certainly to be apprehended, not absolute *disaster*. It is a '*risk*' which is to be incurred. The traveller *may* reach the other side without harm; possibly, without suspicion of the peril he has passed. But with all this, Mr. Mill thinks his liberty may lawfully be infringed, if he be unconscious of the danger, or unfit to estimate its imminence. The true application of this to strong drinks and to prohibition is too obvious to need elucidation.

Mr. Mill's arguments with reference to prohibition and gambling are so impartial as to deserve full quotation.

'There is another question to which an answer must be found consistent with the principles which have been laid down. In cases of personal conduct supposed to be blameable, but which respect for liberty precludes society from preventing or punishing, because the evil directly resulting falls wholly on the agent; what the agent is free to do, ought other persons to be equally free to counsel or instigate? This question is not free from difficulty. The case of a person who solicits another to do an act is not strictly a case of self-regarding conduct. To give advice or offer inducements to any one is a social act, and may therefore, like

like actions in general which affect others, be supposed amenable to social control. But a little reflection corrects the first impression by showing that if the case is not strictly within the definition of individual liberty, yet the reasons on which the principle of individual liberty is grounded are applicable to it. If people must be allowed, in whatever concerns only themselves, to act as seems best to themselves at their own peril, they must be equally free to consult with one another about what is fit to be so done, to exchange opinions, and to give and receive suggestions. Whatever it is permitted to do, it must be permitted to advise to do. The question is doubtful only when the instigator derives a personal benefit from his advice; when he makes it his occupation for subsistence or pecuniary gain to promote what society and the state consider to be an evil. Then, indeed, a new element of complication is introduced, namely, the existence of classes of persons with an interest opposed to what is considered as the public weal, and whose mode of living is grounded on the counteraction of it. Ought this to be interfered with or not? Fornication, for example, must be tolerated, and so must gambling; but should a person be free to be a pimp or to keep a gambling-house? The case is one of those which lie on the exact boundary-line between two principles, and it is not at once apparent to which of the two it properly belongs. There are arguments on both sides. On the side of toleration it may be said that the fact of following anything as an occupation, and living or profiting by the practice of it, cannot make that criminal which would be otherwise admissible; that the act should either be consistently permitted or consistently prohibited; that if the principles which we have hitherto defended are true, society has no business, *as society*, to decide anything to be wrong which concerns only the individual; that it cannot go beyond dissuasion, and that one person should be as free to persuade as another to dissuade. In opposition to this, it may be contended, that although the public or the state are not warranted in authoritatively deciding, for purposes of repression or punishment, that such or such conduct affecting only the interests of the individual is good or bad, they are fully justified in assuming, if they regard it as bad, that its being so or not is at least a disputable question: that this being supposed they cannot be acting wrongly in endeavouring to exclude the influence of solicitations which are not disinterested, of instigators who cannot possibly be impartial—who have a direct personal interest on one side, and that side the one which the state believes to be wrong, and who confessedly promote it for personal objects only. There can surely, it may be urged, be nothing lost, no sacrifice of good, by so ordering matters that persons shall make their elections either wisely or foolishly on their own prompting, as free as possible from the arts of persons who stimulate their inclinations for interested purposes of their own. Thus (it may be said), though the statutes respecting unlawful games are utterly indefensible—though all persons should be free to gamble in their own or each other's houses, or in any place of meeting established by their own subscriptions, and open only to the members and their visitors—yet public gambling-houses should not be permitted. It is true that the prohibition is never effectual, and that whatever amount of tyrannical power is given to the police, gambling-houses can always be maintained under other pretences; but they may be compelled to conduct their operations with a certain degree of secrecy and mystery, so that nobody knows anything about them but those who seek them; and more than this, society ought not to aim at. There is considerable force in these arguments; I will not venture to decide whether they are sufficient to justify the moral anomaly of punishing the accessory when the principal is (and must be) allowed to go free, of fining the procurer but not the fornicator, the gambling-house keeper but not the gambler. Still less ought the common operations of buying and selling to be interfered with on analogous grounds. Almost every article which is bought and sold may be used in excess, and the sellers have a pecuniary interest in encouraging that excess; but no argument can be founded on this in favour, for instance, of the Maine law; because the class of dealers in strong drinks, though interested in their abuse, are indispensably required for the sake of their legitimate use. The interest, however, of these dealers in promoting intemperance is a real evil, and justifies the state in imposing restrictions, and requiring guarantees, which but for that justification would be infringements of legitimate liberty.'

Here

Here we have an instant explanation of Mr. Mill's difficulties. The dealers in strong drink have a direct interest in their abuse it is admitted, but *because indispensably required for the sake of their legitimate use*, may only be restricted and compelled to find guarantees.

It is not easy to see the distinction in principle between the interference here admitted and that sought by the Alliance. True, Mr. Mill objects to any restriction of number on the ground of removal of temptation or facility; but this objection is entirely opposed to his own admission of interference so far as not '*indispensably required for their legitimate use.*' The question between ourselves and Mr. Mill is at once narrowed by this admission. We require no further discussion on principle; all will be settled if we can only agree as to the meaning continually attached to the phrases '*indispensable*' and '*legitimate use.*' If society should determine that the common facilities for trade are not '*indispensable*,' and that the article may '*legitimately*' be confined to the shelf of the apothecary, what objection can Mr. Mill raise? If it should turn out that the trade is *essentially* hurtful, and obeys no restrictions, the justification for extreme interference is complete.

The social doctrines upon which a demand for prohibition may be justly based, appear to us to be very simple and intelligible. Because, as we contended at the commencement of this article, society must maintain with certainty its guarantee to each of its members, of liberty, property, and so forth, it must prohibit any employment of liberty or property, by any one, in such a way as to tend *inevitably* to the insecurity of others. Possibly this principle may legitimately be carried even further; but we do not desire to press it beyond the necessity of our present argument. The employment of property in the traffic in strong drink has this *inevitable* tendency. It cannot exist without producing insecurity to all the social guarantees. It is not only a trade—a social act—but a peculiar trade, a specially mischievous social act. It is not merely, as in other trades, that 'the trader has a pecuniary interest in encouraging excess,' that he 'solicits' another to do an act injurious to the common weal, his, the trader's, 'interest being opposed to that common weal,' but that he deals in an article possessing terrible fascination, and operating, irrespective of the trader's interest, in such a way as to induce a physical tendency to excess. We do not say that in every individual using them facilities for the purchase and sale of strong drink create intemperance, but in very many they do, and in all tend to do so, from the nature of the article sold. This peculiarity of the trade is admitted by Mr. Mill himself in his '*Political Economy.*' He recommends a taxation of spirits, '*BECAUSE they are more liable to be used to excess;*' and although, in the present treatise, he
departs

departs from that argument, it is probably due to the exigency of the logic rather than to a change of opinion. Hence, it is plain that no restrictions or guarantees can get rid of the 'real evil' admitted by Mr. Mill, because it arises not from the interest of the trader, but from the trade itself. The mischief is inseparable from the business, because it is a trade in the mischief-maker. As with some of the mysterious deformities of nature, a cure may sometimes be effected, but only at the expense of the life of the patient, so some subtle statesmanship may devise guarantees, and seek to remove from the trade in strong drink its desperate power of social injury, but the trade must certainly perish in the process.

To apply Mr. Mill's principle, and to use his own simile, we say, 'Possibly the torrent of intemperance may be bridged over by restriction and guarantees, but that bridge has been "ascertained to be unsafe,"' and the crowd pressing over are not only unconscious of the danger, although their neighbours are constantly falling through, but it is almost impossible to awaken them to its presence until too late to save them. They do not 'desire to fall into the river.'

One more consideration, and we have done. The whole of Mr. Mill's theory of social government is based on the intelligence of the people. 'Despotism,' he thinks, 'is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians.' It is no part of our purpose now to discuss metaphysical questions, or to explain the connection between 'intelligence' and the physical organ—the brain. A healthy brain means a healthy mind; a diseased brain, a diseased mind. Now, as is well known, the specific action of alcohol is upon the brain—disorganizing its structure and disturbing its functions. In its mildest operation it dethrones reason and substitutes appetite as the governing power. A trade in such an article must always be a crime-producer—must continue under any restriction to be hostile to the interests of society—and must constantly, by the excitement of an appetite so furious as to 'know no control and acknowledge no natural affection,' induce, to quote Mr. Mill again, 'a delirium' or 'some state of excitement and absorption incompatible with the full use of the reflecting faculty.' The trade in alcohol is mischievous, no doubt, because it is the interest of the trader to promote excess; but it is vastly more mischievous because it is constantly undermining the intelligence and self-control of the people, its results being dependent on the inexorable physical laws which govern the operation of the thing traded in. We commend this last view of the subject to Mr. Mill's further consideration.

Nor can Mr. Mill for a moment contend that the interest of society in the promotion or check of intemperance is remote or indirect. If there be any force in the argument last used, it is a
vital

vital question, since all considerations must give way before the necessity for preserving the healthy action of intelligence. All the results which, from a consideration of the probable operation of such an agent in society might be expected, have been fully experienced. The trade in strong drink is the great social disturber. Crime, pauperism, insanity, disease, death, follow its development. It creates the necessity for taxation and public burdens, while those profiting by it bear no adequate proportion of those burdens. This is certainly not adjusted on the 'equitable principle' contended for by Mr. Mill. Corruptions, political and social, gather round the public-house as a centre, and justify appeals to the law of self-preservation as applicable equally to society as to the individual.

It appears clear to us that Mr. Mill's examination of this question has been but cursory. He has clearly heard and seen nothing of the recent suggestions put forth by the United Kingdom Alliance. We have discussed the question in the present article without allusion to the so-called Permissive Bill. Of course the same principle is involved in that as in a general enactment. It is not, as some fancy who have thought but loosely about it, an escape from the difficulties which to such minds as Mr. Mill's encircle the 'Maine law' question; it is merely an avoidance of practical legislative obstacles, enabling the principle it involves to be readily applied to the circumstances of society. The rights of the majority are as much involved in the prohibition of the trade throughout a parish or county as throughout the nation. It is difficult, however, to understand upon what definite principle of social rights and duties it can be denied that a preponderating majority may, if so minded, prohibit a social act which results in the greatest amount of social injury. Whether it may be prudent in any case to exercise that right must depend on the extent and power of the majority, and as applicable to the traffic in strong drink upon public opinion as to the nature and results of that trade. If that trade be, as we believe it to be, a social act justifying and demanding the severest repression, it is sheer cowardice to avoid the acknowledgment, and to shrink from the labour involved in securing an expression of the social will.

ART. VI.—OUR FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

*** This space in the Review is open to our Friends in Council. Brief papers on questions of Social Science and Reform will be inserted. We do not endorse the opinions of our Correspondents.—ED.*

Prison Discipline.

SIR,

WILL you permit one who has for very long felt a keen interest in the subject to offer a few observations on the first paper of your last number, viz., that on the progress of Prison Discipline?

All who have read it must have been strongly impressed, no less by the familiarity with the subject which the writer has shown than by his earnest goodwill in the great cause of the diminution of crime.

With the writer's admiration of the improvement of prison discipline, suggested, but not, alas! carried out, by Howard, we must warmly sympathize, as also, in some degree, with his regret that some of Howard's followers should have rushed into the opposite extravagance of unnecessarily costly prisons built at the expense of the honest.

With his general approval of the separate system—at least for the first and more directly punitive part of the sentence—we would heartily concur. He fairly describes what transportation might have been had we studied the interests of the transports (who, though misguided, had not lost all right to be treated as men and brothers), or of the countries to whose shores we deported them. He describes, also, what transportation was, as guided by a mere wish to rid ourselves of certain discomforts—ignoring the fact that those discomforts had souls, or that they might be injurious to those on whose shores they were carelessly cast.

But such things are now past. The colonies—America long ago, Van Diemen's land of late—have all refused to receive our criminals; all, with the exception of West Australia, which can take but few; and we must fairly face the difficulty of having to consume our own crime.

He then states that Colonel Jebb had resources at hand, viz., his 'new plan of release on order of license,' and he wonders much how it ever came to be called 'Ticket-of-leave'; though, had he read Colonel Jebb's report for 1851, he

would have found, at page 130, 'Regulations for holders of tickets-of-leave,' showing that the plan was not new in 1853, but only imported from the colonies, with, indeed, some considerable changes. Whether these changes may account for the plan which worked so well there not having been equally successful here, each man must judge for himself.

The original plan, as established, I think, by Sir G. Arthur, was this: a convict who, by his behaviour in prison, gave hope that he would behave well if at liberty, was not thereupon pardoned and allowed all the privileges of a free man; but he was permitted, if he could find a place of work, to go to that work, and continue there, supporting himself, *so long as he behaved well*; but the most careful watch was kept upon him, and any comparatively slight offence, as drunkenness, idleness, keeping bad company, or the like, occasioned at any moment the withdrawal of the license. In England, on the other hand, the convict being merely discharged to shift for himself, with no watch kept upon him, no helping hand to guide him in his newly-acquired liberty, was exposed to all the difficulties and temptations which beset a man searching for work with either no character at all, or one which, if known, would be worse than none.

This, indeed, the writer of the article appears to deny. He speaks of 'the proof which each prisoner must have given of his having profited by his training previous to his obtaining his license' (p. 312). He regrets that, since the system was abandoned, prisoners are released 'without special superintendence' (p. 113).

Now, sir, it would be presumptuous in me, who have never had to deal with convicts, to correct one who has apparently so much experience, were it not that Colonel Jebb, in his Notes on Captain Crofton's plan, expressly states that he objects to any such supervision, and urges strongly that the only course to be taken with released prisoners is that of 'dispersion' (*vide* Colonel Jebb's 'Observations on Captain Crofton's

ton's Notes,' chap. iv.); because, as he says (in the 'conclusion' of the 'observations'), 'it would be impossible in this country to carry out any general superintendence over discharged prisoners by the police without interfering with the means of their obtaining employment.'

'Now, either the discharged convicts are watched or they are not. It would be very desirable to know which method is followed. A statement, indeed, was made by a convict official with whom I some time ago had a correspondence in the 'Standard,' which gave a very curious explanation, viz., that when a convict was sent forth with a nominal ticket-of-leave, a sum of money owing to him was retained. This he might receive by applying to the police at intervals of six weeks, three months, and five months after his release; the police inquiring, and satisfying themselves that he was living creditably. This is a very pretty plan, subject only to the following objection, viz., that if the convict, as will occasionally happen, should intend to continue his evil courses, the police would know nothing about him, and have no chance of checking him; while, if he intended to do well, he must apply to the police, and thus invite that supervision which would, according to Colonel Jebb's views, interfere with his obtaining employment. What we want to make a ticket-of-leave a tolerable safeguard to the employer, is that the discharged convict should be watched; and if he show symptoms of a return to evil courses, should be recalled to his prison; in fact, such a ticket-of-leave as is described in Colonel Jebb's Report of '51.

But there is another point, of no less importance than the ticket-of-leave, viz., the intermediate prisons. This invention the writer of the article claims for Colonel Jebb, as the founder of Portland. This is strange. I think Colonel Jebb has never claimed for himself the invention of the Portland system, and the Portland system is very unlike indeed to what is usually called the intermediate system. Colonel Jebb has enough to boast of (were he given to boast), without claiming what belongs to others. Under his superintendence the treatment of convicts has changed from a system of hulks—as bad as could well be—to a system of Pentonvilles and Portlands, which I, at

least, believe to be, *so far as it goes*, excellent.

But what is called by ordinary mortals the intermediate prison is a perfectly different thing from Portland, being, in fact, intermediate between that and liberty. Colonel Jebb may, I believe, claim some share in originating even this in the case of his admirable Refuge for Women only at Fulham; but the carrying it out on a large and practical scale for men has been the work of Captain Crofton, in the 'novel experiment' to which the writer of the article alludes at p. 315, in which he well describes the convicts as being 'thus gradually permitted to associate with other men,' and having 'their conduct tested by the various temptations to which they are exposed.'

Now this appears to us to be precisely the thing we require—to afford to the public some ground of hope that the liberated men will be honest, not only under the eye of the Portland officers, but also when trusted with far more of freedom. The writer, indeed, thinks that this is practicable in Ireland, but not in England; because, as he says (p. 316), 'while Mr. Organ describes Irish criminals as not being in any respect of mind, morals, or feelings, inferior to those of their class who have not been convicted,' 'English criminals, as a class, differ widely and unmistakably from the rest of society.' Is this so? My own experience of some thirty years would say that it never has been quite so in my time, but that it is far less so now than it was twenty years ago. But the convict official of the 'Standard' correspondence—a man evidently of great experience—writes: 'As far as I have learned of prisoners convicted of graver offences, infinitely the largest portion of them are *men of one crime*, whose general tone of feeling and morality is very much on a par with men outside the prison walls.'

If this be as true a description of English prisoners as Mr. Organ's is of Irish ones (and probably two men better qualified to judge could hardly be found), the system which succeeds so well with the latter might have every hope of success if tried with us.

But, again, the writer says (p. 317), Captain Crofton's system was 'possible in Ireland, because the late lord-lieutenant gave an amount of aid which would not be tolerated on this side the Channel.'

Channel.' This might stagger the advocates of Captain Crofton's system in England, were it not kindly answered, three pages later, by the suggestion that 'the powers of the lord-lieutenant might be intrusted to a secretary of state;' and, no doubt, so it might.

His objection to the associated sleeping-rooms is scarcely more tenable. He says they were tried at Portland, and failed—ergo, they can never succeed elsewhere. But, with all due deference, is one failure a proof of impossibility? The experiment requires, no doubt, tact and judgment. It was tried at Portland and failed. (We might ask, If the Portland convicts were not fit to

live together in an iron hut, were they quite fit to be turned loose to shift for themselves without risk to society? But let that pass.) The experiment failed at Portland. It has succeeded, and is succeeding, in Ireland. One success will surely prove a possibility even in the face of ten failures.

Have I not, as I said, pointed out some inconsistencies in the article which ought to be cleared up?

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant,
T. B. L. BAKER.

*Hardwicke Court,
March 10, 1859.*

ART. VII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

BOTH Parliament and the country are just now too excited upon political questions to give any very decided attention to the subject of social reform. The dark clouds which appear to overhang the future of European diplomacy, and the rapidly-increasing intensity of agitation at home upon the question of parliamentary reform, absorb the watchfulness and energy of our public men. At the same time the Legislature has not been idle. The amendment of the law, by the introduction of a Bill to improve the law of insolvency and bankruptcy, and of measures to consolidate our criminal code, as well as to simplify the conveyance of landed estates, are under the care of the law-officers of the Crown. Acts to regulate the sale of poisons and to prohibit and prevent the adulteration of food are likewise in various stages of progress. The uncertainty which appears to exist as to the fate of Government and the duration of Parliament renders it almost impossible to predict the fate of any one of these measures. It is difficult to say, also, in what shape the various Acts may emerge from the Committee of the House of Commons; and it will probably be convenient—especially having regard to the very limited amount of space available in our pre-

sent number—to postpone until our next issue any discussion upon the features of each suggested measure.

We must not omit, however, to remind our readers that among the promised social reforms of the Government was to be a 'Bill for the better regulation of Beer-Houses, and for the Prevention of disorderly assemblages therein.' The precipitate retirement of Mr. Walpole from the Home Secretaryship, in face of the Government Reform Bill, seems to have delayed, if not set aside, this intention. The Government has certainly declared that the Bill will not be abandoned, but introduced; a very general feeling of anxiety exists, however, to see the matter fairly laid before Parliament.

The United Kingdom Alliance has declared its intention of promoting an amendment on the Government measure, by the insertion of a clause conferring on the ratepayers of any district the power, by their votes, to prevent the granting or renewing of any licenses within their boundaries, and this amendment has received the most emphatic sanction of towns meetings in Huddersfield, Leeds, Sheffield, Hanley, and other places.

It is so constitutional and sensible a proposition that we heartily wish it success.

ART. VIII.—LITERARY REVIEWS.

The Coronet and the Cross; or, Memorials of the Right Hon. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. By the Rev. A. H. New, Author of 'The Voice of the Bible to the Age.' Sixth Thousand. London: Partridge and Co. 1858.

MR. NEW has done good service to the Church by producing, in a popular form, a biography of this excellent lady, whose influence on the revival of religion in the eighteenth century was so extensive. He has made good use of his materials, and his style is so clear and so graceful, while his earnest manner and evangelical unction are so impressive, that we do not wonder at the issue of the sixth thousand of his work. Such a book, showing what a person of rank can do for her country, is fitted to be a handbook to persons of quality, of wealth, or of leisure, to direct them to works of usefulness; while it will encourage and stimulate all to be workers in the vineyard. The life of Lady Huntingdon stretched over nearly the whole of the last century; hence her memoir is an important contribution to the social and religious history of that period.

A Journal of the First French Embassy to China, 1698-1700. Translated from an Unpublished MS. by Saxe Bannister, M.A. London: Newby. 1859.

THE introductory essay prefixed to this volume attempts to dispel a long-established belief, namely, that the Chinese discouraged foreigners. Mr. Bannister, without hesitation, declares that this is a great mistake. He reviews the various missions sent from this country to China, and their results. Finding many grave errors in our foreign policy in relation to such nations as the Chinese, he takes occasion to examine our colonial administration where the same policy, he thinks, prevails. He blames that department with many of the evils which have arisen in our colonies, and suggests the policy for the future. The French Journal is interesting, and is a contribution to the literature of commerce—yet only a fragment among us. We hope Mr. Bannister may be induced to bring out similar works relating to our own country.

Vol. 2.—No. 5.

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The History of the Temperance Movement in Scotland, with special reference to its Legislative Aspect. Edinburgh: Dickson. 1859.

THE temperance reform is highly entitled to a place in history. It presents most interesting aspects of social progress, and has engaged some of the most devoted philanthropists. In Scotland, too long famed for its drunkenness, there has been an active temperance party for several years. Earlier than in England, and almost than in America, some of these saw the necessity for legislative prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. By their untiring efforts, combined with the religious portion of the people, the Forbes Mackenzie Bill was obtained, which prohibited the liquor traffic one day in seven. The same party are moving onward in efforts to secure prohibition during the other six days. It is to be deeply regretted that, in a movement so important as the suppression of drunkenness, there should be division in the camp. This volume reveals this sadly, and traces its influences. The author has collected his materials with great industry, collated them with care, and argues from them with the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. Most of the history will be new to many, and it explains recent animosities.

Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. 1858. Edited by G. W. Hastings, LL.B. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

THIS valuable work having just come into our hands, cannot, in this number, receive a review proportionate to its merits; but we hope to return to it. Meantime we recommend it to our readers as containing a vast amount of matter affecting social science in all its departments.

The Politics of Temperance. Monthly Papers of the United Kingdom Alliance. Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

THESE penny pamphlets discuss the new phase which the temperance question is now assuming, with argumentative, legal, and literary ability which do honour to their authors, as they must advance the cause for which they are written. We trust it is no self-praise

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to say that two of the papers are reprints from our own columns. They should be widely scattered over the country.

Lectures. By Hugh Stowell Brown. Vol. II. London: Partridge and Co. 1859.

MR. STOWELL BROWN has for a considerable time been in the habit of addressing the men of Liverpool on Sunday afternoons. He does not profess to preach, and seldom or never takes a text of Scripture as the foundation of his remarks. The line of a negro melody or of a popular song, a well-known proverb, or a slang phrase, serves his purpose. His addresses contain much practical wisdom and not a little gospel, and were listened to by thousands. Though somewhat irreverent for Sunday discourses, yet, as tracts for the people, they are possessed of much worth, and likely to advance social reform.

The Young Men of the Great City. London: Jarrold and Sons.

THIS tract deserves to be put into the hand of every young man in our large cities.

The Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainers' Almanac for 1859. Glasgow.

THIS publication, now in its eleventh year, is valuable to the temperance public of Scotland, and contains a list of all the members of the League. In the present issue there is a review of the temperance movement, which is rather too much controversial. We think that, for eighteenpence, an annual might contain more information and be more available for general use. Deducting the list of subscriptions, members, and the almanac, there are not thirty pages left for literary matter and social statistics.

The Popular Lecturer for 1858. Manchester: Heywood.

THERE are twenty-nine lectures professed to be contained in this volume, but several are mere newspaper epitomes, which we much regret. If the lectures could not be fully reported, they had been better omitted. There are, however, some excellent lectures, such as 'Geographical Botany,' 'Modern Chemical Discoveries,' 'Emmanuel Kant,' 'Daniel Webster,' 'Preventible Disease,' 'Total Abstinence,'

&c., where the authors get full scope for the discussion of their subjects. As a whole, the 'Popular Lecturer' is a cheap publication of a high class, and fitted to improve the intelligence of the working classes for whom it is designed.

The Temperance Penny Song Book. Edited by the Rev. A. Dewar. Manchester: Bremuer.

THIS combines sacred with secular pieces, and avoids, in general, the reckless parodying of popular songs and hymns which has scandalized Temperance melodies. Containing ninety-four pieces, at the cost of a penny, and possessing sterling merit, this little work is worthy of being a handbook of song in Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies all over the land.

The Healing Art the Right Hand of the Church. By Therapentes. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1859.

THE author of this work longs to strengthen the church, to widen her influence, and render her truly helpful in the great moral social movements of the age. He would effect it thus:—'Restore,' he would say, 'the right hand, lopped off so many centuries since; in other words, re-establish the healing art as an ordinary function in the Christian church. There are officers appointed by her to teach—to deal with the souls of men; let men be appointed to tend the body also—to heal as well as to preach. Jesus Christ, the great Founder of the church, dealt with man as man—as a being possessed both of body and soul. He gifted his apostles and evangelists to heal as well as to teach, and, thus equipped, sent them forth on their mission. Let this "complement of the Christian ministry" be supplied. Then the church will stand forth the mightiest engine of social and spiritual progress.'

Such is the drift of the author in his earnest and interesting book. Whether the arguments adduced warrant the appointing of another permanent office in the Christian church may fairly be questioned. Much the same reasoning might establish a *jus divinum* for several other offices and practices sanctioned only for the time as suitable to the exigencies of the church. Had the author contented himself with a less sweeping conclusion, and aimed at covering only the church's evangelistic function, his arguments had hit with greater

greater force. It would be difficult indeed to prove that the church, in her missionary efforts, whether at home or abroad, has followed, as she ought, the example of the Saviour; nor would it be easier to maintain that His commission to the Seventy at least, and, we may add, to the apostles also, as evangelists, 'heal and preach,' has ever yet been abrogated. If that composite charge be still in force, and if both common reason and experience convince us that healing the sick is at once the safest and most telling commendation of the gospel to ignorance and degradation, why, it may fairly be asked, is the healing art not adopted? Much may be found in the work under review to stir thought on the great subject of medical missions. The author has read much, and thought much. Proofs and illustrations of his subject have been carefully gathered from many a writer, both ancient and modern. The medicines of the Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and of ancient nations generally, have been examined with the faithful, patient zeal of the Christian and the physician. The result is a large collection of most interesting facts, accessible to a very small portion even of reading men.

The whole subject of medical agency, in its application to the masses, merits serious inquiry. Of late years experience has proved its value abroad, but scarcely an effort has been put forth to apply it at home. Only in one instance, so far as we know, has the attempt been made. We refer to the Medical Missionary Dispensary in Edinburgh. Here the success has been most encouraging, although hitherto the effort has been almost a private one, and has, in consequence, lacked the influence of numbers. An eminent physician visits daily—medical students, anxious to do and get good, accompany him—the poor gather round the healers, and hear from them the words of the Great Healer. The patients are then examined apart, prescribed for, and handed over each to the care of a student, who visits at their homes, and reports to the physician. The confidence of the poor in their benefactors, the kindly interchange of feeling, the influence of the Christian doctor for good, are evident and most cheering. Suppose similar institutions extended over the country, under the influence of the body of Christian philanthropists—suppose them attached to

our City Missions, or made to take the place of poor-law medical relief—proportionate results might be expected. The moral effect of legal relief is at present zero, at least for good. Whatever it may be called, it certainly is not felt to be *charity* in any sense. On the contrary, too many trust to it and look for it as a *right*. The most stringent measures are necessary to prevent abuse—measures which are far from humanizing to any party. After all the inspector is ever being deceived. Now it would be difficult to devise a system of inquisition more effective or more welcome than the visitation of the medical missionary. He has means of seeing into the very heart of the pauper family. The undeserving could not long remain unknown. Moreover, he is enabled to deal with crime, or at least with one of its most fruitful sources, as no other man. He alone knows aright the pathology of intemperance. There can be no doubt that drunkenness becomes a disease. At a certain stage moral suasion is useless, perhaps only aggravating to the evil in proportion as the victim feels his impotence. It calls for physical treatment. Eighty per cent. of our criminals are criminals through intemperance. Doubtless there are not a few of these who would help it, if only they could—would save themselves from ruin, their fellow-citizens from burdens, and their children from hereditary taint. We know of no agency more likely to supply them with the help they need—physical and moral—than the medical evangelist.

Our Moral Wastes, and how to reclaim them. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson. London: Partridge and Co. 1859.

THE author of this little work has, for some years, been well known to those who have been interested in territorial missions for recovering the masses that have ceased to attend the ordinances of religion. He has here given a short narrative of his labours, and several very touching individual histories; and he has added an exhortation to Christians generally to promote similar missions. The book can scarcely fail to interest all who peruse it, which we earnestly wish our readers to do. Mr. Wilson found the scene of his labours in the most degraded condition. Every vice abounded. Public-houses and low theatres tempted the people, and threw on their sins and infamy. Now by temperance

temperance societies, which Mr. Wilson ardently promoted, by the preaching of the gospel, and by various economic arrangements, the wilderness is reclaimed. A beautiful church is on the site of the penny theatre, schools have taken the place of public-houses, and an active missionary agency has transplanted the tempters to vice. Her Majesty has for several years taken a lively interest in Mr. Wilson's philanthropic labours, and has subscribed to the mission. Many others have done the same. We trust that this stirring and useful work will be extensively circulated, and that many Christian congregations and single-hearted individuals will be encouraged by it to follow the example of this 'good Samaritan.'

Christian Exercises for every Lord's Day Morning and Evening in the Year. By Jabez Burns, D.D., Author of the 'Pulpit Cyclopædia.' London: Houlston and Wright. 1859.

THE volume before us is designed to make the house a Bethel when its inmates are unable to attend public worship, and otherwise to aid in keeping holy the Sabbath-day. It consists of expositions of, and meditations on, texts of Scripture. Terse, unctious, and evangelical, they are fitted to instruct, edify, and refresh the soul. The hymns appended to each portion, while they will not add to the doctor's fame as a poet, will greatly aid the devotion of his readers. The themes are singularly free from controversy, and the remarks of Dr. Burns are as devoid of sectarianism. His book is, therefore, fitted for the Christian people at large, and may be appropriately introduced into every home.

The Sunday-School Question Book, Bible Class Manual, and Family Catechist. By William Roaf. London: J. Snow.

THE title of this work is fulfilled in its contents. Containing an admirable epitome of sound doctrine and morality, and made useful to teachers and parents by a series of apposite questions and Scripture references, it is fitted to become a handbook of biblical teaching in Sunday-schools and Christian families.

Sketches and Lessons from Daily Life. By Felix Friendly. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1859.

DAILY life is, in this book, made the vehicle of much solid and practical instruction, conveyed in a most agreeable

manner. It is admirably adapted to the busy and careful, and may lead them to realize a higher end in what they do than the work that wearies, or the anxieties that fret them.

Ernest, the Pilgrim. A Dramatic Poem. By J. W. King. London: Partridge and Co. 1859.

THERE is a spark of true poetic fire in Mr. King. His poem is well conceived, and elaborated with considerable success. His love of rural scenery, acquaintance with nature, and felicity of expression, make his verses rise far above mediocrity. There is a sweetness about his rhymes: they ring like the chimes of village bells. Love is depicted in a purity worthy of admiration. Piety receives its place of honour and meed of praise. Courage, too, is lauded; and the descriptions of Inkerman, Balaklava, and the winter before Sebastopol, as related by the returned soldier, are splendid pieces of martial poetry. The woes and wants of society receive from the author a touching description; while the duties of each class are declared in words fitted to awaken responsibility without arousing bitterness. Mr. King has in 'Ernest' produced a poem which needs only to be read to be appreciated.

Instauration. A Poem. By R. S. R. London: Partridge and Co.

A REVERENT spirit breathes through this somewhat long poem; but there is lack of force, arising from its extension. True poetry is impatient of delay. It condenses thought, and illustrates it with natural descriptions or fanciful allegory. If R. S. R. would follow the advice of Horace in his 'Ars Poetica,' something more worthy of his mind, and more likely to give him a niche in the temple of fame, would be the result. We must, however, acknowledge that there are many beauties and much good sentiment in 'Instauration.'

Heart Struggles, and other Poems. London: Partridge and Co. 1859.

POETRY, published anonymously, must possess superior merit to repay the outlay. We fear L. F. will be a loser by launching his little bark on the perilous sea of authorship. But 'even his failings lean to virtue's side,' and the reader of 'Heart Struggles, and other Poems,' may find much with which his own experience will accord. This has been the object of the author, as enunciated in a brief preface.

Meliora.

ART. I.—*Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, 1858. Edited by George W. Hastings, LL.B. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

THE Sciences are slow in their formation. They are not pre-conceived theories which speculation has propounded, but the classification of results which observation has recorded. They are not the prophecies of the ingenious, but the experiences of the investigating. Hence long pursuit, patient research, careful observation must precede systematic arrangement. Before the days of Bacon, philosophers imagined Science to be perfect. Everything was allocated by a logical necessity to the Procrustean place it was to fill. Aristotelian order had arranged the Sciences for ever. But the Baconian method revolutionized the knowledge of antiquity, and destroyed the systems which had been built upon imaginary or false foundations. It sent the philosopher to first principles, to record his observations, and collect his facts, and then to construct a science according to truth. There were some departments of research already systematized. Geometry was as correct in the days of Euclid as in those of Newton. Algebra was known in Arabia early in the Christian era, and became a science in the dark ages. The principles of pure science were then clearly defined. But since the days of Bacon, *à priori* reasoning passed away from the schools of Natural Philosophy. Facts displaced fancies, and principles supplanted speculations. New candidates for a place in Science have also arisen, and have astounded the world by the splendour of their discoveries. Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Anatomy, and Natural Philosophy have, under the numerous investigations and careful syntheses of their students, expanded into sciences, most of whose laws have been fixed and their numerous subjects classified.

The Science of Mind is not so speedily realized as that of Matter; but its disciples have been numerous, and their earnest efforts to systematize have been largely successful. The influence of Bacon on this department was not less than on the Physical Sciences. We are indebted to his example, and to Locke and those who have followed him, for the Philosophy of Mind as it is now.

What ought to be, is the great subject of Moral Philosophy. But its facts have not been soon, or very successfully, arranged in scientific order. Greek sages cultivated it in their several schools, and it owes much to Plato. Some time after his death, it became the scene of contests between the rival sects. Grecian schools were closed by Justinian, and ancient philosophy expired in the land of its birth. But a thousand years passed away before modern philosophy began, and amidst the subtleties of the schoolmen, Ethics made little progress. From the days of Hobbes to our own time, however, this department of study has made great advances, though controversies regarding the nature of virtue itself have retarded its scientific perfection.

Of late years a new department has aspired to the dignified position of a Science. Men of warm sympathies and untiring zeal had been long endeavouring to benefit their fellow-men by social amelioration. Not a few have their names among the illustrious. Howard and Mrs. Fry spent their lives in the reform of prisons and prisoners; Bell and Lancaster improved education, and John Pounds extended it to the ragged children; Wilberforce was a leader in negro emancipation, and Lord Shaftesbury in shortening factory labour at home. Lord Brougham, who, like Bacon, has long made all knowledge his study, has been particularly devoted to Law Reform. We have had Boards of Health for sanitary improvement, and various societies for benefiting the condition of the working classes and the poor. Each department of social reform has been worked with zeal, and reports of progress have been heard amidst the general record of philanthropic intelligence which the month of May issues from Exeter Hall. In the year 1856, however, it occurred to some philosophic minds that these various benevolent pursuits might be associated, and that to the growing field of human knowledge might be added the novel but interesting SCIENCE OF PHILANTHROPY. The idea was a happy one, and is traceable to the Law Reform Association and the veteran nobleman, philosopher, and orator who occupies its presidential chair—Lord Brougham. It was suggested that persons interested in social subjects might form an association similar to that valuable and illustrious assembly for the promotion of science, called the British Association. The subjects were, in most cases, entirely distinct, and of sufficient range and interest to enlist a vast body of members, without infringing on the province of the elder association. The first meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science was held at Birmingham in October, 1857, under the presidency of Lord Brougham. The different departments were under the chairmanship of distinguished personages—Lord John Russell, Sir John Pakington, the Bishop of London, Lord Stanley, and Sir Benjamin Brodie. The attendance

ance of social reformers at this meeting was most encouraging; papers were read on subjects of interest; public attention was largely excited on the questions discussed; and a volume of 'Transactions' containing most of these papers, was issued. The effort thus made to centralize the intelligence of all parties engaged in Social Reform exerted a great amount of influence throughout the country; and when the second annual meeting was held in Liverpool in October, 1858, it was still more manifest in the vast increase of members and of papers, and in the great interest taken in the discussions. The magnificent hall which the town of Liverpool has erected at such vast expense, was admirably adapted to the meeting of the Association. Committee-rooms abounded, and were in most desirable contiguity to each other, while the large hall served to accommodate the two thousand members and associates who had attached themselves to the meeting. One feature of this annual gathering was the commencement of proceedings by a religious service in St. Nicholas' Church, where a sermon was preached appropriate to the occasion by the Bishop of Chester. It was meet that those who had united to advance the cause of social amelioration should thus recognize the divinely appointed and most powerful regenerator of society—the gospel of Jesus Christ—and should seek a Divine blessing on the subsidiary movements which they had especially met to promote. This coincided well, also, with a very marked feature of the meeting, the attendance of a large number of ministers of religion. This is as it ought to be. Religion is essentially ameliorative, and while occupied with matters that are spiritual, cannot properly disregard any effort to improve the social condition of the people. Religious men have sometimes been taunted with their zeal on behalf of the African and the Indian, and their apathy on behalf of the masses that suffer at home. The reproach is undeserved, and such a meeting as that convened at Liverpool last October is sufficient to refute it. But there are, nevertheless, many religious people who seem unwilling to come down from the spiritual height to which they have soared, in order to grapple with the social problems that demand the attention of the philanthropist. We do not believe that spiritual air is too ethereal for lowly work, for men of the most eminent piety are found in the ranks of social reformers. It is of vast consequence to the practical effect of the Association that ministers of religion should countenance and share the deliberations of the annual meeting, become intelligent members, and make themselves acquainted with the benevolent schemes that are discussed or commended. Placed as they are among the people, none have more influence for good; and when allied to those objects of general philanthropy contemplated

contemplated by this Association, their opportunities for usefulness will be enhanced, and their accessibility to the people made more easy.*

Another feature of this Association, both at Birmingham and at Liverpool, is the manifest interest taken in its objects by persons of high rank and influence. Members of both houses of the Legislature, and even of the Cabinet, have united with others devoted to philanthropic pursuits, and by the papers which they contributed, the active part they took in discussions, the labour they so freely gave in presiding over sections, have given the strongest proof of their sincere attachment to the cause of social reform. It is true that many ameliorative schemes have been successfully promoted without the patronage or aid of rank or fortune; but it has been a pleasing feature of benevolent associations during recent years, that persons of high position and commanding influence have devoted their energies to the noble cause of Philanthropy. By this Association parties of all ranks are brought together, are enabled to mingle their sentiments on common subjects; and we have no doubt that, in the future progress of social reform, this union will materially promote the success of such schemes as are well matured, unsectarian, and can be put into general practice.

The Association divides Social Science into five departments: Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law; Education; the Punishment and Prevention of Crime; Public Health; and Social Economy. This seems as good an arrangement as can be suggested; but there are not a few questions that cannot be fully discussed without affecting one or more of these. But we apprehend that due latitude will be allowed in such cases. The arrangement will greatly aid systematic thought among our social reformers, and will educate men of one idea to respect the conclusions of others, while every facility is afforded for propounding their own special schemes.

According to the plan of the Association, papers are invited from members on subjects coming within the range of the departments. These are read in the section, and when of sufficient interest, discussed. Judging from the Report of the Liverpool meeting, there is no lack of papers, as one hundred and seventy-three were read during four days. These were over and above the inaugural addresses, conversaziones, and public meetings. Now, it will at once appear that, in a deliberative body such as

* It deserves to be noticed that at the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, an able report on the *Bothy* system, was read by Dr. Begg of Edinburgh, and an animated discussion followed. This is truly exemplary, and may be commended to Convocation.

the Association professes to be, too much time was occupied with the mere reading of papers, and too little opportunity afforded for discussion. Indeed, so much was this the case, that the sections had occasionally to be subdivided during two of the days in order to get through the programme. Were all the papers printed, this might be well enough, as each member and the general public would have future opportunity to consider the subject; but the 'Transactions' would become too bulky by such a course, and in the present issue it has been found necessary to omit one-half. The talented secretary, Mr. Hastings, seems fully alive to this difficulty, and, in the introduction to the volume recently issued, he has given some hints for the guidance of members in preparing papers. It seems to be tacitly understood that a considerable proportion of the papers should be occupied with local matters, in order to give an interest to the meetings in a succession of towns or cities. But great care will require to be taken in the arrangement of papers to be read, so as to give sufficient prominence to great topics, and to prevent repetition.

In the volume now before us there are about ninety papers, and a record of the business transacted in each department. Encased in small type, and stretching over upwards of 700 pages, there is a vast collection of wisdom and experience on subjects of engrossing interest at the present time. It is impossible for us to do justice to these 'Transactions' in one paper; but the volume itself ought to be perused and studied. All that we can do is to take up in a general way, if our space allow us, the five subjects which form the departments of the Association. Before doing so, however, we may advert to the opening address of Lord John Russell, who reviewed the general objects of the Association in his usually clear and able manner. It is interesting to see this veteran reformer so fully abreast of the times on all social questions. Commencing his career when antiquated notions prevailed in the senate, belonging to an ancient though liberal family, early thrust into public life, he has retained few prejudices of the past, and has taken a most intelligent interest in matters which each succeeding era has brought forth. In Jurisprudence and Amendment of the law he is a worker as well as a theorist. Education has been largely indebted to his energies. His political labours do not come under our notice, but it is striking to find him among the most liberal of the day. Literature has been fostered by him, and some of those entirely devoted to it, as a profession, have found him an intelligent admirer, a considerate patron, and a generous friend. It was gratifying to every member of the Social Science Association to see the wiry and animated form of Lord John Russell in the president's chair at Liverpool.

At the Liverpool meeting, Lord Brougham had no special office of presidency, but he delivered one of the public addresses. It was refreshing to see this illustrious man moving about the rooms of St. George's Hall with the alertness and nimbleness of a youth, though time had brought the furrows on his countenance and trembling into his step. To use the words of Lord Chancellor Napier, 'He has sped his eagle flight against the dazzling blaze of science with an eye that never winks, a wing that never tires, an eye not dim, nor his natural force abated; with all the triumph of his long and useful life, in which he has won so many battles in the cause of jurisprudence, we have him now with the unabated energy of youth, and the matured experience of age, helping forward the work of this great national association.' The elaborate paper which he read in St. George's Hall was on the Diffusion of Knowledge, in course of which he reviewed the progress of improvement in the circulation of a healthy literature, in a cheap form, among the people of this empire. Lord Brougham commenced this movement by the inauguration of the Useful Knowledge Society, which provided treatises of high scientific value, composed in a simple and intelligible style, and at a very reasonable price—not the least valuable of which was the 'Penny Magazine,' suggested by one of his coadjutors, now also a veteran in social reform, Mr. Commissioner Hill. It was, therefore, with some enthusiasm that his Lordship reviewed the last half-century, and pointed with triumph to the vast circulation of such excellent works as are issued by John Cassell, by temperance societies, and to the popular and cheap treatises on science by the most eminent philosophers of the present day, and to the newspapers which are increasingly circulated amongst the public. Thus he concluded his valuable and eloquent paper—

'It thus appears, that for the treatment of every subject, and to suit the condition, the capacity, and the taste of every class, there is ample provision made in the popular literature of the age; that the means are afforded of encouraging those to read who would else devote their hours of rest to mere listless vacancy of thought, or to dissipated courses; that the opportunity of public instruction is given to all who are desirous and capable of receiving it; that while all are thus greatly improved, some are made fit to improve others; that the instinct of curiosity prevents all risks, converting, when desirable, superficial into solid information, and leaving even partial acquirement to do substantial good; and there is thus the clearest proof afforded of the people's instructors working out the ends of Providence by the employment of the means bountifully placed within their reach, improving the mass of their fellow-creatures through the intelligence bestowed, and the instincts implanted by the heavenly Father, who desireth not that His children should perish in the darkness of ignorance, but rather that they should learn and live.'

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland was the President of the Department of JURISPRUDENCE and LAW REFORM, but was unavoidably detained

detained at Dublin during the meeting. His paper was read by Lord John Russell before the close of the proceedings, and contained some valuable remarks on the great subject of his section.

It is strange that we have been so long without possessing a code of our statute laws. The fact is, we have only begun to set ourselves to it. When a thing is designed to be done, and done quickly, it is marvellous how difficulties fly away and wise improvements are made for the benefit of the community. Lord John Russell referred to a case in point, in the following passage of his opening address—

‘To explain my meaning more fully, I will refer to what has been done almost in our own day in two foreign countries. At the beginning of this century the First Consul of France had attained the fame of a great military commander. In his wonderful Italian campaigns he had defeated the most experienced generals of Austria. He had recently seized the reins of power which had fallen from the feeble hands of his predecessors. He had subdued and tamed the remnants of the Jacobin faction, which was still thirsting for blood. He had opened the ports of France to the partisans of the ancient monarchy, who were still panting for a restoration. It was his aim to restore peace to society, to give religion to her altars, to replace justice in her sanctuary. In the midst of these labours he determined to bestow on France a simple and enlightened code of laws. For this purpose he assembled a council, in which the learned lawyers of the days of Louis the Sixteenth sat by the side of the able lawyers of the regicide Convention. There, after his morning inspection of his troops, he would sit from twelve at noon till five in the afternoon, never inattentive, never weary, marking out clearly, without passion and without prejudice, the foundations on which property, marriage, commerce—in short, all the complicated relations of life, and the security of life itself—were thereafter to rest. In discussion, the opinion of the ablest civilian, and not that of the military dictator, prevailed. When the work had been for some time proceeded with, it was sent to all the legal tribunals of France, with a request that any remarks which the judges might have to make should be transmitted to Paris. Thus debated, discussed, drafted, corrected, augmented, and revised, the Code Napoleon, in its different portions, was published, at intervals extending over seven years, as the law of France. And now what is the result? The splendid victories of Napoleon, the rush of armies, the roar of cannon, the masterly decision, the instant obedience, have passed away. The pride of empire, the kings waiting in the antechamber, the sway of a mighty will from Rome to Hamburg, from the Manzanares to the Elbe, have vanished as the baseless fabric of a vision. But the transactions between man and man, the trial of the offender, the adjudication of property throughout the French empire, are still regulated, and probably will long be regulated, by the statutes of the immortal legislator.’

His Lordship referred to the Code of Real Property Law in the State of New York, already noticed in this Review.* What we want in this country is a similar result of consolidation and amendment in the various branches of our laws—a few volumes which would really contain the consolidated wisdom of our legislature, and which every Englishman is supposed to know. This would greatly facilitate legal studies, and prevent many cases going through the expensive career of the law courts.

* *Meliora*, vol. i., p. 123.

The Jurisprudence Department of the Association was very actively engaged at Liverpool. Many papers of merit and importance were read, and several resolutions of practical moment were adopted—specially with reference to the reforms required in the administration of bankruptcy law. On this subject there was great unanimity in the sections, where many delegates from Chambers of Commerce throughout the kingdom were assembled. This is a case illustrative of the influence of the National Association. At Birmingham, when the question was discussed, Lord John Russell remarked the difference of opinion among the delegates. But during the year, a special committee had prepared a bill which, at Liverpool, met with the unanimous approbation of the mercantile delegates. The result was, the appointment of a 'General Committee on Mercantile Legislation,' whose influence will be brought to bear on Government, or other parties connected with the preparation of bills on this subject. This department is therefore likely to advance most effectually the consolidation and amendment of the Statute Laws.

The Department of Education was presided over by the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P. This was a very apt appointment, as it gave one who had been, and may be again, called upon to distribute the 'Grants in Aid,' now so extensive, all the advantage of a full and frank discussion of the several schemes propounded to improve education, and to further a national system. Mr. Cowper's introductory address broke open the subject in an able and conciliatory manner. He referred to the existing evils in the insufficient style of the education given to the middle classes, and the vast number who are left destitute of its blessings. There is too much pretension and show, without solidity, in our middle-class education, as was sadly disclosed by the Oxford examinations last year, when, out of 1,200 of the best pupils, 'half failed to pass the preliminary examinations in English and arithmetic. Many of these had made progress in Latin and Greek and mathematics, but they had no accurate knowledge of their mother-tongue, and had not even mastered the art of spelling.' There was a great outcry at the time, by the principals of schools, that justice had not been done to their pupils; but we trust they have been taught a salutary lesson of the folly of their system of instruction, and that when a new opportunity of testing their pupils arises, more satisfactory results will appear. We conceive that the character of middle-class teachers is at stake. Their deficiencies have been revealed. It remains for them to prove their excellencies in the preparation of their pupils for passing honourably the Oxford examinations. Hitherto these schools have not been to any extent in England public institutions, and have been free from inspection. Their merits

merits have not been tested, and the only stimulus which teachers had was the brilliant appearance which their scholars could make before admiring papas and mammas on an exhibition day. Our middle-class schools require to be reconstructed. For this purpose the gymnasia of Germany suggest many improvements. These formed the subject of a valuable paper read at Liverpool by Dr. Ihne. If, in connection with the present system, the Committee of Council could encourage gymnasia in all public towns, an incalculable boon would be conferred on middle-class education in this land. It could be done without any State expense, as the middle classes are quite able to pay for the education of their children. This would necessitate thoroughly-trained and competent masters, insure inspection, and afford stimuli to the instructors of youth to aim at advancement both in personal attainments and scholastic efficiency. Attached to this advantage might be another—the examination of all youth entering the gymnasia. Such a course would keep up the standard of education within these high schools, and tend to stimulate masters and pupils in the common schools. An excellent paper on Middle-class elementary Education was read by Dr. Knighton, a gentleman whose large experience entitles him to speak with authority. His account of the schools now under review is by no means flattering. He notices three very serious defects, ‘firstly, want of skill in the teachers; secondly, want of machinery and method in the schools; thirdly, the excessive influence of injudicious parents on the schools.’ The remedies which he suggests are such as we have above hinted at—the necessity for better trained teachers, especially assistants, who are at present so unskilled. This is a subject that deeply concerns all the rising middle classes in England, and eminently deserves the annual consideration of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

The other great deficiency in education is the absence from school of so large a number as 1,800,000 children. These are absentees without necessity or justification. The common schools of England have of late been largely multiplied, vastly improved in teachers, in teaching, in buildings, and in apparatus; but they have not overtaken the mass of ignorance. The numbers beyond the beneficial influence of schools at present open are quite alarming. The causes are probably two:—the indifference of the parents, and the demand for juvenile labour. But these causes of neglected education result in the demoralization of youth and the danger of the commonwealth. It is, therefore, a fair question to consider how far the State ought to step in and discharge parental duty. In the case of factory children, the legislature has ordained that a certain quantity of knowledge shall be possessed by the juvenile worker. In the case of juvenile crime, the legislature

has

has also interfered, and insisted that the child be sent to a reformatory and instructed. Public opinion has also decreed that the vagrant child should not be allowed to grow up ignorant, for he may be vicious, and has established ragged schools, which the State has to some extent encouraged. Thus we have factory, criminal, and ragged children educated whether parents approve or not. We have admitted a compulsory system thus far. But well-nigh two millions of youth, between the ages of three and fifteen, are absent from school 'without any necessity or justification.' Are these not in a dangerous condition, and likely to endanger society? Ought not the legislature to ordain that where parents are able to educate they should be compelled to do so? There are strong antipathies to such a system. Many seem to think it is an unwarrantable interference with the liberties of Englishmen—as if that was a liberty worth possessing, the privilege of neglecting the education of our future citizens. Others are afraid of the want of supply for the labour market; but a million and a half at least are now neither at work nor at school. In the factory system the demand for labour is fenced by the necessity for education, and why should other branches of trade not have a similar advantage? Universal education is not to be reached by a national system, however desirable that system may be. In America and in Ireland it does not reach the outlying mass; but in Prussia, where a compulsory enactment prevails, every child is taught. And why not, in this United Kingdom, where we are so protected by rights and privileges, that this one restriction for the public benefit could not be felt to be a burden but a blessing? Among the many papers read at Liverpool—and they were all of high merit—there was a very short one on this subject by the Rev. William Fraser of Paisley, a gentleman who has devoted a great deal of attention to the subject of education generally, and who published last year an exceedingly able and candid examination of 'Our Educational Enterprises,' being the result of a tour taken with the express object. We had the pleasure of hearing the compulsory system argued by other persons interested in the extension of education at the meetings of this department at Liverpool, and we are not aware of any serious objection to the plan. The benefits to be derived, far more than overbalance the supposed sacrifice of liberty. Did our space permit, we could have desired to draw attention to papers read by eminent educationists, but we must refer the reader to the printed Report. There is, however, one point of considerable importance—Education in common things—in the industrial pursuits of boys and girls after leaving school. Mr. Barwick Baker read a paper 'On Industrial Schools for Villages and Small Towns,' which described an
experiment

experiment of his own. His plan was to have a piece of land attached to the school, to be cultivated by the boys, the produce of which should form part of the schoolmaster's salary. This would lighten the burden of parents for the schooling of their elder boys, and train the lads to industry. Mr. Baker acknowledged that one of his chief difficulties was to find a schoolmaster who did not despise a spade! But of higher importance than this is the industrial training of girls in domestic economy as a part of village-school education. That this is a serious want in young women is universally felt. Ragged schools have in this a great advantage over ordinary schools. The girls are, in the former, taught domestic economy, and are fitted to go to service when they leave the institution. But why should not the daughter of the working man, who can afford to pay for her education, have the same advantage as the ragged scholar? Why might not washing and ironing, cooking and cleaning, be attached to common schools? The expense would be small, and the advantages very great.* Very many do not know how to clean, or wash, or cook, who have these things to do all their lives. By a few lessons at the school, this science of domestic economy might be learnt, and more useful and thrifty servants of the middle classes, and wives of working men, would be the result. It has been calculated that the outlay for fittings and utensils would not exceed 10*l.* or 16*l.*, which would be increased if a cow were added.

PUNISHMENT and REFORMATION form the third department of the general objects contemplated by the Association. The Earl of Carlisle presided. This distinguished nobleman has evinced a warm interest in these subjects, and, both in his baronial domains and in his high official spheres, has endeavoured to promote them. His address manifested considerable intelligence and practical philanthropy. When in Ireland, he observed with care, and countenanced with his patronage, the efforts that are there being made to filter into society the criminals who had been dangerous to its well-being. These we shall notice immediately. The business of this department of social science is how to prevent crime, and how to reform criminals. Both questions received very ample elucidation and discussion at Liverpool. The first was considered in eight papers, of which four are published, some of them bearing directly on the crime of Liverpool. The Rev. T. Carter introduced the latter subject, and presented an analysis of the crime in the town. He was followed by others.

* See an admirable tract 'On Industrial Training for Girls in Village Schools,' and an able paper, by the Rev. J. Armistead, of Sandbach, Cheshire, read at Liverpool, and since republished.

During the discussion on this subject 'a strong opinion was expressed against the present law for the licensing and regulating of beer-houses, and in favour of a more active interference by the magistrates in putting down disorderly houses.' This was resumed in a conversazione, when a very masterly address on the prohibition of the liquor traffic was given by Mr. Pope of Manchester. There can be no doubt that the public-house, because of the drink there sold, leads to a vast amount of crime; and if the sale of intoxicating liquors were prohibited, a corresponding decrease in crime would be the consequence. We are rather surprised that the relation of Intemperance and the Liquor Traffic to Crime was not the subject of a separate paper, as we observed one or two societies connected with Temperance ranked as corporate members of the Association. No subject is of greater moment to social reform; and we trust that at the Bradford meeting this year, it will not be lost sight of by the Temperance party. Indeed, the rising influence of Temperance reformers ought to be attached to the Association by as large a proportion of individual members as can be secured, and especially by corporate membership of the large societies, to which so many of the smaller or provincial societies are affiliated. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

The next group of papers read was on the subject of 'Discharged Prisoners,' a question of great importance, and which led to a 'long and animated discussion.'

'Prison Discipline' was introduced by Captain Crofton, C.B., the Chairman of the Board of Directors of Irish Convict Prisons. This philanthropist has inaugurated a new system by the establishment of intermediate prisons, through which the convict is filtered into society. In his paper Captain Crofton attempted to answer the three following questions:—'What are the difficulties of the convict question we are called upon to solve? Why have we not solved these difficulties? What shall we do to solve these difficulties?' Under the first he stated that the difficulties are, 'To devise a course of treatment consistent with humanity, which shall either amend the offender or tend to render him less noxious to the community: which treatment shall at the same time have the effect of deterring others from the commission of crime.' He showed how we had failed hitherto; that we had not been anxious to reform our convicts when we had the opportunity of sending them to the colonies. Nevertheless, we have learned two lessons by transportation: 'That employment is a most powerful agent of reformation; and, secondly, that notwithstanding all the evils attendant on a bad prison system, there was still a large impressive class, who were willing to work when employment was obtainable, and who, beyond doubt, gave satisfaction to their employers,

employers, and ultimately became useful and industrious colonists.' These lessons must now, however, be practised at home, as our power of expatriation is narrowed. At home a compassionate community has been most unwilling to employ liberated convicts, who, however well behaved in prison, where they did not meet with temptation, might not be trustworthy as servants.

Captain Crofton's plan is to separate the impressible from the unimpressible, to place them in a probationary course subject to temptations and under surveillance, and thus gain the confidence of the public on behalf of the convict, when he is ultimately set at liberty. This system has been explained in a former paper in this Review;* but we are anxious, on the present occasion, to show how large has been its success, and how it appears to us, to use the words of Mr. Recorder Hill, to have solved the problem—'What shall we do with our criminals?' By this system the mind of the criminal is enlisted in his own reformation, while the discipline through which he passes operates to deter him from the commission of crime. During the last three years, 1,327 have been discharged from the Irish intermediate prisons, 511 of whom were discharged unconditionally, and 816 in license. Of the 511, only 5 have returned to convict prisons, or 1 per cent. Of the 816, only 30 have been recommitted, or not quite 4 per cent., and 15 more have lost their licenses from failure to report themselves, drunkenness, &c., &c.† These are striking facts, but they are further corroborated by the following encouraging statements made by Captain Crofton at a recent meeting in Bristol:‡—'Employers who had taken men for three years still continue to apply for others on their liberation. Those who at first had been induced to give the convicts on ticket-of-leave a fair trial had ever since been employers of convict labour.' 'He had received hosts of letters from employers testifying to the value and good conduct of convict labourers, and he had had the strongest testimony of the soundness on which the system was based.'

The results of Captain Crofton's scheme, and its superiority over any other yet tried, induced the department of the Association under whose cognizance they were brought, at Liverpool, to pass the following resolution:—

'That it is the unanimous feeling of the Section that the attention of the Legislature be urgently invoked upon the following subject:—The expediency of so prolonging the sentence passed in serious cases of crime as to admit of consider-

* 'Meliora,' vol. i., p. 315, where the writer criticises the Irish scheme rather severely.

† Captain Crofton's notes on Colonel Jebb's report.

‡ 'Bristol Mirror,' Feb. 26, 1859.

able periods of fixed confinement, followed by a proportionate period of probationary detention, part of which should be open to remission in consequence of good behaviour, under the liability of such remission being revoked in consequence of bad behaviour while the prisoner was at large.*

We trust that the system which has worked so well in Ireland may be tried in England. 'The same determined purpose, unflinching zeal, and never-tiring industry' shown by Captain Crofton, may reform our adult criminals; and, aided by reformatory schools for the young, contribute to deliver the country from the large class of persons who now endanger property and life, occupy so much of the time of our courts and judges, and cost such vast expense in their conviction and punishment. Captain Crofton, as it appears to us, has most satisfactorily answered the many objections—some of which were made in our own pages—which have been urged against his system. He has shown that there is no greater readiness in Ireland than in England to employ convicts: that the association of the convicts in the intermediate prisons is not productive of abuse either as to language or conduct; that the practice of giving the men a certain portion of their gratuity, with the privilege of spending it in certain ways, has not endangered but aided their self-command; that there is no indulgence offered by the diet of the prison, which is the lowest allowed by the medical officer; that those liberated from the intermediate prisons have felt ashamed of their criminal character; that they do not object to register themselves, but regard it as a privilege and a protection; that the system generally is most economical, and can be made, in the work of the convicts, very serviceable to the State.*

'I could,' said Captain Crofton, at Liverpool, 'give many bright and startling examples of well-doing coming under my own personal observation, which would shake the scepticism of the greatest unbeliever in adult criminal reformation. I could tell of men reared and steeped in crime changing their course, and prosecuting a career of honest industry, under the most trying circumstances and the most distasteful labour—men who have at times almost starved than again be sent to prison. I could tell you of discharged criminals transmitting money to others to go to lands where reformation is easier, because employment is less scarce. I could tell you of letters from Lucknow and Delhi, and from other parts of the world, from those who as soldiers have, by their good conduct, been raised to non-commissioned officers, imploring their late companions to turn from the paths of sin and evil. No suspicion of hypocrisy can rest here, for, as is obvious, there is nothing to be gained.'†

Nor is it Captain Crofton himself, or Mr. Organ, the able and devoted lecturer at Smithfield, who advocates this system. Lord Carlisle unhesitatingly spoke highly in its favour after personal observation. Mr. M. D. Hill, a well-known prison reformer, Mr.

* Condensed from Captain Crofton's speech, 'Bristol Mirror,' Feb. 26, 1859.

† Paper read at Liverpool. 'Transactions,' p. 381.

Barwick Baker, and many others have urged its adoption in this country. Besides, the opinion of the National Association is of the highest value, and will, we trust, induce Government to improve upon the plans of Colonel Jebb for the reformation of English criminals.

Other valuable papers on Prison Reform were read, including one by Mr. Commissioner Hill on German prisons, read in his absence by Lord Brougham, who added some important interlocutory observations. Mr. Hill is well entitled to be heard on a question to which he has devoted a long and useful life. We hope that in the evening of his days he may have the satisfaction of seeing our prisons made reformatories, and our convicts, by such a practical scheme as Captain Crofton's, sent back to society honest, industrious, and pious members of the community.

On the subjects of Reformatories and Refuges many papers were read. Mr. Hanbury, M.P., led the way in reporting the operations of the 'Reformatory and Refuge Unions,' which have been of great service to social reform. 'Adult Reformatories' were treated by Mr. T. B. LL Baker; and Miss Carpenter, who has consecrated her life to this sphere of philanthropic labour, contributed her portion to the Association in 'The Disposal of Girls from Reformatory Schools.' A very valuable paper was read by Mr. Joseph Adshead of Manchester, on the financial statistics of ten reformatories and as many ragged and industrial schools. After these carefully-arranged figures, nothing can be wanting to prove the economy of prevention as contrasted with the expensiveness of punishment. The Rev. W. Fraser of Paisley advocated large reformatories, as most likely to secure well-trained masters, more thorough education, greater variety of trades, more exciting emulation, besides more economy. This raised a very lively and most healthful discussion. But we may not tarry longer in this department.

The two remaining departments of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science are PUBLIC HEALTH and SOCIAL ECONOMY. They severally constitute most important branches of the science of philanthropy. At Liverpool the meetings of these sections were generally crowded, and the discussions were most animated. So many papers had been sent in, that on some of the days each department had to be divided. Over PUBLIC HEALTH the Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and he delivered an introductory address of great ability, to which even 'The Times' gave the palm. We wish that our space had afforded us opportunity of quoting from it. One of the papers which attracted large attention was by Miss Nightingale, on Hospital Construction. This matter was discussed by the distinguished lady-philanthropist with great minuteness and fulness of information drawn from other countries, and

and with the exhibition of plans for the proper construction of hospitals. The other subjects introduced

'May be classed under two main heads—Drainage and Ventilation. To drain our towns effectually, without polluting our rivers and lesser streams, and to utilize, as far as possible, the sewage-matter—to ventilate in the best way, and at the least cost, our private houses and public buildings, these are the two problems which sanitary reformers at the present moment desire to solve. It is hoped that the facts and suggestions collected in this, as in the previous volume of "*Transactions*," afford some useful materials for the formation of a sound public opinion on both these important points.'

The Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., was the President of the Department of SOCIAL ECONOMY, and delivered an introductory address on Emigration, which was characterized by his usual fulness of information and felicity of expression. In the outset of his address he referred to a difficulty felt in this section. 'By the term Social Economy we propose (as I understand) to designate all those branches of Social Science for which no appropriate place could be found within any of our four preceding specifications. That those branches are very numerous and widely dissimilar was sufficiently apparent at our last annual meeting.' This was abundantly corroborated by the Liverpool meeting. The subjects were so varied, and the papers so numerous, that it was found necessary to divide the section into two, both on Thursday and Friday. The subjects have been classified thus: first, Economic Science; secondly, Population, Labour, and Capital; thirdly, Condition of the Working Classes; fourthly, Workhouse Management; and, fifthly, Miscellaneous. To these might be added, though we have none of the papers printed, the two subjects which occupied the separate sections, Prostitution and the Currency. There was a large attendance in this department, and many practically engaged in the amelioration of society were ready to afford the assembly the benefit of their wisdom and experience.

The first class of subjects was introduced to the Association by two papers which are printed in the volume before us. The Office and Duty of the Statist were enlarged upon by Mr. J. T. Dawson. This is of highest consequence. Statistics are a most valuable portion of our knowledge, and lie at the foundation of our Social Science. The want of them make some transatlantic schemes of benevolence practically valueless to this country. Figures of rhetoric are not so influential here as in America; but figures of arithmetic tell more powerfully here than there. But observation must lead to reasoning, and the statist give way to the social economist. Dr. Hodgson therefore followed with an excellent paper on 'The Educational Aspect and Necessity of Economic Science.'

On Population, Labour, and Capital, several contributions were read, and four of them, very able and instructive, have been published. Mr. Henry Roberts read a paper on the Dwellings
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of the Labouring Classes, which has been since published separately, and contains a great amount of information, and most useful suggestions on this most important subject. It deserves the careful perusal of all interested in this imperative branch of social reform.

But it is impossible for us, at present, to go over the subjects discussed in this section, many of which suggest and merit separate articles. Brought forward as they were before a large number of social reformers, these questions affecting the welfare of the people must have been ventilated; and we sincerely trust the result will invariably be, that some earnest philanthropists will endeavour to carry out the plans proposed, in their own immediate locality. This had been done in most cases by the persons who read the different papers. Mr. Melly had erected drinking fountains; Mr. Akroyd had established penny savings banks; Miss Twining had taken a share in the Workhouse Visiting Society, which they severally advocated. Dr. Ogle founded his paper on Provident Dispensaries on personal observation, and argued their universal adoption from the advantages which they gave to the people at large; while the Rev. C. Hartshorne gave his own experience of the same in a detailed account of the provident dispensary at Nottingham.

Most encouraging hitherto has been the course of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Its influence on all departments of Sociology, speculative and practical, has been felt throughout the country. Its position is established, and by judicious management it may become one of the most important institutions of the empire. That which affects man in every aspect of his humanity concerns this association; and while advancing the interests of benevolence in every possible way, contributing to elevate, improve, and bless mankind, uniting all classes in promoting common interests, it is also preparing for the ultimate systematizing of knowledge, by constructing with considerate skill, extensive observation, and abundance of material the Science of Philanthropy.

ART. II.—1. *La vie à Paris.* By Auguste Villemot. 2 vols.

Paris: Michel Levy.

2. *Paris intime.* By Henry de Pène.

DIFFUSION is the law of the age. What was concentrated is now diffused. What was the privilege of the few is now the property of the many. This is more or less the case in everything and everywhere. In all countries, but especially in our own, there has arisen what we designate by the term 'Popular Literature,' or 'Literature for the Many.' That is to say, we associate together,

and provide means for the promulgation of certain truths, for the spreading forth of certain facts, the accurate knowledge whereof was before only attainable by those who were rich enough to pay highly for good education. We teach the population at the cheapest possible rate; and the aim all the democratization (if we may use the word) of literature proposes to itself in this country, is to store the minds of the many, of the anonymous multitude, with a large portion of valuable, because practically useful, facts. This is comprehensible; and it shows the diffusive principle adapted to a most beneficent purpose. Nothing of the kind takes place in France. There is not throughout all France such a thing as a book-club, which proves the indifference of the middle class to general information; while of what we term popular literature—*i. e.*, that enormous amount of printed and published matter whereby the intellectual current is directed from the centre of society to its circumference—our neighbours have not even the remotest idea. A number of the most highly educated—nay more, of the most illustrious—men in France refused to credit a statement made to them some weeks ago by a Scotch gentleman, establishing the fact of sixty copies of Carlyle's 'Frederick II.' being (among several other works ordered in proportionate numbers) provided by a book-club in Glasgow for its subscribers! The informant was forced to bring forward a printed advertisement in a Glasgow newspaper setting forth the figures we have quoted; at which the learned members of the Institute, and other persons present, were utterly confounded, and unable to understand how such combinations were brought about.

Yet the diffusive principle in literature is fully as much adopted in France as in England, and probably the receipts of 'Railway' and 'Shilling' libraries would, if reckoned up, be found, to say the least, to be equal to those realized by corresponding enterprises on this side the Channel. The absorption by the many of what was formerly absorbed only by the few is as considerable in France as in England; but it is with a totally different purpose. Their whole system is at variance with ours. We began by providing for the mass (and we have gradually taught the mass even to provide for itself) as large a sum of real information as was compatible with the limited time for reading of men whose livelihood depends upon their work. We have sought to improve the population; the aim in France is exclusively to amuse it. The difference between the two countries is so radical, that, whereas with us the higher the moral truth inculcated by any work, even of fiction, the stronger its action on the public, and the greater its sale, the exact reverse is the more inevitable in France. Attempt to preach, or merely to teach, and your book, however unquestionable its talent, will be received with suspicion by the French public,

public, and achieve with difficulty one of those tremendous *succès* which are by no means of rare occurrence among our neighbours, and the pecuniary equivalent whereof is sometimes represented by fabulous sums. But take for your object the utmost provision of amusement that you can compass, offer that to the public, and your fortune is made. The many obtain now what was once only the share of the few in France, but the quality of what they obtain has not altered.

The critics and commentators of other countries are vastly given to express their astonishment at the all but inexhaustible riches of French literature in the way of memoirs; and it is a common assertion that French memoirs afford treasures to the historian. This is true. A peculiar and favourite form of French thought—especially up to the Revolution—is that of the minute and personal record, or registration, of daily events passing within the writer's own immediate sphere. From the days of Froissart down to the period of the States-General in 1789, you will find this perpetual system of diary-keeping so much practised, that it would be next to impossible to compile anything like a reliable history of the last three hundred years if you set aside the individual memoirs. During the whole course of the seventeenth century, under the reigns of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and, above all, through the epoch of the Fronde, people wrote as much as they acted, if not more, and the great characteristic of those days is, that there are as many tales as deeds. Whatever people do in France they talk of: to such a degree is this carried, that it has been said by a contemporary French writer, that 'every man' (he should say Frenchman) 'is in any moment of action composed of two men; the one who acts, and the one who looks on and comments on the action.' This is one of those tenacious particularities of the French national character that no amount of change in circumstances can eradicate. Frenchmen have, at one time or other, trampled upon every law divine or human, and have overthrown every institution by which nations develop themselves; they have, to use the expression of the present emperor, Napoleon III., 'placed the social pyramid base uppermost;' but their national character has, on the point we are alluding to, remained so completely the same that it is impossible to conceive of a Frenchman acting simply and for action's sake, doing what is to remain untold; and you are always left in doubt whether in reality the deed be not done in order that it may be recorded. Hence the extraordinary prevalence of private memoirs in pre-revolutionary times, and hence the substitution for them of a kind of literature unknown in any other country, and the importance whereof cannot be overlooked in France by any

one desirous of possessing accurate notions of the contemporary state of French civilization; we allude to the so-called '*Littérature de Chroniques*.'

Great individual existences having been done away with almost entirely in France by the Revolution of 1789-93, and democracy being under one form or the other the constitutive principle of actual French society, it was not to be expected that the same interest would continue to attach to the individual records of individual deeds that attached to them under the pre-revolutionary era. The individual may be said no longer to exist in France; the abstraction, society, is everything; and this is not one of the least evident causes of the enslaved condition of Frenchmen and of the flat and hopeless monotony of French social life. '*L'Etat c'est moi!*' exclaimed Louis XIV. Under his particular despotism, though the individual might still attain to a useful degree of development, his power of action and influence had imperceptibly begun to decay, and it continued to do so till the hour when the Revolution in its multiform despotism said, '*L'Etat c'est tout!*' So hated is the individual by that tyrannical abstraction termed society in France, that any one who ventures to be himself, to think for himself, and express himself, and not be the thirty-five millionth copy of all his compatriots, has no choice left but to turn his back on his native land—he cannot get on there; the only thing she will do for him is to admit him into her '*Légion étrangère*' in Algeria, after having stigmatized him as an '*Excentric, un original*,' than which the French tongue knows no worse term of condemnation. '*Our nation*,' says one of the cleverest moralists of modern France, Emile Montégut, '*is the only one of the civilized world in which originality is a positive crime—the one irremissible crime.*'* This being the case, it may be asked how memoir-writing can be possible, or have any chance of popularity. Here we come to the democratization of the idea; to the diffusion of what was concentrated. The thirst for notoriety, for what a celebrated lawyer called '*famosity*,' continuing to be in France what it ever was, and the deed still ranking as non-existent unless told, the collective creature substitutes itself for the isolated unity, and indites its own memoirs; the anonymous memoirs of the anonymous crowd. What flowed in other days from the pens of the Duc de Saint Simon, or of the Cardinal de Retz, flows now from the million-mouthed presses of journals without a name. Society writes its own memoirs; '*the million*' writes for '*the million*,' and tells '*the million*' what '*the million*' has been and is about. This is the secret of the enormous success of '*La Chronique*,' as it is entitled. No newspaper, great or

* '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.'

small, now-a-days in France could pretend to do without a 'Chronique;' the highest witness, the 'Journal des Débats,' cannot escape the necessity, and the most insignificant is obliged to accept the obligation. Now what is this 'Chronique?' and what is the 'Chroniqueur,' as he is called? The 'Chronique' is the diary kept by the million instead of by an individual; it is the memoir-writing of the nameless crowd; the 'Chroniqueur' is no other than the amanuensis of the collective creature termed 'Society,' and his office is to relate to 'everybody' what 'everybody' is doing—to be content to be nobody himself, but to be merged entirely in the vast anonymous social whole.

The appetite for chronicle literature is one of the most voracious appetites of the French public, and its conditions of success are to relate to the public what the public does. Seriously considered, it is a thing that stands perfectly alone in the history of modern literature; no other country, that we are aware of, delights so much in reading the chronicle of what its insignificant, every-day occupations and amusements have been. What increased chance of popularity would a London journal have because it should pay some writer a high price for telling the Londoners how they migrated to Greenwich or Gravesend on such a Sunday, or for describing to all England how it rushed to Epsom or Newmarket? We have no rage for talking of ourselves to ourselves, yet this it is, precisely, which sustains a complete branch of very popular and eminently national literature in France. The French are the only people on the earth who are wild for talking of themselves to themselves, who are never tired of the employment, and to whom it is so necessary, that all political and social circumstances having absolutely altered, and not one component part of what was French civilization existing now as it existed formerly,—this particular tendency of the public mind has subsisted, and still endures. 'Nous tenons la France au courant d'elle-même,' says one of these chronicling scribes, speaking of his occupation.

Now whatever may seem to us to be the futility of such a literature, we cannot disdain or affect to ignore it when it engrosses to so large a degree the public attention of a nation about which we pretend to be curious, and about which we certainly know far less than we have hitherto been disposed to avow. The fact of the triumphant existence of 'La Littérature Chroniqueuse' throws a certain light upon the habits and manners of a country.

Two reasons contribute to the necessity of the chronicles of the press: the out-of-door life of the French, and the intense, incurable idleness of the race. The French are, perhaps, the only people who live out of their own homes more than they live in them, and to whom the theatre, the café, the promenade, or the mere thoroughfare

thoroughfare come more naturally than their own fireside, and they probably are (what is less well known) the idlest people in the world. A distinction must be made between being lazy and being idle. Owing to climate and social conditions, the inhabitants of southern countries—Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, or Turks—are lazier than the French, but they cannot be idler. From high to low, from the élégant of the Jockey Club to the ouvrier, and from the duchess to the lorette, or lady's-maid, every Frenchman or Frenchwoman born has a taste for losing time; and, without being lazy (for they get through a vast deal of locomotion in the twenty-four hours), they contrive to do nothing at a rate and in a proportion that is incomprehensible to any other race. The consequence is, that whatever amuses them without trouble quickly enjoys their favour.

When Madame de Sévigné wrote to Madame de Grignan the news of what was going on in that centre where the business of the country was being transacted, it was of no small interest to those who cared for public affairs to have news of what the King thought; what M. le Prince de Condé had said; what Madame de Montespan had hinted; what Turenne had declared; what Bossuet had proclaimed; what Colbert had planned. You may, by reading over her letters, obtain tolerably accurate notions of what society in France was like two hundred years ago; but if you are desirous of having a pretty true idea of present society in France in its exterior aspects, few things will better inform you than such books as those of Auguste Villemot and Henry de Pène.

Villemot is a first-rate reflector of the civilization that surrounds him: he has sharpness enough to seize upon the hidden sense of events and discover their philosophical bearings; and he is of a sufficiently passive nature not to attempt to stamp his own impress upon things, but, on the contrary, to submit to receive theirs. 'A chronique,' says Villemot, in the very outset of his first one (April, 1854), 'being the expression of society itself, you see what may happen: a pleasant and amusing week is followed by a mortally stupid one, and *vice versa*; but what is essential in the chronicler is, not so much that he should be a clever fellow, as that he should possess a certain aptitude for comprehending his epoch and for seizing its absurdities, a certain intuition of what is really comical, a certain honesty of character which prevents him from resorting to any bitter personalities, and, above all, the art of clearing the features of the time of whatsoever may mask them or in any way uselessly intervene between them and their observer.'

Villemot acts admirably up to the conditions he himself lays down, and there are but few of the faults and absurdities of the French nation that may not be found registered in his two divert-
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ing volumes. You lay hands upon the national defects one after the other, not because an enemy exposes them to you, but because an 'honest' chronicler, discharging faithfully his duty of amanuensis to society at large, simply notes down—often with considerable naïveté even—what society at large has been about, and after what fashion it has amused itself. Remark the following, for instance (we are in April '54, quite in the beginning of the war): 'It is a strange privilege, wars, pests, famines, and no matter what calamities, are all drowned in a new vaudeville, and life, whatever its real aspects, is for ever looked at *en rose*. We did here in Paris, for a short time, make serious reflections upon the eastern war—the accidents whereof are exceedingly picturesque—but people begin by this time to think that it does not pay—the public feels itself cheated.' And again this, apropos to the drought which went nigh, in the spring of '54, to cause a famine: 'Corn is parching, hay is scorched. One universal cry is, "Water!" but the feminine population rises indignant: "Water!" screams out every lady—"a nice invention you have hit upon there to prevent us from opening our carriages, and donning our new gowns."' It is certain that the wealthier part of the population is always proverbially indifferent to the exigencies of the soil; they can always get plenty of Vienna bread, and for anything else, they care little.' *Il y aura toujours de la brioche!* The silly phrase, thoughtlessly spoken by an individual before the Revolution, is now put in action by whole classes, and this is one of the worst signs of disorganization in France. It is quite certain that the vast majority of those who come under the denomination of 'the rich,' do, in France, manifest, with regard to the demands and necessities of agriculture, an indifference that in any other country would appear monstrous. This comes from ignorance, and from the singular absence of the one faculty needed to make men clever political economists—the faculty, namely, of promptly reverting from an effect to its cause. Other classes have risen to power and eminence since 1789-93, but they do the same things and think the same thoughts as did their predecessors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. After an insurrection in Brittany, during which the governor of the province thought proper to hang a rather large number of the peasantry, Madame de Sévigné, who was an excellent woman in her way, and anything rather than hard-hearted, arrives at the wonderful discovery that perhaps these unfortunate wretches were to be pitied, for, writes she, as though propounding some astounding truth, 'they are really men after all!' So they were, but only not being 'men' who had anything in common with Madame la Marquise, she ignored them totally, and could not be expected to interest herself

in their fate. You may trace this separatist system in every single detail of French civilization; now, as then, it is in the race to be selfish and narrow-minded; personally selfish and narrow-minded, and collectively narrow-minded and selfish. The force of almost every other nation lies in the manner in which all its classes, in one way or another, are made to dovetail. In Germany, for instance, where such strong class-distinctions still exist, there are interests which produce fusion; with us, in England, everything of any importance brings all our classes together for the common weal; but in France, where interests ought to produce fusion as much as anywhere else, for the simple reason that *what materially hurts one large class in the state cannot benefit any other*—in France there is no dovetailing of one part of the community into others, for the mere reason that the French are the slowest of all people to see their own real interests. We return to our smart populations, who would have drought go on for ever, because of their pleasures and vanities. Take the most determined fine lady in all London, and give her the finest gowns she can desire to parade, it will not come into her head to rejoice in drought if rain be wanted by ‘the farmer.’ She knows better than to say it or even to think it. She has, you will say, a father, or a husband, or an uncle, or somebody belonging to her who is a great landed proprietor. That makes no difference. She would feel the same had she not a relation in the world nor a rood of land. She has a stratum of sound political economy lying at the bottom of her whole intellectual system. She is perfectly unconscious of it; but she, and her mother, and grandmother before her, have, for the last two centuries, imbibed with the milk that fed them physically, the notion that what is very bad for any portion of the community cannot be very good for any other. She instinctively knows that a mysterious chain binds all things together in a state, and that agricultural scarcity will one day bear upon her silk gowns and fineries. The workings of all this may be quite beyond her comprehension, but she knows the result, and her faith is as firm upon the point as it is blind. Now this is just what the so-called ‘rich’ do not know in France. They believe in social separatism; they, with the exception of a very small number, no longer fancy that the Almighty has chosen a few illustrious houses to govern the state; but they believe in the possible abstention of one set of persons from what forms the dearest interests of another set, which is just as bad. ‘Chacun pour soi,’ is pre-eminently the French device, and they are ignorant that it is of impossible application. The perfect solidarity of all the component classes of a nation being, on the contrary, the vital principle of modern civilization, that from which there can be no possible escape, and on which the salvation

salvation of modern communities depends. What is the result of the manifestation of these opposite principles, for example, by England and France? Broadly stated the result is: in one, a perpetual condition of restlessness and disease, in the literal sense of the word; alternations of tolerably good governments overthrown by the mob, and of despotic ones submitted to by the educated, who hate them; and in the other, an indubitable certainty that whatever is best for the country will, in the end, be laboured for by all; that what is incompatible with its true interests will be submitted to by none; and that, in any time of emergency, everybody will pull together. Take the history of any insurrection in France within the last twenty-five or thirty years, and of our formidable insurrection just vanquished in India. In February, 1848, and at the Coup d'état of December, 1851, what happened? All the educated classes, all the so-called 'honest men,' in the whole land were unmistakeably opposed to both the populace and the military tyrants, yet both military tyrant and populace succeeded against the whole country; whilst, with us, perhaps, the most fearful rising recorded in history, was put down by a comparatively small number. Why? Because with us no one stopped to ask what he might continue not to do, but hastened to do whatever seemed most urgent, and never thought of whether it was his place to do it or not. 'Everybody' fought as well and fought as much as the soldiers in India; whereas, in France, upon no occasion has any man ever done what it was not his special work to do. *Chacun pour soi!* Soldiers are there to fight, it is their business; citizens are there to be fought for and protected, 'taken care of;' and the result is, that the nation is made to crouch beneath a yoke, against which it protests, but which it never did anything to spurn, because to do so was 'not its business!' '*Que voulez-vous? ce n'est pas mon affaire!*' There is the monstrous answer to all that can be said to them; monstrous even more from its ignorance and absurdity than from its egotism. And all these inevitable consequences are contained in the cry of the fine lady against rain, because she enjoys drought, and deems it 'no business of hers' to mind 'the farmer,' of whom she knows nothing! When a national character is to be judged, it is often the smaller circumstances that more truly reveal it than those seemingly graver. Who can read this at first sight unimportant phrase of M. Villemot's, and not feel that it points at one of the most intensely national and meanest of French defects:—'To speak truly, the present war (we are in the spring of 1855) occupies the Parisian mind chiefly from the theatrical point of view. The play-bills are curious. From *Bobino* to the *Théâtre Lyrique*, one hears of nothing save "*Les Russes*," "*Les Cosaques*," and "*Skirmishes on the banks of the Danube*,"

Danube," and "Russians painted by themselves," &c. I must frankly confess that the other day I could not help feeling compassion for the Cossacks, who are thrashed beyond all possibility on our stage!

This is a simple remark, produced by a fact which the chronicler registers, and about which he perhaps thinks no more; but it is the fact that is important, and it subsists, or the remark could not be made and would have no sense. No sooner has the Frenchman an enemy, and does he find himself in any degree favoured by luck against the latter, than he gives way to an amount of boastfulness, childish and pitiful in the extreme, and the proportions whereof are literally inappreciable to any other nation upon earth. A Frenchman is for ever astonished at himself; he is in a perpetual state of surprise at having done something wonderful; and if he were not persuaded by the noise made around him by newspapers, theatres, &c., that his achievements were extraordinary, he would never repeat them. This is the secret of the complete confusion which reigns throughout a French army when once the vein of complete success has been interrupted. They are nothing if not excessive, and their boastfulness is needed to maintain and prompt their valour.

The objects, however, of their hatred or their love are for ever varying; and whilst, two or three years ago, they took the Russians as the representatives of their defeated foes, these same Russians are now transformed into their best and most sympathetic friends. The English are far nearer now to the enemy who is to be abused, and from this view of the case it is curious enough to read the impression of a *Chroniqueur* upon the announcement of the Queen of England's visit when France and England were such close allies.

'It is marvellous,' exclaims Villemot, 'but it is true all the same, that her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria is coming here with a whole staff of princes, dukes, and lords. She will be well received, for the Duke of Cambridge was so, and she has the advantage over her cousin of being a woman and a queen; but the thing is marvellous, and we are at a fine distance from our past history—from 1815, for instance. In those days, upon our theatres and in our caricatures an Englishman was a species of mis-shaped animal, red as a lobster, and with nothing save the most gluttonous instincts. And Englishwomen; did we make them sufficiently ridiculous! All this would seem effaced. Even the people appear to accept the English alliance as a *mariage de raison*, whilst the higher classes affect to regard it quite as a *mariage d'inclination*.'

But when you read this over by the side of the registers of the Russophobia of the same date, and think what Russophiles the same individuals have become, you cannot avoid discovering that the next thing on the cards was the recurrence to the antipathies of 1815, as far as the English were concerned. And so it has been. The *mariage de raison*, like all such unions, has turned
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out but a lame sort of affair, and the usual results have occurred, which prove the fallacy of such combinations. If we required a proof of how poor a foundation is afforded by the French character for any alliance that should be lasting and fruitful of good consequences, we need only cast our eyes over the following record of French levity and caprice, which is all the more important that it is not written to prove anything but merely to record a fact—

‘Queen Victoria comes just in the nick of time; just when public feeling has decidedly taken part against the Muscovite. Everything in fact, from great to small, is a question of opportunity in this world, from revolutions to vaudevilles. The tragedy of “Sylla” ran a hundred nights under the Restoration; it would not be played three times in our days. Such or such a criminal who preoccupied all France at one moment, might not have at another even a frigid “succès d’estime!” See what an important share has opportunity in everything! Some twenty years ago a workman at Lyons was buried in the falling in of a pit. The man had well judged his time it seems, for, for one whole week all France thought of nothing earthly save him. “Have you any news of Dufavel?” “How is Dufavel?” This was what men asked each other when they met in the streets, and sentimental ladies were wretched at the notion that soup was conveyed to Dufavel through a leathern tube, which, they said, must give the soup a nasty taste. “Dufavel was so interesting!” That was the universal cry. . . . Well, now at this present hour,’ adds the chronicler, ‘there are five workmen in one of the southern departments in exactly the same position Dufavel occupied twenty years back. They have been where they are ten days, and nobody cares what their soup tastes like, or whether they have any or not: they have not come at the right time, they have had no sense of opportunity. . . . Queen Victoria’s visit is well timed, it is opportune.”’

And, unfortunately, the evidences of pure caprice and of levity so clearly shown by all this are discoverable in what grave historians dignify by the high-flown names of patriotism, *sens politique*, and many others. There is in France the whim of the hour, and wonderfully little else. This appreciation of the Queen’s visit, so singular and so thoroughly French, recalls to mind the period of our military alliance with France, and of certain opinions which the officers of the British army were compelled in many cases to form of their gallant comrades.

Few things in our day have produced a stronger sensation for the moment than the duel fought last year between Lieutenant Hyenne and M. Henry de Pène. A chronicle of the ‘Figaro’ lay at the bottom of the whole. But that chronicle lays bare more than one marked characteristic of French civilization. No one will probably have forgotten the duel; no one will, perhaps, remember, if he ever took the pains to examine the cause of it; that cause, nevertheless, is by no means uninteresting to study. It was this: a ball was given by a Russian millionaire, to which all Paris was invited (we will explain by-and-by what, in similar cases, is meant by ‘all Paris’). Of course, M. de Pène ‘attended’ this fête, as reporters ‘attend’ parliamentary debates. In giving his readers a narration of it, he took occasion to remark upon the
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conduct of some young officers who had obtained invitations, and he registered the fact that 'if ever any master or mistress of a house was induced to ask sub-lieutenants to her parties, it was a thing done once, but never twice, for that these gentlemen carried their barrack habits and the manners of the guard-room into genteel society.' *Inde iræ*, with which it is not our present purpose to have anything to do. The fact set forth here by the chronicler is that of the antagonism, in France, of the army and polite society; and no treatise, however grave or however voluminous, could prove the existence of this antagonism more completely than do the two lines of M. de Pène's *chronique*, the having written which nearly cost M. de Pène his life. Our limits will not allow of our searching for the remote causes of whatever may attract our notice upon the surface of civilization in France; but the necessity of acknowledging such or such a certainty may put the contemporary historian upon the trace of much that lies at the root of a nation's particular situation, whether at home or abroad. The mere fact declared by M. de Pène being granted—it being granted that between civil society and the army in France there exists a strong dislike, and that the chief reason of the dislike is based upon the peculiarities of behaviour of French military men—(especially in the younger among these)—it may then be worth while to seek for the first causes of the want of good manners in French officers generally. A vast deal might be said and written on the subject, for much in the contemporary history of France is connected with it, and many events have been, and may still be, influenced by it; but all these future researches, leading, we believe, to extremely curious results as far as the social history of modern France is concerned, would be the consequence of a fact recorded by a *Chroniqueur* whose immediate aim was merely to describe, as graphically as he was able to do, the incidents of a ball given by a Russian *Cræsus*.

Here, again, in the mere circumstance of the *fête* itself we strike full against a marked feature of modern French society.

In the pre-revolutionary era, there is no doubt an immense deal to blame in the conduct of the noblesse—there is, indeed, but little to praise; but there is one quality that can never be denied to the representatives of the *ancien régime*, namely, social dignity. We should be puzzled to say of what use was, politically speaking, a grand seigneur of the century closed by the year 1789; but in some respects he was, morally and socially, a most incontestable gain. Whatever his defects, he was ignorant of what meanness meant. He was boastful (though far less than are his descendants), vain, arrogant, wasteful, debauched, without principle as regards the other sex; but a mean act did not enter into his comprehension.

sion. His principle was to owe no one anything ; neither a service nor a sword-thrust. He was never *en reste* with any living creature, and could not have borne to feel himself a debtor to one of his equals, let alone his inferiors—the bare notion whereof would have been intolerable. The aspects of French civilization have so totally altered, that perhaps meanness, in all its various modes of manifestation, may precisely be said to be the one great characteristic of even what is termed the highest society of France. As to money matters, it is no revelation to proclaim Frenchmen *en masse* (of course we admit exceptions in this as in everything) as far from entertaining our notions upon pecuniary obligations—between what is merely honest and what is ‘the right thing ;’ in these transactions there is an abyss which a Frenchman too rarely clears with perfect grace. But this is not all ; there are small, delicate, social obligations which, if not nicely felt and nicely cancelled, do serious mischief, in the end, to independence of character. Here it is that the modern Frenchman, and especially the Parisian, is so sadly deficient. The descendants of the really proud grands seigneurs of other days will accept benefits, favours, or civilities—anything, from a bow to a ball—from persons whom they regard as their inferiors, and to whom they never dream of returning the equivalent of what they receive. The utter absence of dignity of French society in this respect is literally not to be believed. There is a floating population of foreigners, the object of whose very existence in the French capital seems to be the ‘getting-up’ of fêtes and other diversions for the sole gratification of the Parisians. Americans and Russians are the principal contributors to the pleasures of the Autochthones, and the latter spare their purses, and strive to lessen their ennui at the cost of some twenty or thirty opulent mediocrities, who consent to open a sort of select Cremorne for the convenience of a set of impertinent, ill-bred people, who never regard them as more than the mere innkeepers of society. There is in every large town in France a class of individuals who ‘get up’ whatever may be needed in the way of public diversion, from the fireworks to the flowers ; they undertake to provide everything, including enthusiasm ; and they go by the name of entrepreneurs des fêtes publiques. The other gentry we have just alluded to do the same thing, but on a narrower scale : they are the entrepreneurs des fêtes privées. Like their ‘colleagues,’ the contractors for public rejoicings, their individuality is completely lost in the amusement they are held to furnish to their customers. And in the case of the former there is, at all events, this to be said, that some price is paid by the consumer for the pleasure he obtains, some equivalent is given ; whereas, in what takes place in the so-called ‘grand monde,’ there is a consumer who gets as much of everything as he possibly can, without paying
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for it; a customer, who, if he will not allow you to say that he swindles the dealer out of his wares, at all events remains his debtor to all intents and purposes, seeing that he never so much as says 'Thank ye' for all he makes away with.

For the most part, these foreign party-givers are persons whose position in their own country is not of the very highest respectability; and the archives of the Parisian great world contain a list of some of the most noted scamps in the whole universe, who have at different epochs had the honour of keeping open house for the stingy representatives of the most disdainful, but most undignified nobility on the continent of Europe. All nations are there, and all trades. You will find bankrupt grocers from New York; imitation princes from the Danubian provinces; Russian serfs, the illegitimate sons of great men, but whose mothers are unknown; Austrian Jews, who are pitilessly banished from the 'crème' in Vienna, and who burst with joy at 'receiving' the most illustrious names of the old French monarchy; Portuguese jewellers; Mexican brigands; Havanese slaveholders; Greek pirates; Heaven knows who and what you may not find, for the 'fishy' portion (be the word forgiven!) of every country on the globe furnishes its contingent to this army of open-housekeeping, humble pleasure-purveyors to the French aristocracy, or what answers to the name.

French 'exclusives' may paraphrase the speech of the pasha who wondered men danced for themselves, instead of being danced for; and instead of 'entertaining,' they may coolly say, 'We get these things done for us by other people.'

It is hardly possible to read through the essays of any chronicler without falling upon the description of one or other of the fêtes given to Paris society by these most disinterested undertakers of its amusements; and it is, we repeat, a feature of modern French civilization well worthy to be studied. The part least easy to comprehend in the comedy is the humility of the leading actors; they are more determinedly 'battus et contents' than even those diplomatists painted by the Prince de Ligne, who smilingly ratify by their signature at a congress the definitive cession by treaty of some province that has been only temporarily wrested from their country by arms. Why they should crouch so Shylock-like before the haughty, jibing Antonios of Paris fashionable life is really not easy to understand; but that they do so is certain; and if anything can excuse the thoroughly undignified, mean conduct of French grands seigneurs and grandes dames, who consent to remain the debtors of people whom they despise, it is the still meaner attitude of the individuals who, while favours are uniformly accepted from them, consent to be themselves treated with the coolest contempt, and seem instinctively to feel and proclaim that they deserve nothing more.

This is a peculiarity of French manners to be dwelt upon, and we need only read M. de Pène's narration of M. de G——'s monster ball—for which the partition walls of half a story at the Hotel de Louvre were knocked down—to form an accurate estimate of what the state of good breeding is likely one day to become in a country where what is called '*la société*' rests upon such shifting and slippery foundations.

Montaigne, in speaking of the faculty possessed by fine writers of transforming and embellishing almost any act, however wrong in itself, makes use of the quaint expression: '*Le disant a sauvé le faisant.*' Now, with a large degree of talent in the chronicler, you might suppose he would frequently gild the ugliest details so as to seduce you into letting their ugliness pass by unperceived. It would seem natural that 'the teller should rescue the doer of the deed,' as Montaigne says. No such thing! In the first place, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the narrator is on a level with his narration, and discerns nothing that ought to be palliated. Neither his moral nor his critical sense is in any way shocked by what he has to record. He is, as we have said, the amanuensis of the million, and in his complex nature of both 'teller' and 'doer' he has no more fancy for preaching to the public, whereof he is a component part, than the public has for being preached to. He wishes neither to disguise nor to improve what comes under his notice; his business is only to record it, and it is from the simple fact of its 'being' that the more philosophical reader may draw inferences and conclusions. If this were otherwise, *la littérature chroniqueuse* would be worth infinitely less to the foreign reader.

In a more restricted and conventional sense, much profit might be reaped from the '*Lettres Parisiennes*' of the late Madame Emile de Girardin, who, in her famous '*Courriers de Paris*,' in the '*Presse*,' was the ostensible founder of the genre *chronique*; but you rarely met the clever authoress of '*Lady Tartuffe*' in any regions save those hedged in by the stiff limits of polite society, at a time when society in France thought limits of some kind necessary. Before the Revolution of 1848, all traditions of individualism were not totally lost, and what one man did who was 'distinguished' had still a kind of superiority over what was achieved by 'no matter who.' This has altered since 1848, and the sentence attributed to M. Villemaine is perfectly true, '*Il n'y a plus d'hommes distingués, nous vivons sous le règne du premier venu.*'

The English term of 'no matter who' hardly renders truly the intense contempt implied by the French expression of '*le premier venu.*' When you have said of anybody that he is '*le premier venu,*' you have stigmatised him as a complete nonentity; as a person not to be consulted, or referred to, or cited; as one, in short, who is

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not. It is, at the same time, not taking an exaggerated view of things as they stand at the present hour in France to say that this 'no matter who,' this nonentity, this 'premier venu,' is the ruler of the day, and this will, in some degree, help to explain the prodigious development under the imperial government of the chronicle literature of this perpetual every-day record of the infinitely small deeds of infinitely small people. The policy of the Emperor Napoleon III. is not to encourage the production of great citizens or distinguished men; his manifest interest, on the contrary, points to the increased influence of the mass of the ignorant, imbecile throng: every great citizen or distinguished man who should rise up in the state, as the state is now constituted in France, would be a frondeur, or, if he possessed the talent and courage adequate to the task, an accuser, like Montalembert; consequently, the formation of such men by sound education, and their development by vigorous institutions, is to be opposed by every possible means; and the imperial government certainly, in this respect, discharges zealously what it regards as a duty to itself, as an act of absolute self-preservation. But the social results of the system are more serious, and worse than might even be supposed. No encouragement being afforded to distinguished individualities, the individual instinctively, inevitably, tends towards insignificance, and instead of aspiring to a superiority which would isolate him from the crowd, relapses, on the contrary, into perfect resemblance with the mass of anonymous nullities around him. He ceases easily (alas!) to be himself, in order to become one of the many; and in this way, 'any one man being the equivalent of any other' (the Emperor Louis Napoleon's pet theory), the thoroughly undistinguished, uporiginal human creature is the equal of the greatest genius in the world; he is as important as the latter, and possesses the same amount of power and weight; he is a fraction of that sovereign-swarm, that is taught to believe it controls the destinies of France by the establishment of universal suffrage. This brings about 'le règne du premier venu;' there can be no doubt of it: and it is, morally, intellectually, and socially, under that reign that contemporary France is now living—this is also an indubitable fact. Now, the chronique, as we have described it, is to the public such as the imperial régime has contributed to make it, the representative of what were the individual records of two hundred years ago. 'Chronicles' are the mémoires of the existing governors of France—of the omnipotent premiers venu. No one must despise them who wishes to attain to an accurate appreciation of contemporary France; they register the deeds of the 'million' that now constitutes la société, as the Memoirs of Sully or Richelieu did those of the really distinguished men who once guided to such far more useful aims the destinies of the French race.

- ART. III.—1. *Good Times; or, the Savings Bank and the Fireside.* By C. W. Sikes. London: Groombridge and Sons.
2. *Mechanic Institutes as Preliminary Savings Banks.* By C. W. Sikes. 1850.
3. *Savings Bank Reforms. A Letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.* By C. W. Sikes. 1856.
4. *A Deposit Book for Huddersfield Preliminary Savings Bank.*
5. *Plain Papers on the Social Economy of the People. No. II. Penny Banks.* By J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. London: Bell and Daldy. 1859.
6. *Scheme for the West Riding of Yorkshire Provident Association and Penny Savings Bank.* By Edward Akroyd. 1856.
7. *Rules of the West Riding Penny Bank.* 1858.

THE working man has long been the pet of the English public. It has spoken for him, written for him, and acted for him. All classes have vied with one another in degrees of unbending fussiness and officiousness, and clergy and laity have been alike conspicuous in devotion to his interests and betterment. Kind country squires have torn themselves from the pages of genial Urban, their agricultural journals, the newest system of manuring, or the last treatise on the rationale and cure of pleuropneumonia in cattle, and shut themselves up in their libraries, in hermit-like seclusion, to elaborate an address which shall guide the provincial society, of which they hold the presidential seat, in matters relative to the enlightenment of the working classes. Members of Parliament wax eloquent, during the Christmas vacation, upon popular education, societies, and literature. The working man has been coaxed and fondled like a very spoilt child. We have usurped his place in committees to improve his status for him, have decided upon the character and mode of his amusements, and have prescribed the bounds of his literature for him in the most patronizing manner. He is delicate, and must be prevented from doing too much for himself; he is a sort of minor, over whom it behoves the public to exercise a most rigorous guardianship; he is unfit to rule himself, and must for ever be under the sway of a regency.

Our zeal and theorizing have fairly carried us away. Less enthusiastic than our Gallican neighbours, we have caught their poetic tinge, and busied ourselves in developing, under a variety of phases, a purer taste and a more thorough enlightenment, as specifics for the social, moral, and physical depression induced by our rapid civilization amongst a labouring and urban population. 'Darkness and chaos were one,' writes Lamartine, 'before the budding forth of the material world. Darkness and chaos cleave

together in the development of the moral world. Clear up, therefore, the intelligence of the masses, and you will have order, broad daylight, and progress in laws and manners.' This Englishmen have implicitly relied upon, manifesting much surprise when their theory has been refuted by the decadence of institutes and improvement societies, the emptiness of reading-rooms, and the unabated misery and degradation amongst those whom they fondly hoped they had petted into improvement. Here, as in other movements, excess of zeal has blinded us. We have striven to enlarge the sympathy and cultivate the intellects, regardless of the circumstances of common and social life, and its many adverse conditions.

The recognition of much manliness and probity, struggling, often vainly, against barriers they can neither shiver nor overleap, from which this pettism sprang, and the general advocacy of mental culture, are not, by reason of their failure heretofore, in themselves impertinent or useless. As adjuvants of more practical schemes they cannot be justly decried: it is when they are selected to do battle together, as the most puissant of available forces, that we would condemn them. Our artisans, blunted as their perceptions may be, immediately discern the bearing of such schemes; rebounding from the servility of patronship, and from what might increase their sensitiveness and leave undiminished external hindrances. They dislike to see their taskmasters and spiritual teachers deliberating over their concerns in committees. It deadens their aspirations, revives acrimonious memories, and induces a watchful and deceptive caution. They own the liberality of their superiors, but motives by no means disinterested appear to crop out, and apparent inconsistencies in the conduct of their patrons afford material for much unpleasant and irremovable distrust.

The sturdy workman is not to be petted into improvement and good behaviour. He must be shown the necessity of self-confidence and self-improvement. By inculcating industry, temperance, and frugality, we should strive to make him a man in the fullest meaning of the term. His path must be cleared by all that science and art can furnish, by all that temperate laws can effect and devise, and in familiarity with the lives of such men as Jacquard, the silk-weaver of Lyons, and Palissy, the potter of Santonge, all their dormant virtues may be stimulated into vigorous and courageous life. Once let a man gather up his strength, and, like a Saxon marcher essarting a forest, fling forward his axe, saying, 'So far will I make my way,' and all the trees and roots of a primeval forest cannot resist the might of his will and the brawn of his arm. This self-confidence must be evoked or implanted ere the mind can have its legitimate overruling power.

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Conservative habits must be induced, and the whole forces of the heart and head be made to gravitate towards the on-coming years. We know of few media by which this real, earnest living can be better secured than by our Penny Banks.

The modesty and simplicity of their means seem hardly commensurate with the magnitude of their aims. Popular craving demands something entirely and singularly novel, and cannot believe in the revivifying powers of institutions that have been unobtrusively working for half a century. Only warm enthusiasts, like Mr. Sikes and his follower Mr. Clarke, can recognise beneath this almost primitive scheme the broad and massive powers which can effect a revolution amongst our working classes.

Traced back to their origin, there is certainly a quiet order about the movements of Savings Banks which may be thought to augur little for their sterling utility. No flourish of trumpets or royal salutes announced their entrée, but gently and noiselessly, like the cold gray of the dawn, did they have birth and form. In a few advanced minds, surveying mankind from their observatories with keenness and fidelity, the idea seems first to have originated. Jeremy Bentham and Malthus, as political economists, were the first inculcators of such a scheme. The Rev. Joseph Smith of Wendover, in 1799, commenced a plan of receiving small sums from his parishioners in the summer, and returning them at Christmas, with an addition of one-third to the original sum as a stimulus to such prudence and forethought. This is the earliest approximation to the Savings Bank on record. At Tottenham, in the previous year, encouragement had been given to the frugality of poor children by some similar kind of depository, and proved so fruitful, that in 1804, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield extended its previous narrow basis so as to include adult labourers, female servants, and others. It was then termed the Charitable Bank, and paid five per cent. interest to depositors. A like institution was formed in 1808 at Bath, by several ladies of that city. The interest of philanthropists had become excited. In his scheme for poor-law reform, in 1807, Mr. Whitbread had proposed the formation of a national institution, 'in the nature of a bank, for the use and advantage of the labouring classes alone.' It was to be situate in London, and a certificate was to be necessary from a country justice to state that the depositor subsisted by his own labour. The smallest amount receivable at any one time he fixed at 20*s.*, the largest in one year at 20*l.*, the whole sum allowable at 200*l.* This was to be laid out in Three per Cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities, or other stocks, and all dividends under 10*s.* to be re-invested. It is much to be regretted that his scheme did not meet with national acceptance.

Scotchmen, with that thrifty bias which characterizes them in
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their Highland cots, and follows them to the wilds of Australia and the backwoods of America, were the next to seize upon and adapt the idea. The Highland Society issued a report on the nature of Savings Banks, and the Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, founded a Parish Friendly Bank, in 1810, and soon after published an essay, advocating their extension, and giving the rules and results of the one beneath his immediate notice. A Savings Bank was at once started in Edinburgh, and general attention was fixed upon the working and future of these institutions.

In 1817, the English government passed 'An Act to Encourage the Establishment of Banks for Savings,' taking upon themselves the responsibility of their funds, and paying four per cent. interest thereon. This marvellously extended their popularity and number. Still there were some who regarded this Act as a mere tub thrown out by a timid government to distract the minds of an excited and desperate populace, as is recorded of cautious whalers by Dean Swift, in his preface to his famous 'Tale of a Tub.' Cobbett thus writes of it in his 'Register':—

'What a bubble! At a time when it is notorious that one half the whole nation are in a state little short of starvation; when it is notorious that hundreds of thousands of families do not know, when they rise, where they are to find a meal during the day; when the far greater part of the whole people, much more than half of them, are paupers; at such a time to bring forth a project for collecting the savings of journeymen and labourers to be lent to the government, and to form a fund for the support of the lenders in sickness or old age!'

The increase in the number of Savings Banks and depositors, at such a crisis, demonstrates their real value and adaptation. Various subsequent Acts extended their privileges to Scotland and Ireland, reduced the rate of interest to about three per cent., and made several amendments in the laws. In something like thirty years there were nearly 600 institutions in the United Kingdom, over a million depositors, and interest of 16,254,109*l.* paid upon the gross amount received of 31,275,636*l.* The number of depositors has since steadily increased, justifying the most enthusiastic dreams that such a zealot as the author of 'Good Times,' practical man though he be, can conjure up, with a table before him, showing the compound interest, for any number of years, of various sums from a shilling to half a sovereign.

The Savings Bank scheme speedily passed over to America, and in November, 1816, the first establishment was opened in Philadelphia. Boston, New York, Baltimore, Salem, New Bedford, and Lowell followed, and bid fair to outrival all our own banks. In the last-named place, the operative deems it his bounden duty to avail himself of these banks, and provide for the future. The annual reports and statements are hung upon the factory walls, and become thoroughly incorporated with the lives
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and minds of the workpeople. The youth economizes towards housekeeping, the maiden for her marriage-dowry, the family man for his age. The population in 1854 was 38,000, and the number of depositors 9,219; the sum total deposited amounting to 391,217*l.*, or about 10*l.* 6*s.* for each individual in the city. Such a remarkable instance of success could not well escape the mingled accuracy and ardour of Mr. Sikes. He makes comparisons between Lowell and Manchester, which are by no means creditable to the workpeople of the latter place. With ten times the population, and occupations varying but little in character, the entire sum deposited in the Manchester and Salford Savings Bank is only double the amount of that in Lowell, and equal to the sum of 2*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* per individual. A little temperate expostulation is then indulged in by our chivalrous reformer, which we hope the working men of Manchester will ponder well and wisely. A city so conspicuous for commercial advancement, and containing so many living witnesses within it of the success of courage and industry, ought to lead the van in so humanizing a movement.

Nor is Mr. Sikes content to stop with this single antithesis. Whenever any broad examination is possible between England and America, the sister country invariably has the best of it; and it must be regarded as a redeeming feature in the new race, that, with all the glaring abuses of their social system, the lower framework of society is in such a healthy and vigorous condition. Here is his evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons. It deserves to be well pondered over by every zealous anathematizer of whatever is American—

‘In the city of New York, the population in the year 1856 was probably 850,000 persons; the aggregate amount of deposits in seventeen Savings Banks in that city in the same year was 3,465,512*l.*; the withdrawals were 2,707,261*l.*; making an increase in 1856 of 758,251*l.* Assuming the population of the metropolis of London in 1856 to have been 2,600,000, and taking the entire deposits in all the Savings Banks in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey as the basis, there were in 1856, 1,617,044*l.*; withdrawals, 1,965,584*l.*; making the decrease in that year 348,540*l.* In New York, the average receipt per head of the population was 4*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; in London, 12*s.* 5*d.*; in the West Riding of Yorkshire only 5*s.* In New York, the average repayment per head was 3*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*; in London, 15*s.* 1*d.* In New York, the total amount of deposits accumulated on Dec. 31, 1856, was 7,564,569*l.*, an average of 8*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* per head for the entire city. In London, including all the banks of Middlesex and Surrey, the total amount accumulated Nov. 20, 1856, was 5,776,125*l.*, an average of 2*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* per head. In New York, the number of depositors is 167,250, being one in five of the population; in London, 274,361, being one in nine and a half.’

It is necessary a distinction should be made between the ordinary Savings Banks, the history of which has been given to show what can be done with a more extended plan, and that of Penny Savings Banks, which we have chosen as the title of this paper. Both are of like utility, but whilst operating in the same direction,

direction, have separate spheres of action. The usual one is shown by statistics to be most employed by the better class of workmen, small land-occupiers, and domestic servants. Out of 339,333 depositors in the Manchester bank, 20,417 were domestic servants.

The amount received at a single deposit is too high, and the difficulties connected with its withdrawal, and the limited period allowed for transacting business, place them out of the reach of those whom it would most elevate. The pale and soiled artisan dislikes to mix with the well-dressed and blooming labourer—an unpleasant recoil takes place. A variety of dangers beset him, and the unlucky shillings, ere they can be transferred from the cracked teapot, the old stocking-foot, or a private drawer to the safe custody of a bank. The fact of a surplus in hand, and easily got at, creates temptation and weakens the power of resistance. A popular holiday or personal jollification remains in the foreground as long as ever the chink of odd shillings falls upon the tympanum of the ear. It is true it might be drawn out were it in the bank, but reflection and caution are not so easily got rid of; these say it is far better where it is.

Mr. Clarke is a director both of the Derby Savings Bank and the Penny Bank, and emphatically asserts that the existence of the one does not supersede the necessity of the other, but rather shows its utility. The Savings Bank has been in operation fifty years, and has in the present year 8,674 open accounts, with an average per individual of 20*l.* 12*s.* The Penny Bank has been organized for half the same number of months, and shows 2,645 depositors, and an average of 8*s.* 6*d.* each. One Saturday evening's receipts stand thus :—

—	Amount Deposited.	Number of Depositors.	Sums under 5 <i>s.</i>
Savings Banks . . .	£. s. d. 54 14 3	49	6
Penny Bank	20 1 6	242	221

The minimum received at the ordinary Savings Bank is one shilling, and the majority of the sums received at the Penny Banks are below that amount. There is a form to fill up in withdrawing money, which Mr. Clarke states is simple enough but very perplexing to the illiterate; and whereas in the one bank a fortnight's notice is required for sums over five pounds, and a week for lesser ones, in the other the money is paid on the Monday evening of the week succeeding the notice. The routine of business is so much simpler in the Penny Banks that five hundred depositors can have their business transacted in a couple of hours. There is no risk, so often complained of, in being detained so long as to lose a dinner-hour

hour or half a day's work, and the very fact that the deposit of small sums will give no singularity to a man is provocative of good. No man likes the amount of his actual savings to be met by ill-looks from the accountant or derision from the bystanders; it touches him in a most sensitive point, and is a great obstacle in the way of his social advancement.

The immediate response on the part of the people, where these institutions have been opened, is a strong proof of their acceptability in the eyes of the labouring class. If the space over which such an influence must have worked to have produced so astonishing results can be roughly estimated, we may safely affirm, that the area is thrice as large as it is possible to cover by the most energetic literary society, be it named Athenæum, Zetetic, or what not, in the whole United Kingdom. In some instances there has been a perfect rush the very first night of opening. The seven years' existence of the Birmingham bank has resulted in the total receipt of 52,354*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*, the payment of 47,921*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*, and the balance in hand, Dec. 31, 1857, was 4,432*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; and this in conjunction with a very efficient Savings Bank.

The thoroughness of their working is nevertheless impeded by many restrictions that demand removal. We have only space to point out a few of the more important points. The first striking one is, that a guaranteed security is necessary for all deposits. This Government has undertaken to give upon all property in their hands; but as remittances in transitu, and sums retained, however large, to meet local demands, are not included, a panic like that of 1844 may come, and, as it did then, utterly ruin many depositors. Moreover, as the sums allowed to be deposited in the Penny Banks are not sufficiently large to be invested in Government funds, and local gentlemen are mostly the only security, great care should be evidenced in the selection of those whose integrity is unsullied by a doubt. In his letter to Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, Mr. Sikes suggested a General State Guarantee Fund, with the main office in London, and a rigorous system of inspectorship. His proposal is an admirable one, and emanating from one so thoroughly master of the science of banking, deserves to form the basis of any future remodelling of the present plan which the Government may think necessary. A much larger extension of these banks is also demanded, so that no town with a population of 10,000 shall be without one; a uniform lowering of the receivable deposit, so as to include the smallest savings, some of the Penny Banks presenting the anomaly of a fixed deposit no lower than a shilling; daily banking hours; district banks in large towns and cities; and quarterly statements, showing the total amount of every separate depositor with his number and initials only. Simplicity in the transaction of business, so as to detect the smallest inaccuracy

inaccuracy and promptly despatch the depositor, is worthy of more attention. We might compare the systems of York, Huddersfield, and Derby, but such a proceeding might be wrongly construed, and lead to no good results. Let the founders of such institutions peruse Mr. Clarke's pamphlet, where all three are given, and judge for themselves. The rules of the West Riding Bank are so admirably constructed as to meet every emergency of death, insanity, or imbecility which may occur to the actual depositors. In rule 22, we are pleased to find it necessary for every depositor to disclose his 'profession, business, occupation, or calling,' and this is a classification which, if our statistics are to be of real service, must be more generally adopted.

Mr. Sikes has advocated the establishment of preliminary Savings Banks in connection with Mechanics' Institutes; and he argues justly that the institutions, whilst thus sanctioning and facilitating prudent habits, would be redoubled in interest and practical good. We can hardly desire the connection of a sort of bank with every large manufacturing establishment, as is often the case in America, from the temptation to which it would expose many of the heads of firms, and the insufficiency of the security in the eyes of the operatives, but we are of opinion that manufacturers might beneficially guide and assist their workpeople in their attempts to provide for the future. The late Ambrose Brewin, Esq., of Tiverton, set an example of a high and rare kind. He bequeathed to each of his workpeople who had been in his lace manufactory for five years, a month's wages, which was placed in the Western Provident Association, with an earnest request that they would constantly add to it their savings.

The utility of these Penny Banks cannot well be overrated. We do not assert that they will induce so radical a change in the condition of our labouring class as an enthusiastic mind could desire, we even doubt that in many things they would be entirely inoperative; but inasmuch as they would implant the first principles of advancement, we may justly anticipate from them more beneficial results than from any other scheme a fertile brain has yet devised. Here they will behold the successive heights up which they may climb, and the means to be employed as auxiliaries. As penny by penny their savings run on to pounds, so step by step, slowly and constantly, must they toil up the rugged path. No bold leap, no destruction of recognised barriers, no misanthropical envy, no burning hatred of their superiors, but a steady, active persevering spirit, commanding both sympathetic and neutral forces, working inch by inch in firm faith of the ability of their own manliness and integrity to elevate and ennoble their condition. A common notion amongst uneducated persons is, that if some one, or something, be it fairy, genii, or troll, would but lift them

them to a locus standi above their present one they could maintain it unimpaired. And this the working man often nestles and nurses in his heart. He allows feeling and imagination to run riot until the possibility of such a thing appears a probability, and he looks up to, and makes a god of what he calls luck, forgetful that it denudes him of all healthy exertion, and must inevitably terminate in misanthropy and the bitterest disappointment. A slow growth is ever favourable to permanence and stability. The kingly oak that spreads its knotted arms to the storm, has been hundreds of years attaining maturity from its diminutive acorn-seed. Such must be the growth of the man of toil—a slow expansion, a steady progression, a sturdy opposition.

The Penny Bank will not only give the aspirant a grand impulse to work with, but it will break and extend itself into several minor ones. Here is a man living entirely for the future, providing for the manhood or womanhood of his children, and his own age. His sympathies and feelings are renovated and strengthened. He is proof against many things which disturb the peace of his fellows. A hopeful spirit diffuses a rich glow over his whole life. Secure from the fluctuations of trade, from the dread of sickness, and what is often its cause, from everything save national bankruptcy, he can front calmly and conqueringly the grim demon of despair which has destroyed so many of his kind. Around his home are woven new attractions, around his fatherland new ties. With increased interest in the former, in books, fireside reading, and the appendages of home, he is won from less pure resorts, and having something at stake in the latter, he is a truer and better citizen, the friend of order, justice, and national rights. He receives impressions in a variety of ways. He must sign his name to receive his money or its interest, must be able to read, or his deposit book and the yearly or half-yearly reports are worse than Palanque pictures to his eye; he must calculate and busy himself with the intricacies of compound interest and exchequer bills. His children are trained in the most frugal and provident habits. ‘*Videtur ex se natus*’ is the motto of the father, operating continually and unconsciously upon the minds and hearts of his children. All are taught the dignified virtue of self-confidence and energetic striving. Fichte or Hegel, wrapped in their philosophical cloud-robcs, might say, ‘I think; therefore I am a god;’ but the true worker, however colossal may be the difficulties around him, so long as his courage is unshaken, may more justly affirm, ‘I struggle; therefore I am a man.’ And we have it upon the testimony of a friend who was not fervid enough to exaggerate, nor sufficiently dishonest to tell an untruth, that in those parts of America where Savings Bank depositors abound, there is a noble and manly look about the workmen which is as marked as is the
fine

fine contour of the Circassian from the sleepy effeminacy of the Turk, or that of the peasant of the northern from the inhabitant of the southern Tyrol.

It behoves all true philanthropists to carefully examine for themselves the utility of these institutions we have suggestively advocated; and if they find in it the materials which have been sought for in more winning and poetic theories, as eagerly as gold by alchemists in 'lion-red' cinnabar and 'lily' antimony, we may hope to see our islands and its possessions covered with such a network of them, that no man who is disposed to aspire may fail from want of opportunity.

ART. IV.—1. *On the Degeneracy of the Race.* By M. Morel. Paris: 1857.

2. *Intellectual Education: its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Women.* By E. Sherriff. 1858: Parker.

3. *Annales Medico-Psychologique.*

THAT the type of crime has wonderfully changed within the last century, and has become essentially one of craft and cowardice, is a fact which to the philosopher affords matter for reflection and speculation, and to the philanthropist cause for profound pain and perplexity. The boldness which characterized the robbers of ancient days has passed away, and the name and deeds of Claude Duval and Dick Turpin are remembered only in the melo-dramas of our minor theatres. Our modern thieves hesitate to bid travellers 'Stand and deliver,' but three or four spring on a single man from behind, and throttle him as well as they can. We have given a name to this un-English and detestable crime, and garotte robberies form a large item of the offences tried before the judges of our land. The contests between gamekeepers and poachers are not so frequent but more deadly, being fought less with blows and bludgeons than with knives and guns. Meanwhile the fish is netted, the game drugged, and the roosting pheasant is brought down with an air-gun. When we wish to remove an obstacle in our path we insure our victim's life and administer strychnine. Terror did at one time rise to the height when it becomes deadly, and a panic ensued; so that in 1856 there were more men hanged than we care to count. Burglaries are less common; but educated villains embezzle thousands and leave the aged, the helpless, and the thrifty poor to bewail their incredulity. Infernal machines are preferred to the dagger or the sword. Colt's revolvers, which economize time and multiply death with frightful accuracy, are the fashionable weapon. 'Such is the genuine

genuine use of gunpowder, that it makes all men alike tall.' Mere animal courage is an article of much reduced value in the market. Not that we wholly reject the national bull-dog; but we make him pass through a competitive examination. Palmer and Dove, Sadleir, Paul, Strahan, and Redpath represent the present type of crime—and it is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Our craft has eaten up our courage. Suicide, a sin of moral cowardice, is on the increase. When the mind is enfeebled by drink, anxiety, excitement, or terror, and ceases to receive the stimulus which bodily health affords—in a word, when a man has mentally no hope, and physically no strength, suicide is the natural result. The deaths from this cause in the middle ages were few in proportion to those in the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth it began to spread, urged by the sensuist doctrines then in vogue. Rousseau, Goethe, Lamartine, and Chateaubriand presented phases of this sickly turn of mind in their writings. It is a vice accompanying civilization, for no one ever heard of a savage or an animal committing suicide. That the Greeks and Romans commended it there is no question; and most of our readers will remember the words of Epictetus: 'The door is open; do not be more fearful than children; but as they, when the play does not please them, say—"I will play no longer," so do you say—"I will play no longer," and go.' But though the ancients killed themselves from pride and tedium vitæ, and our Gallic brethren do so from ennui and caprice, an Englishman rarely does so unless under the influence of an amount of terror, desperation, and hopelessness which breaks down his mind even as it nerves his hand.

'Ah, death! thou art acceptable to him that despaireth and hath lost patience!'

Even our minor vices have changed. Precocious boys indulge in the use of tobacco, and men drug themselves with it. In 1821 the total consumption of tobacco in Great Britain was 15,598,152 lb. In 1851 it had risen to 28,062,841 lb. Among our manufacturing population, opium-eating is increasing to an appalling extent. In 1839 the quantity imported into this country was 41,000 lb. In 1852 it was 114,000 lb. That the ancient type of crime differed completely from all that we have just described is patent to the most careless observer. One hundred and fifty years ago bloodshed and rapine were abroad; might was right; the strong arm won, and the weak went to the wall. War was not then, as now, a scientific and deadly duel of nations; but physical force was at a premium, and ignorance of the grossest kind no disqualification. The audacity which was the characteristic of a semi-barbarous warfare is foolishness to the present generation; for why should we grapple with a savage when at a distance of half a mile we can pick him off with an Enfield rifle? Our feeble frames and excitable nervous systems are

are unable to stand the enormous amount of intoxicating liquor which the iron constitutions and slow brains of our forefathers bore with but slight inconvenience. Not that delirium tremens is decreasing, on the contrary—only it follows more quickly in the steps of intemperance. We append the number of deaths directly from this cause, as shown in the report of the Registrar-General:—

	Deaths.	Population.
1838 . . .	182 . . .	15,407,477
1848 . . .	518 . . .	17,340,492
1854 . . .	551 . . .	18,618,760

The more thoughtful among us dare not drink themselves mad in these days. They only smoke themselves stupid.

We have given a slight sketch of crime as it was and crime as it is, and we now desire to call the attention of our readers to the similar alteration that has occurred with respect to our diseases, and show that the asthenic form of disease predominates at the same period and in the same proportion as the asthenic form of crime. Few can have failed to observe that medical treatment is diametrically different to what it was one hundred years ago: that it has of necessity, from scientific observation and experience, changed to conform to the new state of things. Fevers now are principally of the low typhoid type, while acute inflammatory diseases have grown rare in comparison. Cholera and influenza have established themselves among us as periodical visitors, while apoplexy, epilepsy, paralysis, hysteria, insanity, and idiocy are increasing far too rapidly. The progress of delirium tremens has been already alluded to, and the statistical returns of the deaths from the other diseases will be seen to correspond:—

	Deaths from Epilepsy.	Deaths from Apoplexy.	Deaths from Paralysis.
1838 . . .	1,093 . . .	5,630 . . .	4,975
1840 . . .	1,098 . . .	5,451 . . .	5,490
1848 . . .	1,573 . . .	7,602 . . .	6,671
1855 . . .	2,136 . . .	8,645 . . .	8,905

Paralysis is also frequently complicated with insanity. In 1839, out of 164 patients that died insane in France, 125 were affected with general paralysis. That the increase, in evidence from the above extracts of the report of the Registrar-General, is not to be accounted for by the additional population, is proved by the fact that other diseases of an opposite description have been stationary, and, in some instances, even decreased; as, for instance, small-pox, consumption, &c.:—

	Number of Deaths from Consumption.	Number of Deaths from Small Pox.
1838	59,025	16,268
1840	59,923	10,433
1855	52,290	2,525

The proportion of those who become insane grows larger each year

year. The deaths referred to insanity are appended, and those to disease of the brain from insanity :—

	Insanity.				Disease of the Brain.			
1838	.	.	.	367	.	.	.	1,407
1848	.	.	.	380	.	.	.	3,130
1855	.	.	.	494	.	.	.	3,580

Idiocy, or congenitally defective intellect, is more commonly met with than formerly. This has been, in many instances, traced to habits of drunkenness in the parents. The principal feature noticeable in the above returns is, that diseases of the nervous system, arising from debility, are largely preponderating, and that the organ which appears to suffer to the greatest extent is the brain, while certain zymotic diseases have decreased, owing to improved ventilation, drainage, and other sanitary reforms.

The mortality per cent. does not appear to be greater, nor is the average duration of life lessened; but our old men are less hale, our young men less robust; almost every one has a relative that is insane or paralyzed. The premature decay in brain and health of the men of most promise in the present day is a feature too visible and too sadly significant to be overlooked by those who seek to gauge the real strength of England. Why is it that our wits and poets, our musicians, our artists and statesmen, break down before they have more than half accomplished their mission among men? Either death bears them from us, or disease cripples them, or reason fails them, and a once glorious intellect lies shattered and in ruins. ‘My brain is burning. I can bear life no longer.’ And with these words on his lips Hugh Miller passed away. And his brain was as powerful as his spirit was kindly, but he exacted from it more work than it could perform under the conditions. It was the tale of bricks—the full tale—but the material part, the straw, was given with a niggardly hand; and the ill-used servant retaliated; and the master mind perished by his own hand. Canning, Byron, Scott, Keats, Kirke White, Laman Blanchard, Douglas Jerrold, Angus Reach. Is there no moral to be drawn from this terrible list of those ‘who by the roadside fell and perished?’

To take the highest honours of our universities now demands not only a well-developed and early-disciplined brain and steady industry, but a certain calibre of mental power, and a good and sound working constitution. They may be obtained by means short of these, but at a perilous expense. The health or intellect breaks down inevitably after the struggle, and a valetudinarian or a madman can reap little fruit of his unwise labours. Roger Bacon lived to the age of seventy-eight; John Wesley, eighty-eight; Titian, ninety-six; Herschel, eighty-four; Lord Coke, eighty-five; Michael Angelo, ninety-six; Rollin, eighty; Waller, eighty-two

eighty-two. In those days there were giants. It is related of Lord Brougham that he once worked—read, pleaded, &c.—for five days and nights consecutively ; then rushed down to his country-house ; slept Saturday night, all Sunday and Sunday night, and was ready for business on Monday. But such superhuman feats are hardly within the grasp of the children of this generation. Our medical men know this, and act accordingly. To reduce the system was the necessity with our forefathers, when disease assailed them. To keep it up, at any price, if life is to be preserved, is the aim of our modern practitioners. The lancet is virtually abandoned. The enormous purgative drenches formerly given are unheard of. Wine—as claret, champagne—brandy, and a most generous diet, are administered, or a fatal termination ensues ; for otherwise, when the fever has left, the power of reaction has departed, and the patient sinks beyond recovery. Contrast this with the apothecary's system one hundred years ago. The pole which to this day adorns the barber's shop was then a sign that phlebotomy was there practised. The patient grasped the pole, a vein was quickly opened, and the blood spirted out against the wall. Yet no one seemed to die of it, and many robust individuals underwent the operation every spring and autumn. The distich ascribed to a certain 'mad doctor,' as they were termed, is not yet forgotten :—

' I bleeds and physics and sweats 'em.
If after that they chose to die,
What's that to me ? I lets 'em.'

As may be naturally concluded from all this, our smaller habits and practices are in accordance. A mind naturally of irregular impulse, of apprehensive turn, or excitable, and ambitious in its tendency, is joined to a body not unsound, but in some respects feeble. The first is worked early and late, the other is left to chance. Some domestic trouble, or worldly mischance happens ; and dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and a general gloominess of spirits follow. Nervous irritability once induced, a craving for sedatives, stimulants, or narcotics is experienced : spirits, tobacco, or opium, are quickly called in. The evil is staved off for a few hours, to return more peremptorily, for these victories are more costly than certain defeats. If the man be also a father, this nervous irritability is transmitted to the next generation, and often accompanied, singularly enough, by a distinct and early desire for the very drug or stimulant in which the parent indulged. The medical man is consulted, but his utmost efforts can ill repair the reckless waste of nervous power. The sea-side is advised ; tonics, quinine, wine, iron, are prescribed, and the advice followed for a time, more frequently than in ancient days ; for in times of rude health we were wont to revile the doctor, and throw physic to the dogs ;
but

but an instinctive sense of the frailty and debility of the modern tenement induces a certain docility, not to say cowardice, in these matters. So our friend is patched up for a time, until he forgets the words of the wise man, and again plunges into speculation, study, ambition, and anxieties, which are the duty of his life, the meat and the bread of his family. Then comes the warning-stroke of paralysis or palsy; and in a little time longer, if that warning be not attended to, death or second childhood closes the troubled scene. When the man who was once happy becomes habitually troubled and gloomy; when the original thinker finds his imagination sterile; when the acute reasoner discovers that he can no longer command his coherent and undivided attention, it is time to stop the works, and put the machine into repair. It will have to be done: it is only a case of sooner or later; but the first cost is the least. The truth is, that ever since the dawning of the wonderful power which mind is destined to exercise over matter, the physical education has been neglected, and, as a matter of course, the body has been to a certain extent sacrificed. That there is a greatly-stimulated activity of head-work spreading among all classes we do not deny. But activity is of two kinds—the one is healthy, and springs from power; the other is, in truth, only irritability, and its root is in weakness. Let it be distinctly understood, we do not depreciate the advancement of learning or the cultivation of the intellect; but we affirm that the physique ought also to be sedulously attended to, and that a certain portion of time applied to the study and practice of the laws of hygiene would be an excellent and valuable remedy for the effect of the cramming system. Sharp wits and subtle intellects are highly-prized qualities in the present day; but the possession of them, unbalanced by other influences, has occasionally cost the owner a voyage to the new world. There is a habit of correct and dispassionate judgment which is rarely acquired except on the condition of a healthy and well-organized body. We often see such a man, not of brilliant capacity, it may be of even a little slowness of apprehension, and with a scanty store of book learning, but distinguished beyond his fellows for a calm, sound judgment, one who is naturally relied on, and consulted in preference to others of keener abilities. On this principle the whimsicalities and eccentricities of many of our men of genius can be explained, and the morbid views of life generally apparent in the crippled, the deformed, and the diseased. Much irritability and want of charity, many a rancorous word and vindictive deed, have owed their existence to a disturbed balance of the bodily health. ‘Without this accursed bile we should gain no great battles,’ said Napoleon. It is the fashion to exalt the mind, and despise the body; and yet when the romantic or the purely intellectual, the Platonist, the ascetic, and the mystic have lavished

lavished much scorn and abuse on the body, the undeniable fact remains: a body man has, and that body is part of himself, and, if abused, has power, nay, more, is by the laws of nature obliged to inflict on the mind the most severe retaliation. This overpressure has not been directed to bear on the stronger sex alone. In one of the books on our list* there is laid down, by a lady of unquestionable talent and power of thought, a system of study before which the university curriculum for our highest honours positively grows pale and insignificant; and this is to be pursued by young girls from the age of fourteen to eighteen, when the un-matured brain can ill bear such excessive strain. To give an idea of the plan we will merely name what is indicated in history alone: Plutarch; four books of Herodotus; two of Thucydides; four of Xenophon's 'Anabasis;' one half of Plato must be mastered, at the least; as many of the Greek dramatists as possible; Livy in the original; a little of Cicero and Tacitus. In modern history—but we are almost afraid to give a list in this department, lest we should not be believed: Sismondi, Niebuhr, Robertson, Hume, Ranke, Macaulay, Thiers, Voltaire, Burke. These are to be inlaid with innumerable memoirs, such as Madame de Motteville's, Foster's Lives, Mrs. Hutchinson, Southey's Nelson, Segur's Russian Campaign, Botta's History of Italy, Blunt on the Reformation, Lacratelle's Religious Wars, Madame de Sevigné's works. This is in one branch alone; but the names of Adam Smith, Bossuet, Paley, Mackintosh, Butler, and Whately, indicate that the mysteries of political economy and the evidences of Christianity are to be an A, B, C to the unfortunate young woman. What time, we ask, will or can she have to think? It is very sad to be an animal, but it is worse to become a machine. Such a system is sheer oppression of the weak, which an adult would resist, but to which the health and intellect of those who are younger succumb and break down. Every effort of thought expends a portion of the living material. That material is supplied by the blood, and the blood is sent in greater quantities to the brain during thought. Hence, habitual hard brain-work first increases vascularity, and then wears out and destroys the vascular system. The mischief does not end here; the next generation are doomed sufferers by the laws of inheritance, which will be afterwards discussed in connection with the present physical degeneracy; for the puny and bloodless children now so numerous are but the natural result of these offences. It is a significant fact that, while we have raised our standard for examinations, we have found it necessary to lower our regulation height. There is, however, another phase of our times, which, accompanied by mortal pangs

* 'Intellectual Education,' by Emily Shirreff.

and throes, though reviled by prophets of evil, and witnessed with uplifted hands and averted eyes, is, nevertheless, one of great and undeniable consolation. We allude to the increased development of moral earnestness; and this not only among this party or that sect, but as evinced by large, united, and simultaneous movements in the moral, political, and religious world. The courage has not been found wanting, which is, indeed, the highest moral effort, to leave a creed or party when falling, not because it is a losing side, but because it is believed to be a false one. Sir Robert Peel lived only to see his work accomplished; he earned, indeed, the applause of his enemies and the thanks of his country, but he gained the bitter opprobrium of his political partisans, and the enmity of some of his oldest friends. It is not the right or wrong, the wisdom or folly of the repeal of the corn laws, which has the slightest bearing on the question here at issue; the point is, the moral earnestness of the man who did not fear to retrace his steps, and, rejecting his precedents, proclaimed to the world, and, harder still, to his followers, his conversion. In the Tractarian movement there have also been evolved distresses of no ordinary description. Traditions have been trampled under foot; the pure faith of our most gifted and chosen has been suffered to slide from their grasp; the solution of new problems has been sought by them, amid the bitterest struggles, and found in darkness and sorrow and sacrifice. Yet, be it remembered, they deserted the church of their forefathers for no hope of worldly gain; they left their fellowships, and preferments, often their homes and families, to embrace poverty and slavery of the saddest description, the slavery of the soul. Mistaken as we must ever think they were, the moral earnestness and fearlessness with which they trod their thorny path must ever command respectful attention. It is not for those who sit in the seat of the scorner to judge these men. The movement within the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, sixteen years ago, is another instance of the same kind. If Oxford shook ours to the centre, the Disruption rent in twain that of our brethren. It was regarded at first lightly, as the factious discontent of some few combining with the diseased or morbid imaginations of others. Statesmen did not hesitate to assure the highest personage in these realms that it was but the 'mutiny of certain malcontents—thirty or forty at most, your Majesty.' Faction grasps at power with the right hand, but the left is ever stretched forth to seize the bag. Yet the day and hour came, and between four and five hundred Scottish ministers, for conscience' sake, joined the Free Church. The Presbyterian clergymen are rarely drawn from among the wealthy upper classes; therefore, it is clear that these men left the Established Church with the distinct knowledge that they thereby abandoned their only means of subsistence—a prospect

which, to a man no longer in the vigour of youth, and burdened, in most instances, with a wife and family, is not one to be lightly faced. Right or wrong, the fact of their doing so is one of deep significance.

In the development of that school, which has been happily characterized as 'muscular Christianity,' is another important feature. Dr. Arnold's great and acknowledged object was to arouse and cultivate in his boys the sense of moral thoughtfulness, and in this school we see the result of his labours. The boys have become men—the seed so sown has blossomed, though the fruit has yet to be gathered. Medically speaking, and apart from all other considerations, there can be little doubt that it is the healthiest of the present schools of theological teaching. In the development of this sentiment, women, too, have taken their share. We have still among us, no doubt, fine ladies who must get through life, and hardly know how to do it (for the quiescent state of neither toiling nor spinning was meant not for mortals, but for lilies of the field), who laboriously hunt down pleasure, with a perseverance which success ill repays, for they need not furnish daily labour for daily bread, and ennui pursues them till they would escape if they could, not only from themselves, but from each other. But another race is rising among us. The names of Florence Nightingale and Mrs. Chisholm have become as it were household words, and many others of minor note are silently treading in their steps. That these ladies are by some dispraised and scoffed at is, to the shame of men, true; but a mind that can perform these deeds can face the scorner, and generally does so effectually. The publication of such works as Mayhew's 'London Labour and the London Poor' has unfolded a vast mass of information, which has served as a fresh stimulus to exertion; and lastly in evidence is the amount of attention and thought which has been expended on that question known as the 'social evil.' That the solution of this difficult problem, the real remedy for this one reproach—our *parti honteux*—has not yet been found, perhaps will not be discovered in our time, does not bear on our argument. That the evil is acknowledged and lamented, that its cause is in course of investigation, are too widely known to need proof. It is not within the scope of our present object to enter further into the question. The *modus operandi* of our government has been likened to that of the man who cut a hole in his shoe wherever it pinched. We often legislate from hand to mouth, in a most careless self-sufficient fashion. We make a law that will not work, and are dismayed to find that it creates another evil, against which we instantly provide a fresh bill; and so we go on, cutting fresh holes in the national shoe, and patching up the old ones. We closed our churchyards before we provided our towns with cemeteries.

teries. We have perfected our drainage, and turned the Thames into an open sewer; and now we are in grief and astonishment at its concentration of pestilential odours. We cleared away the rookery of St. Giles, and knocked down wretched houses into miserable cellars, before we erected lodgings for those thus rendered homeless, and we may see the result in crouching unfortunates about the Adelphi arches. In those dark depths, where no life is safe save those of the habitués of the place, there are beings, we are told, unclothed, even in rags, and unable from that reason to leave, whose food is the refuse of their fellows, who never breathe pure air, or see the blue sky, but here live and die and rot. We have endeavoured to examine the present type of disease, and its corresponding type of crime,—our physical condition, and its result mentally. In considering the remedies, we must not legislate for Utopia; we make laws for men, not for angels; and though our aim can scarcely be too high, or our principles too pure, in practice we must be human. Religion, pure and simple, can take no account of the shades between minor or major sins; sin is sin, and a new life, and nothing less, is necessary; but humanity and science may and must do so. We cannot banish evil, but we can diminish its intensity. The effects of the Adamite curse must ever be on us, but it is in our hands to check its activity. As certain conditions produce certain diseases and miseries, which diseases and miseries are invariably followed by a large increase of particular crimes, it is clearly for those who have money and influence, time and talents, to employ them to ameliorate or alter those conditions. Our efforts should be directed to two points,—to arrest where it is possible the hereditary taint of the disease, mental or bodily, and to counteract the physical degeneracy of the race. By this means we diminish the number of the ‘ethically unfree,’ those who seeing do not perceive, and hearing do not understand. The second point is to educate people to health, to a greater hopefulness, and a stronger courage. It is a well-ascertained fact, that there is a point of physical degradation in the human species which results in utter sterility, and further propagation becomes impossible. It is well that it should be so; but between this limit and the original type of man there are many degrees. Dr. Lucas, in his ‘Natural Inheritance,’ proves how terribly some diseases are perpetuated—that there are children born with instinctive cravings for the vices of their parents. And beyond all question, many a man has to thank the fact of his having had a drunken father and mother for his being for life a mental cripple, and, so far as moral power goes, an imperfect and defectively-organized being. The seed is sown long before the child is brought into the world, and we may read the result in our prisons, our asylums, and our hospitals, in our old-old children,

our stunted and precocious youth, and our sharp-witted and short-lived men. 'The city Arabs, the dangerous classes'—these are adopted phrases of the day; and what do they signify, except that we have created a race where the unnaturally-stimulated brain exercises a power wholly uninfluenced by moral principle—difficult to catch, more difficult to hold—hard to lead, and utterly refusing to be driven. The reason of all this involves the question of hygiene. The studious man neglects his health; the greedy man 'maketh haste to be rich,'—he increases his risks, and while tossed on the restless sea of troubled thoughts, is struck down by apoplexy or madness; or he loses all, and, if he escapes crime, spends his days and closes his eyes in a workhouse. Among the lower classes there is a constant tendency to forsake our hills and plains, our beautiful villages and lanes, to congregate in crowded cities—to exchange fresh air for mental advantages, and physical toil for head labour. In a word, we earn our bread rather by the sweat of the brain than by the sweat of the brow. To counteract these habits and inclinations, we should all lend steady aid. We have spoken of the 'ethically unfree,' and we apprehend there is a large class of minds which are able to perceive a difference between right and wrong when it is explained to them, but are utterly incapable of understanding any moral reason why one should be preferable to the other. And the defectively-organized and perverted little beings, who are the unfortunate offspring of parents habitually demoralized, drunken, and diseased, are those who furnish the chief portion of this class. To them a system of rewards and punishments is valuable as a means to excite them to good and to deter them from evil. They form a large margin of waverers, and need a helping hand to lead them to keep honest and cleanly and temperate. Through the feebleness of their moral nature they have a craving for notoriety, and are especially prone to imitation. As a physical epidemic, as cholera, always attacks those predisposed by asthenic health, so a moral epidemic, such as suicide, murder, or theft, seizes more swiftly the asthenic moral nature. Not long since, in France, a little boy, aged 12, killed himself by means of a small copper cannon, a mere toy. He wrote on a stone beside him, with a burnt stick—'Je me suis brûlé la cervelle exprès.' And in Paris if a sensation is made by a suicide in the morning, the day rarely closes without more being added to the list. Palmer poisoned Cook, and the weak brain of Dove followed suit. Our authorities wisely interdicted the play of Jack Sheppard at our theatres when they had evidence of its terrible practical results, from the imitative powers of this class. Without any leaning to materialism, we are borne out in asserting that the man who is cleanly, temperate, and sound in health and limb, is less liable to fall into crime than he who has lost all self-respect,

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by habitual dirt and drunkenness, and whose diseases often engender irritable and foul thoughts. We must teach, if we can, that talent is unable to command a position without conduct, and that it will be practically useless without health. For, indeed, a man may have every gift of intellect under the sun, but if he has no working constitution, he is sure to break down in the fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the world; he is a poor unfortunate, for whom there is no place in the busy strife of our crowded cities; he is to all useful purposes laid on the shelf. If he is a good man, he resigns himself; if he is a bad one, he takes to craft, and becomes a villain.*

There are other points to which the education of the present day should be directed:—a greater manliness of thought, and a pervading hopefulness of spirit, instilling moral courage as well as physical, so that what the world says shall not have power to make a man miserable for life, nor the prospect of moneyed loss be able to drive him to despair, so long as he has hands left to work with. And then, in the day of domestic bitterness or misconduct—of poverty, perplexity, or trouble—he will not betake himself to the river, to the chemist's shop, or the public-house; or, in a higher class of life, he will not write a letter to the wife whom he is coward enough to leave, load his pistols, and blow out his brains; but will act a man's part, and try for a man's reward. It has been well said that Judas Iscariot might have done better than hang himself.

The building of model lodging-houses, baths, and washing-houses, the establishment of ragged schools, reformatories, playgrounds, and reading-rooms, the early-closing movement, and the Saturday half-holiday, are all steps in the right direction. Fresh air, plenty of water, and wholesomely-prepared food, an occasional walk beneath the blue sky over the greensward, go far to exorcise the demon of despair, and its attendant curse the gin-bottle. The healthy girl makes the better mother; and the boy who thoroughly enjoys his play may not turn out a brilliant scholar, but he has a chance of becoming a strong man and a good one, as far as the common purposes of life go.

* The increase of fraudulent offences for 1858 is three per cent. in excess of the average for 1857.

ART. V.—1. *An Act to amend the Law for the Inspection of Coal-Mines in Great Britain.* 18 and 19 Vict., cap. 108. 14th August, 1855.

2. *Reports of the Inspectors of Coal-Mines to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the years 1855 and 1856.*

3. *Evidence taken before the Coroner's Inquest at Wigan relating to the Explosion of Gas which occurred in the Ince Hall Coal and Cannel Company's Arley Mine Pit, February 18th, 1854. With Introductory Remarks.* By James Darlington, the Company's Mining Engineer. (For private circulation.)

4. *The South Staffordshire Colliery District: its Evils, and their Cure. Two Letters, one of which appeared in the 'Times' of April 18th, 1855.* By the Rev. Charles Girdlestone, M.A., Rector of Kingswinford, Staffordshire. *To which is prefixed, by permission, the Letters of Messrs. Walker to the 'Times' on the same subject.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE publications referred to above, and the reports of colliery accidents appearing in the newspapers from time to time, are quite sufficient to prove that there is but little, if any, diminution in the loss of life in coal-pits since the year 1851; that the Act of Parliament 18 and 19 Vict., cap. 108, is to a very great extent ineffective, as well as partial, in its enactments; that government inspection of coal-mines is very incomplete and unsatisfactory; and lastly, that more stringent measures ought to be enforced by the legislature, and a large and efficient staff of inspectors appointed for the protection and safety of colliers or miners in general.

It is true that explosions like those at Lundhill, Cymner, and Ashton, are not constant occurrences; yet during the intervals of such wholesale destruction it repeatedly happens that three, six, eight, or twelve men are killed at one time, either by explosion, the slipping or breaking of ropes and chains, falls of coal and roof, or falls in shafts. Taking all the fatal accidents into account, it appears from the inspectors' reports that the deaths resulting therefrom during the six years prior to 1857, average nearly 1,000 per annum, the numbers employed in getting coal being about 220,000 men and boys. For the purpose of more ready reference, we arrange them as follows:—

1851	1852	1853	1854	1855	1856
984	986	957	1045	963	1027

The inspectors of coal-mines tell us that, in proportion to the coals drawn, there is a considerable decrease in fatal accidents.

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Of the truth of this we are not yet convinced; for in the year 1851, with 216,217 employed in coal-mines, 984 were killed, or 4·5 in ever 1,000 employed. Allowing, for the sake of argument, that in 1856 there were 220,000 working, which would be an increase of nearly 4,000, the number killed (stated in the inspectors' report to be 1,027) was 4·6 in every 1,000. A casual perusal of the inspectors' reports may lead to a belief that fatal accidents have decreased in number; but if the totals given by each inspector be arranged and considered, our doubts will be found to be sustained.

We append a summary of deaths occurring through accidents in coal-pits since the year 1851, giving particulars of the way in which such persons were killed, so as to distinguish the principal dangers to which colliers are exposed in the different coal-fields of Great Britain:—

SUMMARY of DEATHS occurring in COAL-MINES since 1851.

DISTRICT.	Explosion.	Falls of Roof.	In Shafts.	Miscellaneous, under Ground.	Miscellaneous, on Surface.	Total.
1851.						
Scotland	62	52	28	4	4	150
Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland	57	32	15	27	12	143
Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	76	30	21	3	5	135
Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales	70	48	39	18	6	181
Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire	41	111	75	12	6	245
South Wales, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire	15	54	41	9	11	130
Total	321	327	219	73	44	984
1852.						
Scotland	5	23	24	8	1	61
Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland	38	44	28	24	19	153
Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	22	35	28	19	4	108
Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales	91	56	57	20	5	229
Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire	25	134	46	6	8	219
South Wales, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire	83	57	26	39	11	216
Total	264	349	209	116	48	986

Summary

Summary of Deaths occurring in Coal-mines since 1851—*continued.*

DISTRICT.	Explo- sion.	Falls of Roof.	In Shafts.	Miscel- laneous, under Ground.	Miscel- laneous, on Surface.	Total.
1853.						
Scotland	15	31	27	8	..	81
Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland	19	58	29	30	14	150
Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Notting- hamshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	10	32	36	8	9	95
Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales	99	71	40	20	7	237
Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire	35	115	65	13	3	231
South Wales, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire and Somerset- shire	36	63	39	15	10	163
Total	214	371	236	94	43	957
1854.						
Scotland	16	46	32	4	6	104
Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland	11	43	27	28	16	125
Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Notting- hamshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	14	50	50	16	4	134
Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales	129	59	74	22	15	299
Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire	22	122	65	12	9	230
South Wales, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, and Somerset- shire	18	69	42	17	7	153
Total	210	389	290	99	57	1,045
1855.						
Scotland	7	19	26	16	..	68
Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland	21	51	25	51	..	148
Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Notting- hamshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	16 ..	45 3	39 3	13 2	113 8
Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales	45	59	54	41	..	199
Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire	38	116	49	24	..	227
South Wales, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, and Somerset- shire	21	106	39	25	9	200
Total	148	399	235	170	11	963

Summary

Summary of Deaths occurring in Coal-mines since 1851—*continued*.

DISTRICT.	Explosion.	Falls of Roof.	In Shafts.	Miscellaneous, under Ground.	Miscellaneous, on Surface.	Total.
1856.						
Scotland, Western	3	26	11	5	..	45
Scotland, Eastern	5	18	13	8	3	47
Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, North	36	13	24	..	73
Durham, South	3	25	8	26	..	62
North-East Lancashire	24	22	22	16	..	84
West Lancashire and North Wales.	12	39	22	30	..	103
Yorkshire	7	19	19	4	3	52
Derby, Nottinghamshire, Leicester-shire, and Warwickshire	3	21	16	6	..	46
North Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Cheshire	8	19	22	21	..	70
South Staffordshire and Worcestershire	21	88	37	10	..	156
Southern Gloucestershire	13	30	12	9	1	65
South Wales	136	56	15	17	..	224
Total	235	399	210	176	7	1,027

From these tables it will be seen that, during the six years named, 5,962 men and boys have been killed in coal-mines.* How many of these deaths might have been prevented?

When explosions such as those at Wigan, Blaina, Cymner, Lundhill, or Ashton are heard of, the public mind is aroused for a season, but very soon the poor collier is forgotten. The public generally suppose that fire-damp is the greatest destroyer of life in pits; but the tables already given point to falls of the roof as the principal, and descending or ascending the shaft as the second danger which the miner has to encounter. To be more correctly understood, we add another list of the number killed, and the way in which they met with death, since the year 1851:—

KILLED between January 1st, 1851, and December 31st, 1856, in COAL-PITS, in the following manner:—

By falls of roof and coal	2,233
In shafts, either in descending or ascending, by falling out of cage or skip, breaking of ropes, chains, &c.	1,399
By explosion of fire-damp	1,392
† Miscellaneous, under ground	728
Miscellaneous, above ground	210
Total	5,962

* It must be remembered that this number does not include those who have been killed in iron-stone pits.

† Including those run over by corves or skips, &c.

Or stated thus:—

—	1851	1852	1853	1854	1855	1856	Total in Six Years.
By explosion	321	264	214	210	148	235	1,392
Falls of roof and coal . .	327	349	370	389	399	399	2,233
In shafts	219	209	236	290	235	210	1,399
Miscellaneous, under ground	73	116	94	99	170	176	728
Miscellaneous, above ground	44	48	43	57	11	7	210
Total	984	986	957	1,045	963	1,027	5,962

Some districts are more fatal than others. Staffordshire and Shropshire, for example, largely swell the number of the slain. By the census of 1851, we learn that there were 32,449 men and boys employed in coal-pits in Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire, or about one-seventh of the number of colliers in Great Britain. More than 1,300 lives have been lost in that coal-field; 686 fatal accidents have occurred, during the period we have been investigating, through falls of roof and coal, 337 in shafts through the breaking of chains, or ropes being drawn over pulleys, or through men falling out of skips in ascending or descending the shaft. The loss of life in the Staffordshire coal-field is nearly fifty per cent. above the average.

In his report for 1856, Mr. Brough, the inspector, refers to the high rate of mortality, and suggests different modes of operation as being, in his opinion, accompanied with less danger. He severely condemns, and that justly, the old-fashioned mode of drawing; the old and inefficient engines employed; and also the great distance at which many of them are placed from the pits. In alluding to the great number killed by falls of roof and coal, Mr. Brough well observes that the statement of eighty-eight persons in that district alone having lost their lives in this manner, during the year 1856, is so startling as to demand more than usual comment, especially as out of that number fifty-five of the deaths have taken place in the thick coal—a measure peculiar to Staffordshire and Shropshire, varying in thickness from five to fifteen yards. We agree with the inspector in the opinion he expresses that this measure is too lofty to be wrought as one mine: ‘The difficulty of setting timber to the extreme upper measures, and the danger of removing it if so placed, must be evident to every practical miner.’

The greater portion of shaft accidents occur through the bad material used for chains, or the defective machinery employed. It is a mournful thing to state that iron-masters and coal-masters have been morally, if not legally responsible for the death of many
of

of their workmen. We read of an employer who fixed to one of his pits a wire rope only half an inch in diameter, the breaking of which caused the death of one man and the serious injury of a second. Single-linked chains are often used for the purpose of drawing from a considerable depth. All persons acquainted with mining operations are aware of the insecurity attending such a practice; and the public are from time to time made partially acquainted with it by hearing of the loss of men's lives. Mr. Brough speaks out boldly but truly when he says, that, 'With the knowledge and experience of the present day, the use of such material is positive inhumanity.' The most appalling calamity occurring through the use of a single-linked chain was in the Old Park Colliery, Dudley, belonging to Lord Ward, on June 20th, 1856. As eight men and boys were ascending the shaft after completing their daily labour, and when within a few yards of the surface, the chain snapped, and the poor unfortunate fellows were precipitated to the bottom. Six were killed at the time, and the remaining two died after a few hours of severe suffering. At the inquest, the inspector explained the danger of a round or single-linked chain, and pointed out that though it may be of unusual strength when new, and forged of the best iron that can be procured, it is nevertheless liable, by percussive action, to an alteration in its molecular arrangement. By rattling over the prop wheels and pulleys, loss of fibre takes place, and the result is a crystalline structure of the iron, in which case its original strength can no longer be relied on.

'This deplorable event,' says Mr. Brough in his Report, 'has not been followed by any perceptible diminution in the use of these dangerous single-linked chains.' The recklessness and inhumanity of masters using them appear almost incredible. It must not, however, be supposed that the single-linked chain is the only one accompanied with risks. To our knowledge many of the treble-linked or wooded chains are equally unsafe. It occurs to us at this moment, that at a pit we well know, where from thirty to forty men descend and ascend morning and night, but a few months since a treble-linked chain was in use, although at the same time quite unfit for that or any other purpose. It was made up of odd pieces of chain, many of which had been cast aside as unsafe by other owners. This chain was often breaking. On several different occasions the skip of coal fell to the bottom of the shaft. Then the chain was repaired, and the lives of eight poor men intrusted to it. Again and again it was broken and repaired, till at length some of the poor men became alarmed and left the pit for employment elsewhere. The pit referred to, it is true, does not belong to any of the large proprietors, but only to a charter-master, yet at the same time we have reasons for believing that

that something of the same sort may be met with in the collieries of those who are yearly adding thousands to their already extensive fortunes.

Herbert Mackworth, Esq., Inspector of the South Wales District, refers to the breaking of a guide chain in the Forest of Dean, by which two persons were killed; and also states that at the inquest 'the bailiff' admitted that the chains had broken and fallen down the shaft twenty times before.*

Every district yields its quota of shaft accidents; but where guides and conductors are used, although the engines are on the first motion the accidents are much fewer than where the skip hangs on a single-linked chain, or is allowed to swing to and fro in the shaft.

To obviate the disasters occurring in shafts, Messrs. Foudrinier have invented a very ingenious apparatus. It is lowered and raised in the usual way by a rope from the top, but it also slides in vertical grooves at the sides of the shaft, and these grooves afford means of safety, in the event of the rope breaking, by means of two levers which are thrown out, and which catch the guide rods. Another more effectual method we could mention but space will not allow.† In the employment of such apparatus there may be difficulties at times from the drawing of the shafts, but these might be surmounted if all shafts were built up with solid masonry.

Explosions of carburetted hydrogen gas originate

'1st, Through an insufficient quantity of air in the mine, arising from the airways being too small, and the ventilating power insufficient; 2nd, Through neglect, in not conveying the air to the fosse by brattising; 3rd, Neglect of a careful examination by proper firemen before the workmen enter the mine; and 4th, Inattention, in allowing fire-damp to lodge in cavities above or below the workings, which might be prevented or liberated safely by drill holes, or removing the intervening stratum, thereby avoiding outbursts; and also in allowing fire-damp to lodge in any hole in the roof, or in workings whence it may be driven out by a fall of the roof, or by a concussion of the air, or otherwise, or be inadvertently or wilfully entered by any person.' ‡

We believe that nearly all the explosions which have occurred may be traced to either one or other of the causes enumerated, and we are supported in this opinion by inspectors, colliery owners, managers, ground bailiffs, viewers, and colliers themselves.

On a careful examination of these causes it will be perceived that they belong to that class over which the working man has no control. He is not allowed to dictate to those by whom he is employed as to the number of shafts, size of airways, or quantity of air which may be necessary for the proper ventilation of the mine.

* Report, 1855, p. 110.

† Allusion is here made to Owen's Patent, which is a great improvement, and secures perfect safety to the poor collier in ascending or descending.

‡ Mr. Dickenson's Report, 1856, pp. 33, 34.

The Act of Parliament referred to at the commencement, 18 & 19 Vict. cap. 108, s. 4, states that

‘An adequate amount of ventilation shall be constantly produced at all collieries, to dilute and render harmless noxious gases to such an extent as that the working places of the pits and levels of such collieries shall, under ordinary circumstances, be in a fit state for working.’

Mr. Mackworth very justly observes that ‘to determine and prove what are the ordinary conditions of the ventilation of a colliery would require several visits from the inspector.’* Had there been a certain amount of air allowed for a given number of men, or the extent of roads and working places, the Act would have been much more efficient. In this respect the Belgian Government has set us an example worthy of imitation. The regulations of March 1, 1850, applicable to the ventilation of coal and other pits are as follows, in Belgium :

‘Article 1st. In every underground working, every part of the work accessible to the workmen shall be rendered healthy by an active and regular current of pure air. The velocity and abundance of this current, as well as the area of the galleries, every part of which must be readily accessible, shall be regulated according to the number of the workmen, the extent of the works, and the natural effluvia of the mine.

‘Article 2nd. The ventilation shall be effected and maintained by means that are efficient and free from all danger.

‘Article 3rd. Every current of air considerably vitiated by the mixture of deleterious or inflammable gases shall be carefully separated from all working places and travelling roads. The extent of the different working places shall be so far limited and in such a manner as to protect the workmen placed in the return current from the injurious effects of air which has become foul.’

With defective ventilation, the various functions of the body can only be maintained by an unnatural effort, and ultimately asthma or inflammation and premature death must ensue. The legislature of our land has done something for the safer and healthier working of coal-mines by the appointment of inspectors and passing the Act previously mentioned : our regret is that more has not been accomplished. Before the employment of inspectors, the poor collier was without any redress, but now he can lay his complaints before the inspector of the district, who will immediately examine the colliery respecting which complaints are made, and suggest such alterations as he may consider most desirable. Mr. Morton, in his Report to the Home Secretary, says that ‘Several angry quarrels have broken out between masters and workmen relative to the bad ventilation or management, and alleged danger of mines in my district.’ Mr. John J. Atkinson, inspector of the southern portion of Durham, states

* Report, 1855, p. 118.

that during the year 1856 he received complaints from workmen employed in the Trimdon, Moorsley, Framwellgate, Hart-bushes or Wingate, Keeper, and Hough collieries, respecting the bad ventilation or dangerous condition of each. The inspector examined all the collieries mentioned, and proposed and enforced such alterations as were thought necessary for lessening the risks of those employed.

At first the working men shunned the inspectors, and even hated them. A change, however, has taken place. The colliers see that the inspector is their friend, and consequently offer their assistance. We wish that this co-operation were more extensive. It is, however, to a large extent prevented from becoming universal by the combination of employers against the men who may give evidence.

Mr. Mackworth says, in reference to the Cymner colliery explosion—

‘That little benefit has accrued to the district from the verdict of manslaughter passed against the manager, overmen, and firemen of the Cymner colliery; and that it has little influence on the management of other collieries has been illustrated by a combination to prevent certain colliers, whose evidence implicated the management of the Cymner colliery, from obtaining work. One of them, with a large family, and who distinguished himself by his courage and activity whilst underground at the time of the explosion, applied to me for pecuniary assistance, in consequence of being refused work for ten weeks and more after the explosion.’*

Such a course is not only cruel but foolish. ‘The proprietors,’ says Mr. Darlington, ‘have a real interest in every feature of the mine, whether it be ventilation, the discipline, or the system. Defective ventilation and lax discipline are as ruinous to the owner as they are prejudicial to safety, for it is a notorious fact, that security and economy go hand in hand, and that an improper system is commercially ruinous and unwise.’ The Cymner explosion serves as an illustration of the difficulty of convicting the responsible parties. This arises from the vagueness of the Act of Parliament. Sometimes it is thought that the owner is the responsible party, sometimes that the responsibility rests with the manager, viewer, or ground bailiff; but each of these, in turn, throw all upon the shoulders of butties, underground viewers, and firemen. Hence it often happens that when a case is carried into a court of justice both judge and jury are confused.

After the coroner’s jury had carefully examined the evidence given respecting the Cymner explosion, which occurred on the 15th July, 1856, and caused the death of 114 individuals, they returned a verdict of ‘manslaughter’ against the manager, Jabez Thomas, Rowland Rowland, overman, and the three firemen. This, however, was set aside at the Swansea assizes, when Mr. Baron Watson, in his address to the grand jury, stated—

* Report, 1856, p. 124.

‘That

‘That inasmuch as Mr. Jabez Thomas was the above-ground manager, and did not go underground, he could not be held responsible; and that as regards the other men, no direct cause of omission was brought against them, and he could not see how they could be guilty of manslaughter.’

Notwithstanding these observations of the judge, the grand jury returned a true bill. After the evidence had been given, his lordship directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty against Jabez Thomas, and added, that the law required that there should be an immediate personal default before a conviction of manslaughter could take place.

The evidence given before the coroner by Mr. Mackworth, and his report, are sufficient, one would think, to implicate the manager or owners (see Report, 1856, pp. 118—128). Mr. Mackworth says—

‘On July 8th, 1852, a short time after the Cymner colliery had been commenced, I addressed to Messrs. Insole a letter containing a report of the causes which led to the Middle Dyffryn explosion, by which 65 lives were lost, and requested their serious attention to the dangers which might result from insufficient ventilation, weak and imperfect stoppings, doors in the main intakes, the non-isolation of districts, and the want of printed rules and strict discipline.’

The inspector could do no more, as the Act 13 & 14 Vict. c. 100, did not empower him to give a caution respecting a mine unless fire-damp had been detected. On the 28th of March preceding the date of Mr. Mackworth’s letter, he inspected the Cymner colliery. At the time of the visit, Mr. Jabez Thomas, the manager, was absent through ill-health, and Mr. David Evans was acting for him. Mr. Evans, with Rowland Rowland, accompanied the inspector underground. Mr. Mackworth communicated what information he thought most desirable for the future working of the colliery with safety, and he informs us that he left a complete record of these recommendations at the colliery by marking on the plan kept in the manager’s office (to be communicated to him and the owners) the way in which the ventilation should be carried into effect, and in addition to this, Mr. Mackworth states—

‘I also gave, on a sheet of paper, the drawings and dimensions of other improvements which might be carried into effect. I also find, from my notes, that I pointed out the risks which would ensue from using naked light in places where sudden emission of gas might occur, such as pillar workings, or from bringing the air from any old workings through the working places.’*

Every person unacquainted with the tactics of many coal-owners would be ready to think that all the recommendations were valued and acted upon by the manager and owners. They were disregarded *in toto*.

* Report, 1856, p. 119.

After two years had passed away, Mr. Mackworth was obliged to write to Messrs. Insole again for the purpose of calling their attention to Act 18 & 19 Vict., 108, sec. 6, which declares that special rules shall be drawn up in connection with the general rules for the use and direction of all persons engaged in each respective colliery.

We append the particulars of Mr. Mackworth's proceedings in reference to Cymner colliery, and leave them with our readers.

March 28th, 1852	Mr. Mackworth inspected Cymner colliery.
July 8th, 1852	Sent cautions to Messrs. Insole, the proprietors.
May 24th, 1854	Recommendations to overman and manager's deputy for future working of the mine.
Sept. 6th, 1854	Inquired respecting compliance with my recommendations.
Oct. 20th, 1854	Proposed special rules to Messrs. Insole.
Sept. 5th, 1855	Repeated my recommendations to Mr. Hay, the under-ground manager; gave him another copy of the rules.
Sept. 6th, 1855	Verdict of the jury.* Mr. Hay promised to carry out my suggestions.
Dec. 30th, 1855	Repeated recommendations in my amendments to Mr. Insole's rules.
Jan. 1st, 1856	Wrote to Mr. Evans.

The accident of July 15th, 1856, occurred after Mr. Mackworth's removal from the district. At the request, however, of the Home Secretary, he examined the colliery after the explosion, and gave evidence before the coroner, in which he stated that if his recommendations had been followed, in all probability the explosion would not have taken place.

We refrain from repeating the details of Mr. Mackworth's experience with the Cwmbach colliery, Aberdare, another case which suggests the necessity of the proprietors, or their deputies, being considered responsible for the ventilation and working of their pits. If the sole management of the colliery rests with the owner's deputy, be he viewer, ground-bailiff, or charter-master, it is not unreasonable that such person should be looked upon as responsible for carrying out the requirements of the Act of Parliament.

As a further illustration, we may refer to an explosion mentioned by Charles Morton, Esq., inspector of the Yorkshire district, as having occurred on the 19th July, 1856, in the Strafford colliery, near Barnsley. On examination after the explosion, Mr. Morton discovered that only 9,000 cubic feet of air per minute passed through the pit. Considering this insufficient for the purpose of enabling 40 men to continue their work with safety, he suggested certain alterations, which had no sooner been completed than the quantity of air passing through the pit was increased from 9,000 to 14,000 cubic feet per minute. Mr. Morton is

* The death of one man. The great explosion occurred July 1856.

of opinion that this amount may be still further increased. In such a case as this, to whom ought the blame to attach, if not to the proprietors or their manager? An explosion occurred at Grange Lane colliery, near Rotherham, on September 23rd, 1856. In reference to the condition of the pit, Mr. Morton states that it 'was devoid of ordinary artificial ventilation; inflammable gas pervaded it to such a degree for several days prior to the fatal accident, that the colliers were compelled to abandon their labour.' From the evidence given before the coroner, it is very clear that the owner himself was the party responsible for the safe working of the pit. It is true that one John Fox was intrusted with the working of the coal-pit in question, as well as six iron-stone pits; but at the same time 'he loaded iron-stone and coal waggons, mended roads, filled water-barrels, and carted hay; underground, he was expected to build stoppings, to fix doors, to lay and repair tramways, to remove falls of roof, to design and examine the various drifts and works connected with seven pits, to be responsible for the adequate ventilation thereof, and to supervise the persons employed therein.' Mr. Morton says that 'John Fox had not time nor opportunity—he certainly was not furnished with suitable apparatus—and probably did not possess the requisite skill to enable him to displace the fire-damp by a current of air.' The coroner's jury, in returning the stereotyped verdict on colliery accidents, 'accidental death,' expressed an opinion that the pit was in a bad state of management, and very defectively ventilated.

If moral justice had been satisfied, the proprietor in such a case as this must have been convicted of manslaughter. 'The proprietor,' says the inspector in his report, 'was unquestionably guilty of the most reprehensible avarice, laxity, and indifference concerning the safety of his workpeople. He knew the dangerous condition of the mine, and yet he made no effort to improve it; and it is not too much to say that he was morally, if not legally accountable.'

The only power which, under the Act of 1855, is in the hands of the inspector, so far as we can learn, is to summon the owners or managers to the office, and if his suggestions are disregarded, to summon them before a justice of the peace, who may inflict a light fine. If inspectors are needed, we maintain that they ought to be empowered to make alterations where it is evident that the lives of men are endangered, at the expense of the proprietary. It must not be understood that we wish that absolute authority should be put into the inspector's hands. Contrary opinions may be given about the same thing by different inspectors. In such matters as an unsafe chain or rope, an inspector might be empowered to replace it; but on such a question as ventilation, where

a difference of opinion may exist between the inspector and owner or manager, we would suggest that an equal number of inspectors and viewers might be called in to arbitrate.*

On reading the Act, one is surprised at its leniency towards proprietors. This surprise vanishes, however, when Mr. Mackworth tells us that at the meeting in London, during the sittings of the Committee of the House of Commons on Mine Inspection, colliery owners were represented by 49 of their number, while colliers mustered only 4, and government inspectors 6.

Mr. Mackworth informs us, in his report for 1856, that during that year he obtained 35 convictions of owners and managers for violating the general and special rules. Forty violations of the rules were met with in the Ebbw Vale collieries, 20 at the Rhymney collieries, and 25 at Mr. Levick's collieries, notwithstanding that previous notices had been sent. Thousands of violations of the Act occur daily in the coal-fields.

Mr. Darlington tells us that 'a commercial necessity suggested the idea of working a hundred acres to each pit, instead of five or ten, and it was the ability of practical and scientific viewers that agreed upon a system commensurate with the difficulties involved.' It may be well for a mining engineer to tell us what a commercial necessity suggested, but safety for the men ought to be the first thing considered by proprietors and managers.

We have conversed with managers, ground-bailiffs, and colliers, all of whom confess that the danger increases in proportion as the work is extended. It seems to us absolutely necessary that something should be done to check unlimited extension of area; we should not then hear of such tremendous destruction of life as at Wigan, Cymner, Lundhill, or Ashton-under-Lyne. That method of working a pit which commences getting the coal close to the bottom of the shaft first, has long since been condemned, and we are surprised that any owners should continue to adopt it, after the fearful carnage and desolation it has caused in mining districts. We are aware that the question is one of pounds, shillings, and pence. The proprietor's justification is, that the sinking of the shaft or shafts is an expensive affair, and that it is necessary for them to begin to draw coal at their earliest opportunity. Even this 'commercial necessity' is but a shallow excuse for reckless disregard of human life. If the roads were driven to the extremity of the mine, and the coal procured on the homeward journey, explosions would occur but seldom, and when they did, they would not be so destructive, as the top would gradually sink, and thus prevent the possibility of gas being held in chambers.

* If the owners or managers agree with the inspector, and delay carrying out the improvements, the latter might have full power.

It is strange that the Act makes no reference to iron and limestone pits, of which there are thousands, and in which tens of thousands of men and boys are working daily. Justice requires that the iron-stone pits should be placed under the same law as coal-pits, as in Belgium, for example. During the year 1856, as many as 35 persons lost their lives in iron-stone pits in South Staffordshire alone; and we believe that a large number have been killed in the same kind of pits during the same year throughout Britain.

The partiality of the Act is seen in the eleventh section, where employers are spoken of as rendering themselves liable to a 'penalty of not exceeding five pounds,' while the working man, for a violation of the special rules, is liable to a 'penalty not exceeding two pounds, or to be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, in the common gaol or house of correction for any period not exceeding three calendar months.' This clause has rendered the Act more unpopular among colliers than any other of its provisions. At this we need not be surprised, when we remember that the violation of the general rules by employers, which may endanger the lives of a hundred, or cause the death of twenty persons, is punished by a fine of five pounds only; while the collier, for some slight omission or excess of duty, or for leaving his work without a fortnight's notice, is liable to imprisonment for three months. Had a penalty been imposed upon proprietors commensurate with their responsibilities, they would have been more likely to arrange and carry out their works with a due regard to safety. As the law stands, colliery owners, if summoned before magistrates, pay the fine, but refuse to reform their conduct.

The inspectors have little leisure for inspecting collieries, the greater portion of their time being consumed in attending coroners' inquests, and examining those pits in which accidents have occurred. So much time is actually consumed in these matters, that it is absolutely impossible for some of the inspectors to go over their district in a less period than from two to three years. It is thought desirable that school inspectors should visit every school in their different districts once during each year, and factory inspectors are expected to visit all factories under their charge. Why should it not be the same with inspection of collieries? If the thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

What is needed for the safer working of mines in general is an Act of Parliament, drawn up after an equal number of owners, inspectors, and miners have been examined. The defects of the present Act would be by such a process completely established, and evidence elicited as to the framing of another and better. The Act, however good in itself, would not be sufficient. A staff of intelligent inspectors would be requisite, to see that it was carried into effect. For the benefit of our colliers, a sufficient

number should be appointed to visit once at least during each year every pit in their respective districts, both above and below ground.

Our remarks have already exceeded the limits assigned for this paper; at some future time we may recur to the subject, for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to the social and moral condition of the colliery districts of Great Britain.

ART. VI.—1. *The Duty of the Church.* By the Rev. Charles Stovel. A. W. Bennett: London.

2. *Our National Education.* By Mr. Frederic Hill. 1836.

3. *New Statistical Account of Scotland.* No. II.

4. *Sur l'Homme et le Développement de ses Facultés.* Par Mons. Quetelet. 1835.

5. *Monthly Papers on the Politics of Temperance.* Partridge: London.

IF a question possess any buoyancy, and can float upon the waters of public opinion, it is sure to be tossed into some notice when those waters are disturbed by the stormy winds of an election. During the contest which has just been terminated, candidates have been tortured and perplexed in a great variety of ways. Subjects of little moment and of great import have been placed before them by ardent advocates, and the politician has been expected to be ready with an opinion upon any topic which might be suggested.

While there is much in all this that is amusing, there is something to provoke serious reflection. General questions of politics are freely discussed; but on many of the greatest social problems, gentlemen seeking to become legislators have thought but little, and have the crudest, if any opinion.

The United Kingdom Alliance, an organization, as our readers know, devoted to the agitation of 'prohibition,' as relating to a trade in strong drink, seized with energy and propriety the opportunity which the late election afforded, to bring its views before the attention of the public, and of parliamentary candidates in particular. With several exceptions, entire ignorance of the subject characterized the replies given. A great evil was admitted—its vital and overwhelming importance acknowledged—but no intelligent remedy had ever been considered. Education was the refuge for the destitute. The politician who had never thought of the nature and results of national drunkenness could always safely fall back on that. 'I admit the enormous mischief, and

I depend

I depend on education for the cure.' This is a sad, because a mischievous fallacy, and we propose briefly to discuss it.

Let us not be misunderstood, however. We are the friends of the highest and most attainable education, regarded as one of the chief ends of society, and of course advocates of freedom from that excessive and degrading toil which is incompatible with that end, as with all true enjoyment of life.

Knowledge, be it observed, is not directly operative upon the organic and moral nature of man. It is at best but a directing power, not a motive force. Mr. Buckle, in his '*History of Civilization in England*,' has shown by a large induction of facts, indeed, that science and knowledge have created and destroyed many of the institutions of society, and altered many modes of social action; but he confesses that they have little or no direct action upon the subjective nature of man himself, who is therefore very much the same sort of being he ever was—neither better nor worse than in the days of Plato and Socrates. Races inherit character, which remains essentially the same, while the sum of knowledge increases beyond all comparison. The modern Frenchman differs only in manners and information from the ancient Gaul, not at all in character, motive, or impulse. If vice has its source in the active powers and susceptibilities of man, and not in the mere element of knowledge or ignorance, there can be but two methods of reaching and modifying it: either the introduction of an inner force, intensifying the action of those higher feelings which balance or control the lower impulses, or the removal of those outer conditions which unduly excite the passional and personal activities of men.

Now the first of these methods, except to a most inconsiderable extent, is beyond the sphere of social law: it is therefore the last method by which society must mainly work for the accomplishment of its purposes.

'Instead of ordering men to rise above their circumstances,' says Professor Newman, 'which few can or will do, political philosophy seeks to alter the circumstances, and through them affect the men, by preventing any from being exposed to temptations beyond their strength. Virtue must come from within; to this problem religion and morality must direct themselves; but vice may come from without; to hinder this is the care of the politician.'

If a statesman would be justly deemed insane who should proclaim knowledge the exclusive remedy for all vice and crime, and thereupon propose the abrogation of the statutes at large, a similar proposition, treating the particular vice of drunkenness, the source of so much other crime, can hardly be regarded as a specimen of extraordinary wisdom. In fact, the argument is even weaker in the latter than in the former case; since drunkenness does not arise from the original subjective nature of man, but has its beginning solely in the abnormal action of the drink itself upon the
organic

organic structure of the nerves and brain. Engendered as it is by the action of a physical agent, it can possibly be cured only by abstinence from its cause, not by moralizing.

‘It is well that we should guard ourselves against undue and extravagant expectations of the amount of good to be derived from school instruction. *Centuries of education will not remove the evils of bad and mischievous customs and laws*, which form, in fact, an indirect education of another kind, often more powerful and lasting in its influence than any series of lessons taught within the walls of a schoolroom.’*

Professor Rogers has well put the case in the following passage:—

‘If it be said that the schooling, by which knowledge is imparted, will do good, that I admit most willingly; any decently managed school is, in that point of view, beyond all price; but then, though the giving of the knowledge is the avowed object, the great benefit reaped is a moral one—it is the effect produced in the process itself of acquisition that constitutes the chief value of schooling: it is because industry, perseverance, patience, punctuality, veracity, and so on [habits and actions], are practically taught in the course of this school-discipline: it is because it involves *the right employment of time and the exclusion of temptation*. Neither capacity nor knowledge have, in themselves, any reference to virtue, any more than anything else that is merely instrumental, and that may be, like these, used or abused.’†

As customs and laws are powerful by inducing the actual use of that which generates evil, so knowledge or instruction is mediatively serviceable in directing to a contrary course. So far as education teaches men to drink less, or less often, so far it must modify or check intemperance; so far as recreation and reading keep a man out of the temptation of the social circle or the public-house, so far, of course, will it prove efficient. It is a gain to temperance—a loss to the opposing vice. But the converse is equally true, that so far as men drink, either in the private circle or at the tavern, so far are sown the seeds of intemperate appetite. The first custom will infallibly measure the second consequence. In short, we can concede to knowledge no more than this—that to the extent its advices and attractions limit the consumption of intoxicating drink (the sole proximate cause of drunkenness) to that extent it abates the effect.

How far it is ever likely to do this, short of the special education of temperance societies and the removal of the legalized temptations to drinking, may be best estimated by its influence in the past. History, private and public, is philosophy teaching by example. Now the first thing which strikes the observer, in looking at the facts of history, is, that *amongst educated individuals, classes, professions, and nations alike, where drinking obtained, intemperance has also prevailed, both in ancient and modern times.*

* ‘Westminster Review,’ vol. xxxiv. p. 69.

† Greyson’s ‘Correspondence,’ pp. 129, 130.

The Bible exhibits strong drink in its seductive operations upon the highest and best of men, overcoming and enslaving patriarch and prince, priest and people. After the education and discipline of the Jewish church and nation for six hundred years, it is declared that the priest and the prophet are 'swallowed up of wine'—that they 'err in vision and stumble in prophecy.' The love of strong drink is again and again declared to be the chief hindrance to the progress and success of the wonderful divine economy; and the Lord sternly proclaims—'Therefore shall my people go into captivity.' The Bible contains, virtually, the sum and substance of all later experience—2000 years having served but to confirm its solemn lessons on this subject.

Educated individuals have been numbered amongst the victims of strong drink in all ages, from the time of Alexander the Great to the age of the great statesman William Pitt. Indeed, some of the better qualities of man, some of the most amiable traits of character, and even some of the peculiar attributes of genius, rather dispose to the ready development of the passion for intoxicants, wherever custom has supplied the agent and the temptation. Both as respects opium and alcohol, literary history is full of striking examples. Mr. De Quincey, in his celebrated 'Confessions,' gives many illustrations as to the former, including himself, the celebrated historian Dean Milner, and the poet-philosopher S. T. Coleridge; and the memory of the reader, in reference to strong drink, will supply a dark catalogue of distinguished victims, down from the period of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith, to the days of Burns, Byron, and Campbell. Our own recollections would fill up a long roll of victims from amongst the first literary names of the past generation; whilst the habits of some of the most eminent living writers sufficiently confute the notion that high culture, or mere education, is any safeguard against the encroachments of the appetite for strong drink.

What is the secret of all this? The operation of a *physical law*, in the presence of which mere knowledge is powerless.

'Much may be done through the convictions,' says Dr. Laycock, the Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh; 'but nothing is more certain than that men may know the right and yet the wrong pursue. When the brain is affected it causes a true mania for wine and stimulants. Indigestion being temporarily relieved by alcoholic stimulants, it *lays the foundation* for an ever-growing habit of taking them in women, and excites a more and more urgent desire in the drunkard. *It is in this way that many persons of position and education have become irrecoverable sots.*'

Educated classes and professions supply abundant testimony to the inefficiency of mere education to counteract custom and physical law. Goethe, one of the profoundest of observers, has lamented that our social manners and modes of life are not brought into fuller harmony with our theories of duty. The fact is, that every-
where

where our vital institutions neutralize our virtuous ideals, and the moral man is crushed under the perpetual pressure of material interests and egoistic temptations.

Everybody knows that the professions of the law and of medicine include frequent and frightful illustrations of the passion for intoxicating liquors. Though embracing men of the highest education and capacity, they are not at all proverbial for their sobriety. Nor do university towns, where both secular and religious education is imparted, rank foremost amongst the favoured localities of temperance. If anywhere, however, we might calculate upon witnessing an exception from the vice of drunkenness, it would be amongst those special denominations, where the ministerial function is least connected with professional temporalities, and where religion, instruction, and discipline are most pervadingly combined. If the highest forms of education fail in these cases to accomplish the suppression of the evil, what hope can we have of a less stringent and coherent form of the same panacea? In an age notable for its material, intellectual, and moral appliances of progress—notable for an activity unparalleled in the history of human amelioration—what is the actual state of the churches and denominations of our country, not to speak of the outside world? Here is the testimony of the Rev. Charles Stovel, the pastor of a large Baptist congregation in the metropolis, lately given in his own chapel:—

‘Within the range of my own experience, and the circle of my own friends, and amongst those who have been the objects of my own pastoral care, examples have burst out from time to time, so terrible, so demonstrative of the evils of intemperance, that I have long wished for an opportunity to clear my own conscience, to bear my testimony, in conjunction with others, against the generating habits and customs through which so many perish. Having spent thirty-eight years in the Christian ministry, I have, in the discharge of my duty, looked at the effect of these drinking customs upon all grades of society, and I have found that they have touched and blasted high and low, young and old, learned and unlearned.’

The Society of Friends is a highly moral and educated body of Christians, remarkable for their mutual oversight and rigid discipline. Yet Mr. S. Bowly, a member of their body, with an experience of public life extending over forty years, is thus reported to have lately spoken in the Town Hall of Longton:—

‘I challenge any one present to name any one class of citizens that have escaped the awful consequences of intemperance. Medical men, lawyers, clergymen, and members of the Society of Friends, have fallen victims: and if highly cultivated men, having all the advantages of education, and private resources which secured for them due relaxation and recreation under the most favourable conditions; and if many members of the Society of Friends, with all the advantages of their early training, could not resist temptations to intemperance, how could they feel surprised that those constituting the great masses of the population, who have none of those advantages, could not resist the temptations which brought so many of them to an untimely end?’

Even the special education and influences of temperance societies, conjoined with the progress of general intelligence, has not served
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to guard the members of these associations from the seductiveness of temptation and the dangers of the drink. The difficulty of the societies has been to retain the conquests which they have won. Mr. John Dunlop, whose work on the Drinking Usages is an important contribution to the philosophy of this question, laments that from 50 to 75 per cent. of teetotalers break their pledges under the tyranny or temptations of social usage. Knowledge, indeed, is quite unable to cope with Custom, in a continuous warfare: the sole chance for the triumph of intelligence is in the destruction of the corrupting and opposing agency.

'I once succeeded,' says Mr. Dunlop, 'in getting *seven* curriers' shops to abandon drinking usage. Visiting the same town some years afterwards, I found six of these had returned to their old unhappy practices; for the temperance committees had given no assistance to keep things steady, even where a good beginning had been made; much less had they instituted new assaults on compulsory usage.'

It is our clear conviction, that no merely voluntary and necessarily spasmodic efforts can ever accomplish the work of 'suppressing' so wide-spread a system of national usage: it can be effectually dealt with only by the arm of the law, drying up its fountains and feeders. When men as citizens act in the same direction as men of temperance, there will be a fair and hopeful field for the triumph of moral suasion and associated example.

The facts and statistics of modern nations bring us to precisely the same conclusions.

The United States of America, with an excellent system or national education, combined with extreme political liberties, and the superabundance of a new country, nevertheless exhibited, prior to the temperance and prohibitory movement, exactly the same social phenomena which are seen amongst ourselves. The States were at once free, educated, and drunken.

In Belgium, the political philosopher has to note the same connection between drinking and crime notwithstanding the education of the people, which exists at home. Mons. G. Ducpetiaux, the inspector of prisons, says:—

'My experience extends now over a quarter of a century, and I can emphatically declare that *four-fifths* of the crime and misery with which, in my public and private capacity, I have come in contact, has been the result of drink.'

The German States, again, are still more highly educated, and combine the much-lauded panaceas of education, recreation, and light wines. Is crime, therefore, little known there? And does a smaller fraction of it spring from the drink-shops than here? Not so. Lord Brougham, in a recent speech in the city of York, is reported to have made the following observations:—

'The noble lord urged the advantages of the National Association for the Advancement of Social Science. Speaking of the statement which had gone abroad in reference to too little attention having been given to the question of temperance, he referred to the paper read by Mr. Commissioner Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, in which he gave the result of his inquiries during last summer, in most of the great prisons of the Continent, and particularly in those of Munich,
of

of Bavaria, and of Baden. The result of those inquiries, as stated in that paper, was, that in one of those great prisons *every one* of the culprits, the governor stated, owed his confinement to *wine and beer*. The other prison, at Baden, gave nearly the same result; but the one at Munich was the most remarkable. It was a great misfortune that by some accident no notice was taken by the press of that paper.'

Another way of testing the educational fallacy is by comparing countries equally well educated, but differing in the item of drink-facilities. Holstein, though as well educated as Denmark, is far more intemperate and criminal. Why? Because the facilities for drinking are greater in the former than in the latter.

The Rhenish provinces of Germany, where most wine and spirit is consumed, has one annual condemnation for crime against the person to every 30,000 persons; but in Pomerania, where education is not quite so great, and where, according to Malte Brun, they are more robust, frugal, and sober, there is only one such offence to every 90,000.

On a local scale, examples of the connection between the license system and social demoralization have long been patent to all observers. John Noorthouck, in 1773, in his 'New History of London,' notes that 'there are villages in remote country places which can date the commencement of their poor-rate from the introduction of a public-house.' Mr. Frederic Hill, inspector of prisons, justly deploras the fact that—

'The owner of the least patch of land in a town, may set at nought the wishes and comforts of his neighbours. By stopping up or spoiling some public promenade, *erecting a gin-shop*, or opening a cock-pit, *he may render futile the best-arranged plan for promoting the general good*. An instance of this kind has fallen under our own observation. About four years ago the owner of a mere nook of land adjoining one of the extensive iron-works in the county of Stafford was induced to let his ground for the erection of a beer-shop. The situation was fatally well chosen: it is placed, evidently by design, so full in view that not one of the many hundred persons employed in the establishment can pass from one part of the works to another without being exposed to its dangerous temptation. . . . As might be expected, in too many instances *this constant attack has proved irresistible*, and men who should be at their work are found loitering in the beer-shop: in short, a distinct change for the worse has taken place in the habits of the men, the vice of drunkenness having much increased.'

On the other hand, we have in Britain many parishes showing the good which results from the absence of licensed temptations to drunkenness amongst our people. Scorton, a manufacturing and agricultural township, near Lancaster, is a happy example, and contrasts in a remarkable manner with neighbouring populations which are, in all things else save the absence of drink-shops, similarly circumstanced. So Dinorwic, near Bangor, with a population of 800. The working men are chiefly employed in the slate-quarries; their wages 20s. per week: labourers 15s. *There is no public-house within two miles*. The inhabitants are almost as sober as teetotalers, and put by in the saving club 1000*l.* annually. The only paupers are those arising from accidents and old age. Neatness, cleanliness, and comfort characterize the village.

Scotland

Scotland furnishes at least thirty parishes in which public facilities to drinking have been suppressed with vast benefit. Mertoun and Legerwood, on the borders, are instances: whilst the neighbouring parish of Earlstoun, with several whisky-shops, has a heavy poor-rate.

Johnstone, in Dumfries-shire, with a population of 1230, shows how to secure the full benefit of recreation and education.

‘There are three public schools in the parish. There are no persons above six years of age who cannot both read and write. Since the facilities of education have been increased, an evident improvement has taken place in the morals and general good conduct of the parishioners, as is testified by our sessional records of discipline, &c.

‘Though not much engrossed in literary or intellectual pursuits, our inhabitants are yet an intelligent, moral, and church-going population.

‘The prevailing popular games are, curling in the winter, and quoits in summer; for superior skill in both of which manly and exhilarating exercises this parish has for some years past been confessedly distinguished.

‘There are, we believe, few, if any, instances of a parish unconnected with manufactures, and whose inhabitants depend exclusively for support upon the cultivation of the soil, increasing so rapidly in population as this has done within these last forty years. *During this period the external aspect of the parish has been entirely changed by its roads, its enclosures, and its improved system of husbandry; but more especially by the number of comfortable dwellings erected for the accommodation of the labouring classes.* These houses have been built partly at their own expense, with the assistance of timber, &c., from the proprietor.

‘While the population has increased so extensively, it is an extraordinary fact in our parish statistics, *that its pauperism has been diminished.*

‘WE HAVE NEITHER PUBLIC-HOUSE, nor meeting-house, nor resident surgeon, nor prison, nor lawyer, nor beggar; specialities, we humbly conceive, not to be found united in any one parish of similar dimensions in Britain; and of which, though some may be occasionally felt as parish privations, others are daily prized by us as distinguished blessings.’

In contrast with this happy state of things, mark the effect of domestic facilities for drinking *finkel* (corn-brandy), in a country possessing much higher social advantages than a Scottish parish where the feudal system is scarcely extinct, and where the land is already monopolized: we refer to Angermannland:—

‘The people unite all the advantages of a manufacturing and agricultural population more fully than any district I ever saw. The land is all in small estates, in the possession of the peasantry. The men do the farm business. There is full employment at the loom or in spinning for old and young of the female sex. About the houses there is all the cleanliness and neatness of a thriving manufacturing, and the abundance of an agricultural, population. Everybody is well clad. In their houses, good tables and chairs, window-curtains, clocks, fine bedding, papered rooms, and a few books. It is here, that what a country may be justly proud of, is realized.’*

In this very province, nevertheless, crime has reached a terrible ratio, there being one criminal to every 400 of the population: the true cause may be gathered from the fact, that one crime in six is recorded as the result of *drunkenness*; but a far greater proportion springs from the perversion of an *excitement* short of actual inebriation.

Large masses of statistics prove beyond contradiction the fixed

* Laing’s ‘Tour in Sweden, 1839,’ p. 192.

connection in Britain between the great bulk of crime and drinking facilities, and also a general connection between drinkeries and pauperism. The annexed Diagram exhibits many paradoxes and contradictions when viewed from the common stand-point; but the tavern key unlocks the difficulty and solves the problem. The constant correspondent of crime, with the variations of which crime varies, is alone that of drinking facilities. Church, school, and gaol may all flourish together, provided the drinkery flourishes; but if *that* be much beneath the average, crime will be found to be so likewise; as well where ignorance prevails as where knowledge has been diffused.

ENGLAND.	R.		E.		Variance.		C.		D. Correspondence.	
	Pop. to 100 Worshippers.	Pop. to 100 Day-Scholars.	R.	E.			Pop. to 1 Annual Criminal.	Pop. to 1 Drinkery.	C.	D.
I.										
Worcester	309	1074					470	136		
Warwick	324	1119					545	145		
Stafford	313	1122					580	138		
Mean ratio calculated from 100	90	91	-	-			117	120	+	+
Buckingham	206	1041					634	120		
Oxford	236	1064					579	128		
	122	97	+	-			106	129	+	+
II.										
York	293	935					875	190		
Northumberland	358	957					1100	194		
Lancaster	373	1126					609	153		
Surrey	415	942					623	232		
	73	96	-	-			75	90	-	-
III.										
Cornwall compared with	211	1101					1533	304		
Monmouth and	220	1405	=	=			415	118	=	=
Cambridge	216	974					592	109		
IV.										
Devon compared with	250	1045					724	194		
Dorset	213	879					739	198		
Somerset compared with	230	1051	=	=			594	137	=	=
Stafford	313	892					580	138		
V.										
Cambridge	216	947					592	109		
Huntingdon	181	862					668	99		
Hertford	225	883					546	105		
Hants	251	837					562	137		
	123	113	+	+			108	136	+	+

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM.—R. (Religion) denotes attendance at public worship; E. Schooling or Education; C. Crime; D. Drink-shops. The Symbols are — *Minus* (or less than the average); + *Plus* (or more); = *Equal*; — *Unequal*. The calculations are founded on the Excise Returns, the Census, and the Criminal Tables. The *large* figures exhibit the proportions reduced to an average of 100. In Group II., for example, 73 means 27 *below* the average per centage of religious instruction, and 75 means 25 *below* the average of crime.

The results of a comparison of counties are briefly these :—

First Group—Ignorance and Irreligion with Crime *plus*.

Second Group—Same antecedents with Crime *minus*.

Third Group—Education and Worship *equal*, with Crime *unequal*.

Fourth Group—Church and School *unequal*, Crime *equal*.

Fifth Group—Church and School full, Gaol also full.

On the right of the Diagram is the solution. The unvarying antecedent because chief factor in the cause—is the corresponding condition of the traffic in strong drink. Mr. Joseph Bentley, in his Letter to the President of Council on Education, very properly insists that the public-houses are undoing the good work of the teacher and pastor.

‘Taking,’ says he, ‘the six counties having fewest of these pestiferous places, one to every 235 persons, we find a criminal annually among 762 inhabitants; while in the six counties having a public-house for 109 “thirsty souls,” there is a criminal among 591 inhabitants. Where they do most drinking, we find *one-fourth more paupers, one-fourth less property, and only about half the amount of deposits in savings banks*, and yet there are one-third more worshippers and one-fifth more schools to population than where the people have fewest drinking-shops.’

Cornwall, Cambridge, and Monmouth present at once a remarkable contrast and comparison. They are all three amongst the most religiously-instructed, yet two are the most, and the other is the least, criminal of all the counties of England. Why? Because Cornwall has not half the public-houses of Monmouth and of Cambridge.

There is one pre-eminent social authority who has made very apparent the same truths as respects France and Germany.

‘It frequently happens,’ says Quetelet, ‘that causes which appear very influential *disappear before others of which we had scarcely thought at first*, and this is what I have especially found in actual researches. And I confess that I have been probably too much occupied with the influence which we assign to *Education* in abating the propensity to crime.* It seems to me that this common error especially proceeds from our *EXPECTING* to find fewer crimes in a country, because we find more children in it who attend school, and because there is in general a greater number of persons able to read and write. We also consider *poverty* as generally conducing to crime; yet the department of Creuse, one of the poorest in

* Count D’Angeville says :—‘Of the 17 departments *lowest in education*, 7 are amongst the same number *lowest in crime*. Of the 17 *most enlightened*, 6 are among the same number *most criminal*.’ The ratio of accusations for assize crimes of all kinds in France, is about one criminal to every 4400 persons: in England it is one to 630. In Belgium the proportion is one to 5000. Besides this, there is police crime amounting to one in 188 inhabitants in France; one to 198 in Belgium. Many cases, probably, which in England go to swell the *sessions* criminality, are in France summarily dealt with by the police judges. As Quetelet observes—‘*The difference in laws and the classifications of crime render direct comparisons impossible.*’

France, is that which in every respect presents the greatest morality. In the Low Countries, the most moral province is Luxembourg, where there is the greatest degree of poverty. Its inhabitants are *sober and active*.

‘Rapid changes from one [commercial] state to another give rise to crime, particularly if those who suffer are surrounded by materials of temptation, &c.

‘[Particularly addicted to crimes against persons are the Germanic race, which extends over Alsace, the Duchy of the Lower Rhine, a part of Lorraine, and the Low Countries, where the greater proportion of persons and property gives rise to more occasions of committing crime, and where the frequent use of strong drinks leads more often to excesses.]’

This great author has not only indicated that some of the cardinal causes of crime may be overlooked, and an undue influence be assigned to certain supposed counter-agencies, but has distinctly hinted at strong drink as the chiefest amongst the causes which have been ignored by the social investigator.

The chapter on ‘The development of the propensity to Crime,’ begins with this important observation :—

‘Supposing men to be placed in similar circumstances, I call the greater or less probability of committing crime, the *propensity to crime*. It is not enough that a man may merely have the *intention* to do evil; he must also have the *opportunity* and the *means*. Thus the propensity to crime may be the same in France as in England, without, on that account, the *morality* of the nations being the same.

‘It may be interesting to examine the influence of the intellectual state of the accused on the nature of crimes. The French documents for 1828-29, 1830-1, show that, all things being equal, the number of crimes against persons compared with the number of crimes against property, was greater according as the intellectual state of the accused was more highly developed; and this difference bore especially on *murders, rapes, blows, wounds, and other severe crimes*. *Must we thence conclude that knowledge is injurious to society?* It may so happen, that individuals of the enlightened class, while committing fewer murders, &c., also commit much fewer crimes against property, are less frequently under the necessity of having recourse to the different modes of appropriation; whilst affluence and knowledge have *not* an equal power in subduing the fire of passion and sentiments of hatred and vengeance. It seems to me, then, that at the most we can only say that the *ratio* of the number of crimes against persons to those against property, *varies* with the degree of knowledge. The accused of the eighth class, who all exercised liberal professions, or enjoyed a fortune, which presupposes some education, are those who, *relatively, have committed the greatest number of crimes against persons*; while 87-hundredths of the accused of the ninth class (beggars, smugglers, &c.) have scarcely attacked anything save property.

‘The Vosges in Alsace—and the 15 departments on the border of the Mediterranean (with smuggling facilities)—all exceed the average of crime in France against persons. It is remarkable that several of the poorest departments in France, and also the least educated, such as Creuse, Indre, Cher, Haute-Vienne, Allier, &c., are at the same time the most moral; whilst the contrary is the case in most of the departments which have the greatest wealth and instruction.’

M. Quetelet, in giving his ‘Conclusions,’ announces facts and inculcates principles which have so obvious a bearing on the overlooked cause of crime, the licensed traffic in strong drink, that we cannot do better than quote his own impressive language :—

‘Education

'Education is far from having so much influence on the propensity to crime as is generally supposed. Moreover, moral instruction is very often confounded with instruction in *reading and writing* alone, and which is most frequently an accessory instrument to crime.

'It is the same with *poverty*; several of the departments of France, considered to be the poorest are at the same time the most moral. Man is not driven to crime *because* he is poor, but more generally because of an inadequacy to supply the *artificial wants* he has created.

'Of 1129 murders committed in France during the space of four years, 446 have been in consequence of quarrels and contentions in taverns, *which would tend to show the fatal influences of the use of strong drinks.*

'Thus we pass from one year to another, with the sad perspective of seeing the same crimes reproduced in the same order. The *causes* we now want to ascertain, and as soon as we are acquainted with them, we shall determine their influence on society, just in the same way as we determine effects by their causes in physical science. I am, however, far from concluding that man can do nothing for man's amelioration. He possesses a moral power of modifying *the laws and influences* which affect him. Also, I cannot repeat too often, to all men who sincerely desire the well-being and honour of their kind—and who would blush to consider a few coins more or less paid to the treasury as equivalent to a few lives more or less sacrificed by the executioner—that there is a budget which we pay with a frightful regularity—it is that of prisons, chains, and the scaffold—it is that which, above all, we ought to endeavour to abate.'

The facts and statistics already given, tend to illustrate the saying of the first Napoleon, that 'under whatever relation we view man, he is as much the result of his physical and moral atmosphere as of his own organization.' It is on this ground that we claim the support of the philanthropist and politician, since it appears evident from facts that we can only realize and perpetuate the blessings of education, of free institutions, and of sanitary laws, upon a foundation of temperance which shall exclude the proved causes of disease, degradation, and crime.

The statistics of Ireland, as embodied in an able paper read in 1857 before the British Association at Dublin, by Mr. James Moncrieff Wilson, the actuary, strikingly confirm this view. The year 1851 is selected in preference to any other, because it furnishes the reliable *census* returns, and because it was a period not disturbed by those frightful causes of distress which operated from 1845 to 1850, when want became the almost compulsory cause of crime. Nevertheless, the Census Commissioners have remarked, to the honour of the nation, that while 'numbers, indeed, were sent to prison for petty crimes, often committed to save themselves or children from starvation, yet the slight amount of crime *of a serious nature* was remarkable.' They were, during that period, both by necessity and moral suasion, a temperate people. Strong drink was not so active in its usual work of depraving and exciting.

Of crime, generally, the proportion perpetrated by males, as compared with females, is as 54 to 21, or above two-thirds of the whole: the average of both is .7620 per cent. = 1 criminal to 131½ persons.

We summarize and class together the statistical elements of (1) Education, (2) Occupation, (3) House-Accommodation, (4) Drinkeries, (5) Drunkenness, and (6) Crime.

—	Per Cent. who could neither Read nor Write.	Per Cent. of Occupied Persons.	Per Centage of Bad Lodging.	Per Cent. of Drink- eries.	Per Cent. of Drunken Cases.	Crime.* Per Centage of Convicted.
Ulster	31	43	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	•0968	•0921	•1109
Connaught	60	37	18	•0515	•0844	•1836
Leinster	36	41	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	•0960	•4543	•2746
Munster	49	39	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	•0939	•1246	•3040

The following are the clear deductions drawn by Mr. Wilson:—

‘I. That education combined with occupation tends powerfully towards the diminution of crime, more especially towards the decrease of offences against property, without violence.

‘II. That low-class dwelling-house accommodation tends towards the increase of crime.

‘III. That the sale of intoxicating liquor has perhaps as *powerful an effect upon crime* in increasing it, as education and occupation combined have in lessening it. “Thus Connaught is by far the worst-educated province in Ireland, with the largest unoccupied population, *yet the tendency to crime is less than in any other province*, except Ulster. This can only be accounted for by the considerations that in Connaught there are 42 drink-houses fewer to every 100,000 of the population than in any other province; and that the per-centage of committals for drunkenness does not amount in Connaught to *one-half* the like per-centage for the average of Ireland.” †

‘IV. That were intoxicating drinks less freely used, education, as a means of reducing crime, would become most powerful.’

In conclusion, let us remember that no *theory* will avail to cure crime; but solely the removal of the great temptation: for man’s social environment overrides all theories. As society creates a mass of crime by a special organization, so it can *suppress* it in great part by withdrawing its license. It needs only that a nation shall will it. The responsibility, therefore, rests solely with the people. There is no external power, no mysterious law, which places even the slightest impediment in the path of a reform more beneficent than society, by any other agency, has ever yet realized. The suppression of the traffic will be better than ‘the gradual

* It must be noted, that 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of persons charged or held to bail are *acquitted*. The above represent convictions. Connaught, twice as ignorant, three times as dirty, and greatly more idle, is nevertheless less drunken, and scarcely more criminal, than Ulster; and *much less criminal* than the other two provinces.

† We add the important fact, that in Donegal and Tyrone (Ulster), there were from March, 1855, to December, 1856,—1131 cases of *detection of illicit distillation*, against 248 for Galway, Mayo, and Sligo (Connaught), showing the fallacy of supposing that decreased facility for the *sale* of drink promotes illicit manufacture.

reform of our institutions,' for it will render half of them superfluous, and do more than all of them put together to reduce the oscillations of habit to their minimum, and to inaugurate those conditions which shall be adequate to the supply of our normal wants.

ART. VII.—UNION SURGEONS.

The Grievances of the Poor Law Medical Officers. Nos. 2 and 3. By Richard Griffin, J.P., M.R.C.S., &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

REFORM is again a household word. That to which we now apply our pen derives its interest neither from politics nor party, but bases its appeal to the legislature on the simple grounds of justice. Medical reform, after repeated trials and disheartening failures, is now '*un fait accompli*;' the reform we advocate refers to a large section of the same profession. Were the existence of abuses alone necessary to obtain redress, the poor law medical officers of this kingdom would have an easy task, and require no aids from us; but although at various times occasional questions have been asked and stereotyped answers obtained in the houses of parliament, they have, as a body, remained without redress, and, we might almost add, without sympathy. The author of the pamphlets before us has most thoroughly identified himself with the cause of poor law medical reform. We do not wish to ignore the efforts of Mr. Lord and others who have attempted a solution of the difficulties, but they will, we are assured, award to Mr. Griffin the position which he has formed for himself. He is now the acknowledged head of an association, numbering almost half the existing medical staff; he has enlisted the sympathy of many members of the lower house; and has successfully pointed out to the Poor Law Board the importance of the subject. The result of his efforts has been the acknowledgment, by the late President, of the hardships endured, and the circulation of a scheme for relief among those interested in the matter. To this scheme of Mr. Estcourt's we shall presently advert; but from it we gather no unfavourable opinion of the ultimate issue. Some of our medical

friends may consider this of trivial importance; to us it appears a prelude to increased exertion and an earnest of success. Granted, that it requires modification—that it has in some details misunderstood the profession with which it proposed to deal—it still proves a desire on the part of 'the powers that be' to remedy grievances. From its courteous circulation amongst the class whom it proposes to affect; from the desire evinced for their opinions; from the unvaried urbanity displayed by the late President to the various deputations whom he has met, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that he is influenced by a sincere desire to serve a very ill-used class. In common with all who are interested in the cause of poor law medical reform, we regret the removal of Mr. Estcourt from office.

The pamphlet opens with an address to the legislature; this embraces most of the controverted points, and proves that the grievances are not mere fictions of medical imagination. The pamphlet No. 2 was forwarded to every member of the houses of parliament. The new house will have its attention called to many matters of extreme importance, but few can surpass this in interest. On this point many pertinent remarks will be found in the early portion of the address, to which our space compels us to refer the reader.

Observant spectators cannot fail to remark that governments do not place that value on life, especially of the bulk of population, which it deserves. Under some conditions it is esteemed beyond price. Ought it not to be more attended to in those who, compelled to labour hard, and frequently to live harder, are yet the classes from whom our fleets and armies are replenished, and to whom we commit the important trust of our national position? Health is their only heritage, a legacy of inestimable value, and the constitutional vigour and ability to withstand exposure

posure and disease depend on the treatment which that heritage receives. Hence, mere selfish motives, apart from higher principles, should induce every government to guard carefully the stamina of the *matériel* which is so essential. The welfare of four millions of the poorer portions of her majesty's subjects is bound up in this verdict. For sanitary measures in health, for medical treatment under disease, these millions depend on the services of more than three thousand members of the medical profession. Had these been meted out to invalided pauperism on a scale commensurate with the payment, the relief would have been, indeed, infinitesimal; but, as a body, greatly to their honour, no lack of duty can be laid to their charge. Among the disabled poor of this country, whether in the abodes of humble poverty or the haunts of infamy and vice—dens where the life-giving air of heaven in its maiden purity cannot penetrate—where pestilential vapours, reeking with typhus and cholera, hold undisputed empire, greeting the visitor with their insidious and too-often fatal embrace—in abodes which defy the approaches of sanitary commissioners, or, if external measures are successful, internal arrangements proportionably neutralize the benefit, there plods, often with weary step and haggard eye, the 'parish doctor.' The picture is neither far-fetched nor imaginary; it is not the romance of fiction; it is well known and keenly felt by many a district officer in the metropolis, in large provincial towns, or in densely-populated parishes; it has been painfully felt by surviving widows and orphans, as the records of the Medical Benevolent College can, in its hitherto brief career, bear ample testimony. What recompense do these officers receive? and, as we write, we are sensible of the satire conveyed in the term. Listen, gentle reader, the fact we are about to state is not a mistake. The average payment, from 500 returns taken promiscuously, is two shillings and ninepence farthing per case! This is the recompense for wear and tear of body and mind, for drugs and appliances—often for the additional requisite, a horse. This is the rate that local boards—sanctioned, be it remembered, by the Poor Law Board—offer for services which, whatever they might once have been, are now marked by skill and ability of no mean charac-

ter. We have stated that this is the average payment; it will perhaps be scarcely credited that, according to returns obtained by Lord Elcho, the rate in some districts is as low as twopence per case, while out of the 3,000 medical officers 79 receive under one shilling and 290 above this sum, but under two shillings! As if in contrast, the average duration of attendance is found to be 28 days, or under one penny a day at the higher rate of payment!

No calculation is necessary to enable us to determine the profit at this average rate of payment, but we will allow an extract at page ix to reply:— 'A report on the beneficent institutions of the metropolis has lately been issued by the Statistical Society of London. From this work it will be seen that 232,878 patients were attended in the metropolitan dispensaries in one year at a cost of 2s. 5½d. per case.' And at page xix we find the cost of each patient at the South Stafford General Hospital (out-patients) 2s. 11¾d.; Great Yarmouth Hospital, do., 3s. 8d.; Reading Dispensary, do., 6s. 5d.; Bury, do., 8s. 4½d.; Spalding, do., 7s. 11½d.; Leeds, do., 4s. 5d.

It is not our duty to determine whether the strictest economy is carried out in the several institutions mentioned. They are not singular. The list could be easily extended, but we have here sufficient to support our position. Generally, these institutions cannot afford any reckless expenditure, whilst, from using large quantities, they obtain their drugs at lessened cost; yet, with these important advantages, the average of metropolitan dispensaries nearly equals the average payment of a poor law medical officer; the former being solely the expense of drugs, while the latter is paid for time, skill, and drugs. Glancing at some of the provincial institutions, the sums mentioned as cost of drugs per case would be considered a princely payment by many union surgeons. Further, in unions, where the guardians provide the drugs, the cost has averaged one shilling and sixpence per case; yet, with these startling facts to guide them, boards of guardians still pay 63 surgeons, out of the 500 returns before mentioned, under this amount. We have heard of a pauper striking for an advance on sixpence, the payment offered for fetching medicines once, while the medical officer

officer received far less for medicine, labour, and skill combined. Nor do we imagine this strange anomaly to be of rare occurrence.

As some set-off to remuneration, so unworthy of the name, we might expect a lax state of discipline, and a very natural disinclination both of the guardians to complain of neglect, or of the Poor Law Board to countenance the charge. Here, however, we should be deeply mistaken, as Draconic severity is the order of the day.

It may be urged, Why should the legislature be asked to remedy these grievances, when a special board exists whose pleasing office it might be to serve their staff? Mr. Griffin's own case, we presume, is not rare; he may possibly have been more importunate than some of his brethren. The result is chronicled at page vi. We quote from the pamphlet, merely premising that Mr. G. receives 1s. 3d. per case.

'The replies of the Poor Law Board to these letters were as follows:—

"Oct. 2, 1855.—To inform you that the statements which it contains will meet with their consideration.

"Nov. 22, 1855.—The guardians will, at the end of twelve months from the date of your appointment, give the subject of your salary their further consideration. Under these circumstances, and looking to the short period for which you have been medical officer of the Weymouth Union, the board must decline to interfere further in the matter.

"March 10, 1856.—To inform you that the statement which it contains shall meet with their consideration.

"Dec. 18, 1856.—To inform you that the subject to which it relates will receive their attention.

"April 18, 1857.—To acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 4th and 15th instant, in reference to the remuneration which you receive for your services as the medical officer of the Weymouth district of the Weymouth Union.

"April 29, 1857.—To acknowledge the receipt of your letter in reference to the amount of your remuneration as the medical officer of the Weymouth district of the Weymouth Union.

"Oct. 15, 1857.—With reference to the alleged inadequacy of the salary which you receive for your services, as the medical officer, the board can only refer you to the communications

which they have addressed to you on the subject.

"Feb. 11, 1858.—The Board have considered the statements which you have submitted to them on this subject, but are of opinion that there are not sufficient grounds for their interference."

During the same period of time a colleague of Mr. Griffin's received 16s. 3d. per case. We can hardly wonder at the somewhat natural warmth of feeling which characterizes Mr. G.'s remarks on this correspondence; and to those without the pale of official red-tapeism the matter appears somewhat incomprehensible. Nor does it tally with the strict carrying out of their oath to '*faithfully, impartially*' (the italics are our own), 'and honestly execute,' &c., &c. Apart from this phase of the subject, it cannot be denied that there is a vein of irresistible humour in the letters quoted, worthy of our sister isle. We notice these results of Mr. Griffin's appeals, to prove that they are alike unsatisfactory and futile; and that the 'hope deferred' in similar cases may well render 'the heart sick,' and the duties of the office more distasteful.

Again, it is supposed by some persons that considerable improvement has taken place in the salaries of poor law surgeons. Such an idea would be strengthened by the reply of the Right Hon. Mr. Bouverie in the lower house to Mr. Pigott:—'The Poor Law Board had directed the guardians to take into consideration the salaries of the medical officers, and *considerable increase was going on.*' Again the italics are our own. To this, at p. vii., Mr. G. says:—'Take the corresponding augmentation of the population, and what is it? In 1848 our salaries averaged, on the entire amount of population, 3²/₁₀d. In 1855, when the last return was made, it was still the same. In 1853 the population of the unions was 17,797,763; salaries of medical officers 141,222l. In 1855 the population was 17,831,942; salaries 144,855l., a trifling increase of 2,072l., which, if divided amongst the 3,033 officers, what is it to boast of? But even against this there is the increase of population to the extent of 29,280.'

The words are plausible enough, but on a nearer examination the 'considerable increase' turns out a very inconsiderable benefit!

But from the returns before us let us

us extract a few of these valuable appointments, and contrast them. We have not searched for the very worst specimens; we will content ourselves with one from either side, leaving them to tell their own tale. In the Penrith Union we find, No. 1, Kirkoswald district:—

Population.	Acreage.	Salary.
3,360	35,678	14 <i>l</i> .

And as contrast, let us take No. 8 district of the Chelmsford Union:—

Population.	Acreage.	Salary.
4,378	14,500	140 <i>l</i> .

A glance shows the important omission; it has an appearance almost accidental, when we compare the two sets of figures. Indeed, to those unacquainted with the varying payments sanctioned by the Poor Law Board, these figures would be set down as an absurd mistake. The medical salaries are more or less unsatisfactory throughout; no uniformity exists, nor even the shadow of a rule to guide the local boards in their estimates. We might imagine that the Exchequer was alternately visited by persons varying in size from the pigmy to the giant, a handful of the golden coin being apportioned by the visitor to each union; the respective sizes of the giver and recipient being matters of utter indifference. Here, the said handful is unequally divided, the districts being unequal; there, the districts still vary in size, but the handful is equally meted out; a few extra thousands, either of acreage or population, being alike immaterial. Let us, as an example, take Leeds:—

	Pop.	Acreage.	Salry.
No. 1 district has	20,756	689	all 80 <i>l</i> .
2 "	26,722	630	
3 "	21,590	541	
4 "	32,263	811	

Under this paternal treatment, it is strange how the vacancies are filled; yet if we are correctly informed, the valuable post is often hotly contested. There are reasons for this apparent inconsistency: the medical profession is overstocked, and a Union appointment, impoverishing as it must prove, is nevertheless a footing for a stranger. What wonder, then, if the old medical residents contest the otherwise worthless appointment. Many would rather be exempt from its toils, but they are well aware that exemption from it would admit some needy brother, and the

private portion of their practice might suffer in consequence. Hence, in the country, it is essential that the surgeon of a district should be also the medical officer to the union, which includes that district, or in default, he admits a sharer to his other practice, which, undivided, barely supports one; divided, ruins both. Moreover, if the older surgeon has rendered himself beloved, the refusal to hold the union district does not release him from pauper work: from various excuses, the poor seek out their old friend, in whom they place confidence; his help is rarely denied: so that a large share of the work is then performed by him without even the apology for remuneration offered by the guardians. This necessity of the country surgeon the local boards, unrestrained by the higher authorities, have constantly used to the disadvantage of the whole system of medical relief. This fact enables them to offer salaries to candidates which they would blush to hold out to any errand-boy. We subjoin a few examples:—

Wigton Union, Cumberland.

Coldbeck district. Population 2876.
Acreage 29,280. Salary 14*l*.

Chapel-en-le-Frith Union, Derbyshire.
Castleton district. Population 2825.
Acreage 35,830. Salary 15*l*.

Morpeth, Northumberland.

No. 8 district. Population 952.
Acreage 11,319. Salary 5*l*.

Rothbury Union, Northumberland.

Rothbury district. Population 430.
Acreage 14,493. Salary 2*l*.

Need we add more? We feel that many of our readers will scarcely credit the quotations, but possibly, did time and space permit, we might find still more lucrative (?) posts.

Another reason advanced for refusing the claims of the medical officers to an increased remuneration is, that the vacancies are all filled. To this, our monosyllabic reply must be, How? The consolidated order enforces a double qualification, and for this rule great praise is due; but the current parsimony prevents its fulfilment. Out of 3301 medical officers, 630 (rather more than one in five) have only a single qualification; and thus, according to their own showing, are not fit persons to hold the appointments! Further, permanency of appointment is now the rule; yet, on examining the rôle, 1079 medical officers have quitted the service

vice in the short space of four years. Would these facts present themselves if the holders were even moderately satisfied with their positions? We trow not. From intimate acquaintance with many members of the profession, holding these appointments, we are convinced that they do not complain so much of the amount of work, for as a body the medical profession perform more labours gratuitously than any other class; neither is any extraordinary payment demanded, but merely a nearer approximation to salaries which will enable them to be just not only to their poor patients, but to themselves.

Residence within the district is necessary to the 'permanent' appointment of the district surgeon; if he reside outside the limits, he renders himself liable to removal, and, generally, he is subjected to annual election. This is both unmeaning and unnecessary. The workhouse is the 'district' of its medical officer; but inconsistently enough he may live at any distance, though his patients are concentrated under one roof.

The Consolidated Order furnishes us with a list of certain operations and accidents, for which, it is specially mentioned in the Minutes of the Poor Law Board, 1839, a 'separate charge' is to be paid. These 'extras,' as they are termed, are in many unions commuted by a small annual addition to the salary. Mr. Griffin, at page xxi, considers this 'a step not only unjust, but unwise and illegal.' Agreeing with him on these points, we yet believe that a fair commutation would prove more advantageous to the medical officer than the system pursued by some boards of guardians. Let us explain. An advertisement appears for a surgeon; the salary is stated with 'extras as per Consolidated Order.' Whilst thus advertising, the guardians subscribe ten, twenty, or thirty pounds to the nearest infirmary, giving strict orders to their relieving officers that cases of accident are to be sent to the hospital. Ostensibly, this lavish expenditure is made that the pauper may have the best advice; in reality, it is intended to save much that would be annually divided among the medical officers. Thus, the paltry 'extra' is saved, the surgeon cheated, the pauper not unfrequently crippled for life; the rates subsequently suffering in proportion.

We do not dispute the fact that the hospital, with its multiplied comforts, is far better than the wretched locality which owns that peculiarly English title, home, among the poor; but, speaking under correction, we believe that immediate attention is of paramount importance, and the sooner the fractured limb is immoveably fixed the better for the sufferer. We have heard, too, that fatal collapse is a common attendant on serious accidents; and we presume that a six or seven mile jolt in a cart, innocent of springs, is very likely to increase it, or even to produce it, when absent. No extra professional acquirements, we imagine, can compensate for the loss of speedy attention, coupled with the skill which very few union surgeons in the present day lack. Beyond this, facts which have come to our knowledge, induce us to consider it a policy which frequently defeats itself. The additional motion may make a simple fracture compound, may render the patient a cripple for years, and, as a natural result, a heavy drain upon the rates. We believe, that boards of guardians who adopt this plan would act wisely in taking their officers into their councils, and offering them a portion of the 'extra' fee; the latter, on their part, placing the patient in the best possible position to undergo the additional risk of carriage.

This evading of the Consolidated Order is the more shameful when the same pauper, under any other circumstances, would have obtained the order for medical relief immediately. The 'accidental' illness sharpens the relieving officer's faculties, generally sufficiently keen. He cannot undertake to give the order; some person must attend the next meeting of the Board, and await their decision. The overseers, who formerly had the power to give these orders, indeed who still possess it, decline to carry it out, since the guardians may now repudiate the debt, and leave the surgeon to obtain it from the overseer. Pending these delays, the patient is left to the mercy of the surgeon, who, when he subsequently presents his bill, is perhaps informed that there was no necessity for him to interfere! From intimate acquaintance with many union officers, we vouch for the accuracy of these facts.

Equally unsatisfactory, and to our thinking a shade more cruel, is the system

system pursued by some local boards of refusing orders for medical relief in pregnancy. This is done on the grounds that the illness is foreseen and ought to be provided against. The same reasoning applies to any illness, for the doctor's bill is rarely sent in directly, and, as a rule, we do not consider the profession are very pressing in their demands; yet in the case of illness, an order is immediately given, no 'extra' appearing as a consequence. Can this be called impartial? The labouring man, with a small family, earning ten shillings a week, being wholly unable to procure medical assistance in the hour of need, secures the services of the village 'sage femme': these women have rarely any claim to the title, irreparable mischief frequently ensues, and double life is perhaps sacrificed before the order for medical assistance can be obtained; and should the medical officer, summoned to the case of danger, attend without the order being procured, obeying the dictates of humanity, and trusting to the liberality of the Board, he finds, too late, that he has reckoned without his host; he is told there was no necessity for him to attend without an order—this advice coming from the very persons who would have branded his character as inhuman had he refused his aid. Just such a case happened not many years ago to a medical friend, in one of the West of England unions, in a city famed for its liberality: the guardians took the case into consideration, and awarded him nothing!

We might mention that the very objectionable plan of employing uneducated women is sanctioned in many parts of the country, the guardians paying them a small fee.

The scheme of medical relief contained in these pages need not occupy us now, as it has been modified to meet the measure circulated by the late president. Mr. Estcourt's proposal has been loudly abused; but we are certain that as far as salary goes, the great body of the Poor Law staff would be benefited by it, and the payments would be on a fixed basis throughout the country, avoiding the present anomalies. Its most palpable error is the proposal to appoint two medical officers to each parish. Even if it were possible to carry out these provisions, they would only engender rivalry and ill-feeling, whilst the benefits would not

compensate. In his reply to the deputation from the Poor Law Medical Reform Association, the late President admitted that in this proposal he did not mean to cast any slur on the way in which the surgeons now performed their duties. This admission renders the measure unnecessary. We do not hesitate to express our firm conviction, founded on our acquaintance with the profession, that the Poor Law medical staff would prefer matters remaining as they are, great as the injustice is, than accept the benefits proposed, saddled by 'a resolution so obnoxious' to the general body. Although Mr. Estcourt still clings to the idea, we hope soon to see it finally abandoned. We may further state that we have seen it adopted in friendly societies: the results have not prepossessed us in its favour. Far more useful would be the appointment of two relieving officers to each district instead of one officer to several.

The payment, in Mr. Estcourt's scheme, is larger than generally supposed, being made up of several items. A per-case payment, though undoubtedly fair, would not work well; many medical officers believe that endless disputations would ensue between the local boards and their staff. Such a condition would be very injurious to the pauper. The plan contained in the latest circular of the Poor Law Medical Relief Association would enlist the sympathy of the majority, and carry out Mr. Estcourt's proposal to its legitimate conclusion. It suggests a salary, based on the pauperism, which may be revised at certain intervals. Some plan of mileage is essential in country districts; but at the rate proposed it can never compensate for the scattered character of the country district. The habitations of a town district form the raw material in which the town medical officer may increase his private practice by skill and kindness to his pauper patients; but in country districts no such habitations exist: two miles and upwards of perfectly uninhabited ground separate often the scattered habitations, and of course no amount of talent can make it profitable to the private practice. This fact is not sufficiently considered in either of the schemes. We confess to believing an acreage salary, as suggested by a member of the deputation, the most satisfactory solution of this difficulty. Districts up to 10,000 acres

acres might receive a penny an acre; above that number, half the amount. No legislative enactment can alter the character of the country; and in whatever manner this difficulty is met we think the state of the district as regards its parish roads and hills should not be overlooked.

We would gladly have noticed some attempt in the scheme of the Poor Law Board to settle the class of persons who have a right to seek aid at the hands of the union surgeon. Unsettled at headquarters, the decision falls on local boards, hence the poor meet with different treatment. In the Pamphlet No. 2, this question is mooted, and a suggestion made worthy of a fair trial. In some districts all orders for medical relief are refused to labourers having only two or three children; but we have heard it remarked by the profession that they still attend the patient, and they may perhaps charge, payment being very hopelessly looked for: indeed, in many cases, it is impossible, the patient is in reality a pauper. Honest poverty frequently obtains less kindly treatment at the hands of the Poor Law than crime in our prisons. The applicant for medical relief is often harshly received by the relieving officer; the feelings are irritated, the guarded tongue set loose; the bitter taunt provokes the so-called impertinent reply, and the boon desired is denied, or doled out in a form that robs it of the substance.

Still more forcibly do these remarks apply to extra medical relief. The only person capable of judging both as to the character and the amount required by the patient is the surgeon. On whom can it otherwise devolve? Mr. Estcourt's scheme would absolve him from this duty; but it is a portion of the treatment, and cannot be separated from the office. The intention is to prevent his 'double' surgeons out-bidding each other for pauper support at the expense of the parish, and it is as incompatible with a successful legal change as the double appointment itself. In this department we deeply regret that no attempt is introduced into the scheme of the Poor Law Board to render this method of relief more available and less harsh to the poor. It has not escaped Mr. Griffin's notice, and his draft contained provisions for amendment. Let us cite a common example of the routine frequently

adopted. The order—very probably urgent—is given by the medical officer, and is then taken by some friend or relative, often found with difficulty, to the relieving officer, who may reside from four to ten miles off; may be absent when the messenger arrives: but allowing in our example that there is no delay here, and that fortunately he is at home, he now gives an order on some tradesman for the relief; the latter, possibly, living in the neighbouring town. Thither the messenger must next trudge, and by the time of arrival at the poor patient's house, from fifteen to twenty miles may have been traversed. This is unfair in several ways; to the pauper, that relief should be coupled with such labour to obtain it; to the surgeon, that his patient should have been so long without the needful supply of nourishment, when the length of time elapsing may prove of vital importance; to the parish, supposing the patient an able-bodied father of a family, and death as the result of the delay. The relief thus tardily obtained may fail to avert the scythe of the destroying angel—the harsh parsimony falling in retributive justice still more heavily on the rates. One single union appears to have appreciated this difficulty, and to have met it with a resolution alike honourable to themselves and sympathising towards their pauper dependants. At page 47 we find, that in 1844 'the Uxbridge Board of Guardians resolved, that when the medical officers order any articles of diet for persons whom they are attending by direction of the Board, such order, signed by the medical officer, is to be immediately complied with, and the relieving officer will explain to the tradespeople of the different parishes that articles supplied on such orders will be paid for by the Board until they receive notice from him to discontinue it.'

This resolution, so just and reasonable, has not to our knowledge found favour in the minds of other guardians. The Uxbridge Board is alone the oasis in the desert—the bright spot of sympathy for the difficulties of the pauper. The resolution deserves to be printed in letters of gold. In any Bill brought forward it appears to us as necessary as it is politic, not only to allow, but to *enforce* the giving of relief orders in places most convenient for the pauper. It is a cruel mockery to
give,

give, as we have heard it is done, and the authority admits of no doubt, an order to a pauper of seventy-five years old, which entails on her a journey of *seven miles* to procure!

There are many other points in the pamphlet deserving especial remark—the scheme of superannuation allowances, and the proposed Vaccination Act. The latter is worthy attentive consideration, as the Act now in force is notoriously defective. This Act would restore to the general body of the profession much that the late Act deprived them of; it would materially lessen the expense of this ‘extra,’ and would save money, which might be used to increase the salaries. Our only objection to it is, that it does not contain a plan for compulsory re-vaccination before the age of puberty; with this addition, we believe that it would eradicate the dreadful scourge of small-pox from our country.

In commending these subjects to the attentive consideration of the Legislature, we may glance at the remarks made by the late President in his reply to the deputation. We shall mention two points very briefly. Firstly, he states ‘that permanency of appointment would tend to produce negligence.’ We reply, permanency is the rule at this present time. Has it produced the effect? We unhesitatingly reply in the negative. Secondly, Mr. Estcourt said that the unanimity of the medical officers was not sufficiently marked, and he recommended ‘a further agitation of the question.’ The Association now numbers nearly half the medical staff. As a rule, those who have not joined it consist of two classes—the wretchedly paid, and those that are comparatively very liberally treated. Far be it from us to alter these latter. Bad is the best, hence we say *comparatively*. The former class receive so small an amount that they are naturally loath to spare any on what they consider a hopeless game. What must we say of the other? We fear that with some, self-interest asserts its influence over the general welfare; they fear that alteration may prove an injury. To any such we commend the example of Dr. Prior, whose noble reply to the late President was: ‘Perhaps my own salary might be reduced, nevertheless, I say, “*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*”’

Although the State is deeply indebted to the medical profession, the rewards

conferred on them are very slight compared to the benefits received. They labour constantly to serve the nation at large; in sanitary matters often neither honour nor reward awaits them. May we not justly say that these labours are indirectly, by lessening disease, a detriment to themselves? Their mission of relieving suffering and preserving health is exercised by them with a liberality and freedom unknown in other classes, for their discoveries are considered the property of the whole profession, and by the disclosure all may be benefited; yet the merits of these men are ignored. Honorary distinctions are conferred by successive governments on the destroyers of life with lavish liberality, while those who labour to preserve it are unceremoniously passed over.

In conclusion, we would briefly trace out the leading features of any scheme for amelioration, premising that it is sound policy to settle as many points as possible by edict of head quarters, rather than involve the medical officers in disputes with their local rulers. Specially all matters of payment should be so closely defined as to preclude the possibility of encroachment on either side. Thus, and thus only, will that good feeling exist which is essential to the thorough fulfilment of these important duties.

I. All appointments of properly qualified officers shall be permanent, unless misconduct render suspension or dismissal necessary.

II. Residence within reasonable limits of districts shall be legal.

III. Salaries shall be fixed on a uniform basis throughout the country, with mileage or acreage at a certain rate.

IV. The table of extra medical fees shall be largely extended; the scale to be similar in districts and workhouses; commutation thereof to be illegal, as also the removal of a pauper, after accident, without the certificate in writing of the district officer that such removal is safe.

V. Salaries of officers to workhouses to be on a uniform basis throughout the country, with allowance for mileage.

VI. The union surgeon to be the officer of health for his district.

VII. A medical man, having at some period of his life held a union office, and conversant with its routine, shall have a seat at the Poor Law Board. He shall be elected by the medical officers.

VIII.

VIII. The class of persons having a right to medical relief to be defined.

IX. The difficulty which the paupers now experience, both to obtain the or-

der for medical relief, and extra nourishment, ordered by the medical officer, shall be lessened as far as possible.

ART. VIII.—OUR FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

*** This space in the Review is open to our Friends in Council. Brief papers on questions of Social Science and Reform will be inserted. We do not endorse the opinions of our Correspondents.—Ed.*

Normal Colleges.

GENTLEMEN,

I SHOULD be sorry to see such a valuable and practical article as that which appeared in your last number, entitled, 'The British Workman,' marred by statements which may in any degree produce a wrong impression upon those of your readers who may not happen to be otherwise informed. The matter I allude to is also a subject of great importance, not only to the present, but to generations yet unborn. It has baffled ministers and overturned governments. I refer to the division of the article entitled 'Education,' and wish especially to correct an error which relates to one head of this division, namely, the normal colleges. I have paid some amount of attention to this subject, and therefore the more readily forward these few remarks to you.

Your reviewer states that 'we are at once struck with the *very* inferior attainments of English teachers,' and 'that scarcely any provision is made by government for the education of the teachers, or for their maintenance. The little provision that does exist for the instruction and training of teachers is dependent upon voluntary subscriptions, so that the normal colleges cannot afford to give more than a year or eighteen months' training, while on the Continent, the teachers receive three years' training in the teachers' colleges, at the expense of the government. In France there are 92 normal schools to a population of 34,000,000. In England there are only 12 to a population of 17,000,000, or only a fourth in proportion to those of France. When compared with other countries, this difference is even greater. In Prussia there are three normal colleges to every million of the population; in Württemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, two to the

million; and in Switzerland, six to the million.'

In this extract there are three points which particularly claim attention. First, *the number of training or normal colleges.* Second, *the period during which the students remain for training, and the expense of training them.* And third, *the proficiency and ability of those who leave our training colleges.*

As to the first point stated, viz., that 'scarcely any provision is made by the government for the education of the teachers, or for their maintenance. The little provision that does exist for the instruction and training of teachers is dependent upon voluntary subscriptions,' and that 'In England there are only 12 (normal colleges) to a population of 17,000,000,' I answer that, prior to the writing of the first letter to Lord Lansdowne by Lord John Russell, in the year 1839, there *were* in existence only two colleges for the training of teachers; 1, the well-known institution for training male and female teachers of all denominations, of which Joseph Lancaster was the originator in 1798, and which since 1808 has been carried on under the management of the British and Foreign School Society; and, 2, the training college of the Home and Colonial School Society, in connection with the Church of England, although not limiting its students to members of the establishment. This institution was established in 1836, and devotes itself chiefly to the training of female teachers for infant schools. It has since taken the name of the 'Home and Colonial Infant School Society.' Since then, however, the government has taken in hand to assist in the education of our masses, and the number of training colleges *has increased* to 43. These are distributed as follows:—15 in England for males, and 16 for females; in Scotland, 5 for males and 4 for

for females; and in Wales 3 for males. The total number of students last year in all these colleges was 2349, of whom we can reckon upon 1500 having left to take charge of schools.

To this I may add information of the fact that the British and Foreign School Society are, *with the assistance of the government*, about to increase their accommodation to nearly double what it is at present, at a cost of about 14,000*l.*, of which the government will most probably grant 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* The Wesleyan body also contemplate a large addition to their existing capacious building, at a further expense of 10,000*l.*

We have in England not less than 32 training colleges, or 2 to the million; in Scotland 9, or about 3 to the million; and in Wales 3, or 1½ to the million; all assisted by the government. Against these, there are only about one or two normal colleges wholly supported by voluntary subscriptions; but these are not able to compete with those assisted by the government.

Second.—With reference to the period during which the students remain for training.

Your reviewer seems to grieve because the students do not remain in training *three years*, as on the Continent; but I think it would not be too much to state that a great number of British students are as competent at the commencement of their period of training in college to undertake the charge of schools, as a continental student would be at the termination of his third year, both as regards tact in the management of a school as well as in intellectual attainments. For, it must be remembered that previous to this the students must, at least in ninety cases out of every hundred, and the actual average is far higher than this, have spent five years as apprentices to qualified and certificated masters or mistresses, in schools, under the title of pupil-teachers; and in addition to this, a great many remain, after the expiration of their five years' apprenticeship, as assistant masters or mistresses, for periods varying from one to three years. At the end of each year they have to undergo a written examination, before one of her majesty's inspectors of schools, and the managers and master of the school to which the apprentice belongs have to certify as to the good moral character and teaching ability of the candidate. So

it is evident that after such a preliminary training, they do not want to stay so long a time in the training colleges as they otherwise would require. In many instances, a longer period of training would be little better than a waste of the student's time and the money of the State.

With reference to the expense of training, it must be remembered that during the five years' apprenticeship, every pupil-teacher costs the country, on an average, not less than 95*l.*, besides the subsequent expense of his stay in a training college, which varies according to the time he remains there, and his position on the 'class list,'—the result of examination. Taking an average instance of both a first and second year student, we find, in addition to the 95*l.* already mentioned, for a first-year student (supposing him to gain a first-class Queen's scholarship), who at the end of that year succeeds in obtaining a position in the second class on the class list, there would be a further expense of 43*l.*, and for a second-year student of similar standing, of 49*l.* For those who are higher, the expense is about 4*l.* more, and for those who are lower about 3*l.* or 4*l.* less. The total cost, then, to the State, in carrying a teacher through a seven years' course of training, first as a pupil-teacher, and afterwards as a student, is nearly 190*l.* (In the case of females the cost would be about 170*l.*) Surely, then, we cannot complain 'that scarcely any provision is made by the Government for the education of teachers, or for their maintenance,' when we see that no less than 2,353 were thus educated and provided for during the year 1858!

It must, however, be borne in mind that the purposes to which the sums above alluded to are applied do not wholly lie in abeyance until the termination of this period of training. For, in the case of every pupil-teacher, 75*l.* out of the 95*l.* are paid down for actual work performed by that pupil-teacher during his five years' apprenticeship,—the remaining 20*l.* (this is rather above the average) being the remuneration to the master for his services in educating the pupil-teacher, and may almost be looked upon in the light of a *premium*, for the pains he has taken in educating his apprentice in the art of teaching, and in preparing him for passing his successive examinations. So that the argument so often brought forward

ward by the advocates of the voluntary system of education—that young persons are educated at the public expense in order that they may hereafter secure for themselves a higher position in the social scale—is nothing less than a fallacy. If a young man in any other profession or employment devoted his time and his energy to his business with as much assiduity as in the case of a pupil-teacher, his chance of rising, payment, &c. is far greater.

This, then, is the provision made by Government for the education of the masses. And when we consider that the total expenditure in the cause of education amounts to about 2,000,000*l.* per annum, we find that already the Government grants amount to nearly one-third of this amount; and if, as Lord John Russell and Mr. Adderley think, the grant will soon become a million, we see that no less than one half the burden of educating the masses of our population will be borne by the Government, including Sunday-schools. And all this has been accomplished by a system which has not been in full operation more than thirteen years, dating from August 1846. Of course, we do not wish to see the Government interfering in the education of the middle and upper classes, who can well afford to educate themselves; and it will be entirely their own fault if they allow the poorer classes to surpass them, or even overtake them, in their intellectual acquirements. There can be no doubt but that the impetus given to education by the Government will stimulate to greater exertion those who do not actually come within the reach of its assistance, to keep the same *relative* standing, in an educational point of view, which they formerly held; and thus, indirectly, great good will be effected, in advancing the education of those who were never taken into account by the Government when framing their measures.

Third.—As to the proficiency and ability of those who leave our training colleges.

I have already hinted at their *proficiency* in the former part of the last division, in speaking of the qualifications required of those entering the training colleges; but, not to trespass further upon your valuable space, I will not enlarge on this point, although much more might be said. I will therefore

only refer your readers to the examination questions* proposed to students in training colleges, at the end of their first and second year's training respectively, and ask the question, whether, to pass a creditable examination with such a test, a teacher must not have, *at least*, a fair amount of technical as well as general knowledge?

In support of their *ability*, I will adduce the testimony of Joseph Bowstead, Esq., one of her majesty's inspectors of schools. In his 'General Report,' just published, speaking to this point in relation to his own district (and which may be taken as generally true), he says:—'When students fresh from the training institutions take charge of schools for the first time on their own account, it is only reasonable to expect a considerable proportion of failures; but I have been agreeably surprised by the almost entire absence of such failures in my own district, *especially where the students have previously passed through five years' apprenticeship*; and it affords me great satisfaction to find some young masters and mistresses of this class taking rank among the most valuable teachers that I know.' I will add no thing to detract from such a statement, coming as it does from such a reliable authority.

The above will, I hope, to some extent serve to correct the error to which I alluded, and establish the fact that the Government does largely assist in the education and maintenance of our teachers whilst in training, and in the promotion of education generally. That much remains to be done, I admit; but at the same time, we cannot ignore what has been done, and what is at this moment being done. This is a subject of great interest at the present time, and therefore I should like to have spoken of the relation in which teachers stand to the Government, after the completion of their respective periods of training; for the State does then, too, contribute towards the augmentation of their salaries, subject, of course, to various conditions. I can, however, only hint at this, and thank you for having brought the subject under notice in your much-esteemed pages.

I remain, yours, &c.

F. J. WEBB.

* Published recently by Longman and Co.

ART. IX.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

THE same political excitement which we last quarter recorded as occupying the public mind, to the exclusion of any questions of social reform, has not only continued but increased. The fertile plains of Italy are now desolated by the hot and arid blasts of war; and the interval of the last three months has been occupied at home by the absorbing interests of a general election.

The prevalent feeling in this country in favour of an absolute neutrality, will, it is to be hoped, prevent the government of Great Britain, whatever political party may be in power, from embroiling this country in the strife raging in Europe; but even as spectators, no free people can look on as indifferent to the result of the struggle. It is no part of our duty to discuss questions of politics, but it cannot be inexcusable to express one word of sympathy for the Italian people, and as friends and advocates of social and intellectual freedom, to add our emphatic condemnation of the despotism of the House of Hapsburg.

Independently of the attention directed day by day towards the Continent—the defeat of a ministry upon a direct vote of confidence, and the resumption of the reins of power by the Liberal party, is, it is declared, to be followed by the introduction and discussion of a Reform Bill at home.

Our duty as chroniclers of the progress of social politics merely appears, therefore, to be likely to be in future as light as for some time past it has been.

Upon questions of law reform, something may, no doubt, be expected from the new administration. It is, doubtless, true, that the appointment of Lord Campbell to the woolsack is of little political significance, and that his lord-

ship's past attempts at amendment of the law have not been particularly successful; but with Sir R. Bethell as Her Majesty's Attorney-General, the legal influence of the Government may fairly be assumed to be on the side of immediate reforms. Nor can we look for any opposition from the legal gentlemen connected with the late administration. Lord Derby's government has always been strong in lawyers; and if we were permitted to entertain any regret for the change and the delays which have necessarily followed, it would arise in the postponement of several measures of consolidation of criminal and statute law which would have been introduced under the sanction and support of Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Sir Hugh Cairns.

We fear that general questions of social reform will not be much advanced in the present Parliament. Possibly, the pressing nuisance of the River Thames, appealing to the olfactory rather than the political sensibilities of honourable members themselves, may force some sanatory measures for the metropolis into momentary importance; but we cannot overlook the probability that we shall have to wait until the election of a new Parliament on the basis of a new reform bill for that calm and equable public opinion which is required for the discussion of social ethics.

We shall, however, watch with anxiety the course taken by the statesmen who last autumn prominently associated themselves with the great social-science gathering in Liverpool. They will be very absorbing interests, indeed, which can prevent these public men from pressing forward the great ameliorations for which all thoughtful men are expectant.

ART. X.—LITERARY REVIEWS.

The Life of Thomas Arnold, D.D. By Emma Jane Worboise, author of the 'Sacred Year,' &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.

WE gladly hail this attempt to give, in a popular form and in small compass, the life of one of the noblest of men, as was Dr. Arnold of Rugby. The record of a life full of such manly Christianity and industrious philanthropy deserves to be widely circulated among the people of England. To a considerable extent this has been done by the numerous editions of Stanley's admirable Memoirs, where Arnold is exhibited in a most life-like picture. Miss Worboise has brought admiration of her hero, good power of condensation, and a graphic pen to her biographic sketch. There are, however, traces of weakness in the attempt, arising perhaps from a fear of encroaching upon Canon Stanley. As a master of a public school, Arnold gave a new tone to education, introduced a system eminently calculated to form a thoughtful independence, a conscientious fidelity, a generous brotherhood, and an earnest piety in the minds of young men. Teachers would do well to make themselves familiar with the biography of this first man of their profession. To them we commend this volume.

John H. Steggal: a real History of a Suffolk Man, who has been a Gipsy, a Sailor, a Soldier, a Surgeon, a Fellow-Commoner of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and is now a Clergyman (a Curate of many years' standing) in the Church of England. Narrated by Himself. Edited by the Author of 'Margaret Catchpole.' London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1859.

THIS is a romantic history, which excels in adventure many a work of imagination. Its author actually passed through the stages referred to on the title-page. He has recorded his experience in a simple, yet most thrilling manner. The book has just been added to the 'Run and Read Library,' a series of works generally fitted to instruct as well as to amuse. In its cheap form we can bespeak for it many readers; and we sincerely hope that there may be some profit from it to solace the old

age of its author, who is now seventy-two, and is still, as for many years by-gone, discharging his duties on a stipend of less than a hundred pounds a year.

Here and There in London. By J. Ewing Ritchie, author of 'The Night Side of London,' 'The London Pulpit.' London: Tweedie. 1859.

LONDON is a many-sided world, and can be looked at from all points of the compass, and the description of its diversified aspects may be made deeply interesting, and full of information. Hence the number of works constantly issuing from the press descriptive of its antiquities, or its public buildings, its 'Upper Ten Thousand,' and its 'Million,' its popular preachers, and its parliamentary orators, its views by day, and its night-side. Mr. Ewing Ritchie is one of the *littérateurs* who devote themselves to the million-peopled city. In former volumes he has written ably and eloquently of the Pulpit and the Night-Side—that is, we suppose, the religious and the irreligious. In the volume before us he describes a variety of scenes 'Here and There in London.' Lords and Commons, Exeter Hall and Vauxhall, the Exchange and Mark Lane, St. Paul's Cathedral and Paternoster Row, with other places, are graphically described. Notwithstanding some inaccuracies, the volume is full of entertaining and instructive reading, seldom flat, and often rising to brilliance.

The Evangelists and the Mishna; or Illustrations of the Four Gospels drawn from Jewish Tradition. By the Rev. Thomas Robinson. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.

THE author of this work has pursued a course of reading in a realm where few scholars penetrate, the rabbinical literature of the Jews. Thoroughly conversant with Hebrew as well as with other Oriental languages, Mr. Robinson has made the 'Mishna, or Collection of Jewish Traditions,' composed in the second century, elucidate various passages of the four gospels. Profoundly impressed with the truth and authority of the evangelic narratives, he gives a practical turn to his illustrations, and makes appeals fitted to arrest the thoughtful Jew,

Jew, and to edify the Christian. As few are ever likely to study the rabbinical writings—so full of puerilities, superstitions, and falsehoods—the biblical student would do well to avail himself of the useful work of this learned divine.

The Local Preacher's Magazine for 1858.
London: Partridge and Co.

WESLEYAN Methodism has been remarkable for its employment of all the talent in its membership, and especially for its order of local or lay preachers, who perform so many services for the promotion of religion. John Wesley himself remarked that he could never have occupied England as he did except by the aid of his lay preachers. It is pleasing to observe that this useful class of Christian workers have a Magazine for themselves, conducted with considerable ability, and full of valuable matter. We are gratified to observe several extracts from this review in its pages, as well as favourable opinions of our labours.

Wrongs which Cry for Redress. By Thomas Hopley, F.S.S. London: Houlston and Wright. 1859.

A PAMPHLET on social questions by Mr. Hopley is worthy of attentive perusal. The one before us is the first of a series of Letters to the Men and Women of the United Kingdom, and lays bare the wrongs which are endured by those who are overworked. Women and children suffer in body and in mind, are deprived of knowledge and of moral influences by the system which sends them too early and keeps them too late at work, confines them in unhealthy rooms, and thereby induces fatal diseases and shocking immoralities. The evidence strung together in this pamphlet deserves immediate attention from all social reformers out of, and in, the legislature.

Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease. By Edward Johnson, M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1859.

DR. JOHNSON writes to the working classes, and expounds the philosophy of health in most intelligible language. The million need instruction in common things more than in most subjects taught in our schools. Attention to the rules and exhortations given by the author of this sixpenny book would do

much for the improvement of health, for sanitary reform, and for increasing the means of the working classes. Some of the author's views, however, do not meet with our approbation.

What is to become of the Churches? or, A Layman's Response to a Minister's Inquiries. London: A. Heylin. 1859.

AN earnest book on a subject of deepest importance. The author regrets the apathy of many ministers on questions of moral and social reform, and counsels a deeper tone of piety, and a more practical philanthropy.

Christian Philosophy, or Materials for Thought. By Jabez Burns, D.D., author of 'Christian Exercises for every Lord's-day,' &c. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Houlston and Wright.

DR. BURNS has a most prolific pen; but he is not a verbose writer. He condenses his thoughts into few words. His Skeletons of Sermons will bear expansion, and have aided not a few to preach. His works for the afflicted make him a favourite counsellor in the sick-room. His 'Mothers of the Wise and Good' is an admirable book of examples, and fitted to encourage woman in her noblest work. In the present volume, Dr. Burns aims at philosophy. Characterized by his usual thoughtful brevity, and almost forming a book of proverbs, there is much within its suggestive chapters to direct the inquiries of the Christian student. Without subscribing to all the theological sentiments of the author, we have great pleasure in commending 'Christian Philosophy' to the studious of every class, who will find it a very useful text-book on the most important subjects of human thought.

A Treatise on Road Legislation and Management. By Richard Bayldon, Road Surveyor. London: Longmans.

THE author of this treatise is a practical man, and is entitled to express his views on a subject to which he has devoted many busy years. At a time when railways have materially affected the difficulties of road trustees, the suggestions of Mr. Bayldon deserve the attention both of legislators and of trustees. His views are clear, and supported by good calculations and personal experience. He would remove all debts gradually, without lowering
the

the original rate of interest, and abolish toll-bars from streets and vicinities of towns, by a uniform rate over the district. He would prevent the inefficiency of roads by a mode of repair at once economical and sensible. His book is a hand-book for all interested in public and parish roads.

Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them. By Mrs. Bayly. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.

LADIES have often been ministering angels to the afflicted; but they have lately inaugurated many new works in England in the improvement of hospitals—the work of Miss Nightingale; in the civilization and religious training of railway navvies—the work of Miss Marsh; in teaching ragged children—the work of Miss Carpenter; and in reforming ragged homes—the work of the accomplished lady who has just published this book. Mrs. Bayly has laboured in the potteries of Kensington and among the pig-keepers in that notorious district. The mothers and the homes have been the great objects of her self-denying exertions. In this volume she has described her sphere, her plans, and her success, in a style that cannot fail to awaken sympathy, with facts that practically refute all objections, and with an earnestness that must prompt many to go and do likewise.

Prostitution considered in relation to its Cause and Cure. By James Miller, F.R.S.E., F.R.S.C.E., Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

THIS is a valuable pamphlet on a most important subject, by one of the ablest pens. Professor Miller boldly advocates the suppression of houses of ill fame, and prohibition of street-walking by prostitutes. He regards the 'social evil' as criminal, and therefore demands its cure, so far as law can do so. His remarks on public scandals tending to deprave and debauch are most pertinent. He commends early marriages for the sons of the upper classes, better houses for the families of the working classes, the removal of public-houses, the reform of female attire and of female labour and remuneration. In most of his statements we agree with the professor; and we rejoice that he has reproved so sharply the false views of Dr. Sanger

of New York, and Dr. Acton of London.

Scarlatina and Diphtheria: their Treatment and Prevention. By Hugh Hastings, M.D., M.R.C.S., &c. London: Leath and Ross.

THESE diseases have been of late very fatal throughout the country; but Dr. Hastings informs us that in a hundred cases which have come under his treatment, not one has proved fatal. This is certainly very striking; and many will be glad to learn the rationale of treatment. Dr. Hastings answers, Homeopathy. We do not, of course, intend to discuss this medical controversy, but desire to draw attention to such facts as this brochure discloses. Homeopathy has lately gained a CONQUEST, and, by the opening of a large hospital in London, as well as by its increasing number of practitioners, is becoming a power in this country as on the continent.

Notes on the Navigation of the Godavery.

THIS pamphlet has been sent us from India by some unknown friend into whose hands 'Mellora' has gone. Indian questions are at present engaging the attention of our Government and our merchants. Much depends on the development of the vast resources of that prolific land, and no subject is of greater importance in relation thereto than the opening of roads and rivers. The Godavery has sufficient draft of water for large steamers 'of from three to six feet during seven months of the year, and for boats of lighter draft during eight or nine months.' The hindrances to its navigation may be removed for 300,000*l.*, when 473 miles may be opened. At a proportionate expense, 400 miles of its tributaries may also be made navigable. Here, then, is a practical work for the Government, by means of which cotton of the finest kind may be brought to the sea, and English manufactures and civilization be carried into the interior.

Temperance Advocacy. By Thomas H. Barker. Manchester.

WE recommend this short paper to those engaged in the advocacy of abstinence from intoxicating liquor. They will find it highly suggestive, and they will rise from its perusal better instructed in their mission, and in the best mode of making it effective on the people.

The

The Temperance Spectator. Nos. 1 to 6. London: Partridge and Co.

THIS serial is ably edited, and contains matter of high value, both in a literary and philanthropic view. It should be in the hands of all temperance reformers.

Crime: its Cause and Cure. A Letter to J. St. Aubyn, Esq., M.P., on the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic. By T. W. P. Taylder.

A SENSIBLE letter, full of telling facts and earnest argument.

The Bible and the Liquor Traffic. An Address. By J. W. White, Macclesfield.

CHARACTERIZED as this is by the declamation usual in public addresses, it nevertheless contains an earnest denunciation of the unscripturalness of the trade in intoxicating liquor.

Scripture Light on Intoxicating Liquors. A Sermon. By the Rev. Dawson Burns. London: Tweedie.

JUDGING from the number of publications on this subject, the cause of Prohibition must be rapidly advancing. Mr. Burns evidently understands his subject, and has discoursed upon it in a masterly way. It is a calmly-reasoned, evangelically-toned sermon, and can scarcely fail to convince the judgment and impress the heart. We have admired the absence of all that is *outré*, or extreme, or declamatory in this admirable discourse.

The Two Lights; or, Reason and Revelation. By the Rev. W. Leask, D.D., Ware. Second Edition, Revised. London: The Book Society. 1859.

PUBLISHED at first anonymously, this well-told narrative has now appeared with the author's name. He need not be ashamed of a work which is calculated to awaken and direct the thoughts, and to dispel the doubts of young men, exposed to many perils in our large towns.

The Insalubrity of the Deep Cornish Mines, and, as a consequence, the Physical Degeneracy and Early Deaths of the Mining Population. By Mr. John Robertson.

THIS pamphlet is reprinted from the 'Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society,' and presents facts respecting Cornish mines and miners of deep interest to all social reformers. We thank the author for the publication, and trust that it may be largely consulted. It is an appeal on behalf of a class of people that deserve better at our hands.

The Truck System: a Book for Masters and Workmen. By David Bailey. London: Pitman. 1859.

THE truck system is incapable of defence, and is here well exposed by one who has acquainted himself with its character and evil results.

A Throne! A Moan! or, a Rhythmical Voice in the Poor Man's Cause. By the author of 'A Plain Word against Priests and Priesthoods.'

THE subject of this rhyme is a contrast, as the title suggests. There are some good verses, indicating abilities which study and practice will improve. We may expect from the author something worthy of a place in the literature of labour.

The Englishwoman's Magazine. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence.

THIS monthly periodical fills an important place in literature, and pleads the cause of woman with much ability. Its writers are women, and its subjects have a great social interest.

Annual Report of the National Life-Boat Institution. London. 1859.

THIS Report must interest all who peruse it. The institution deserves the liberal support of the community.

Meliora.

- ART. I.—1. *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. A Series of Lectures delivered in England, Scotland, and America.* By W. M. Thackeray. London: 1853.
2. *The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Third List of Lecturers, etc.* London: 1856.
3. *Lectures to Young Men: delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall. The entire Series, from 1848 to 1859.* London: Religious Tract Society; and Nisbet & Co.

THERE is something remarkably earnest in the English character. It does not flash like the Italian one, reel like the French, or soar like the German, but it pursues an object with calm, unflinching determination. This manliness is conspicuous in both past and contemporary history. It conquered the Armada in the sixteenth century, and won a Waterloo in our own; it repealed the Corn Laws, launched the Leviathan, and laid the Atlantic cable. There is an irresistible fascination in this sober fire of ours; men and nations feel it wherever our name and power extend. It has equalled even the Roman in its deep and solemn might. The barbarian hears of us and trembles, and the poor negro thanks God, and takes courage. The fervid Italian puts in our energy his hopes of freedom, and breathes to his blue skies our sacred name. The mercurial Frenchman says of us, as Napoleon often said of our soldiers, that we never know when we are beaten, and when we ought sometimes to be in full retreat the bugle is still blowing a charge. The passive German leaves awhile his infinite ego, and his admiration of Greek and Roman activity, to be inspired by our moral vigour, and declare that, as we create history, we alone know how to write it; an admission which must have roused even his apathy into tears. But we are neither monocular in our vision, nor one-sided in our aims. Other nations have their sharp angles; we are rather many-sided. All branches of human life and science have been permeated by this calm energy; and when once we have stripped and fairly started in the race, we have lifted the dust of the stadium to heaven, like the glowing wheels of old, resting not until our hot brows have felt the cool leaves of the conqueror's crown.

The last few years have seen this bold sincerity in more spheres of action than we can here point out, although in each at work with the same nervous persistency. It concerns us to confine our attention to its development in a novel department of modern literature—to lectures and lecture entertainments generally. Here, in the rush at all times for the lecture-room, no matter what is the subject, or who is the manipulator, is ample proof of an earnestness even bordering on mania. And yet the lecture has become an almost indispensable part of our education and amusement without even our knowing it, so steady and progressive has been its career. It is now almost a necessity in modern civilization. We live at a brisk rate, our thoughts flow correspondingly fast, and for sanity's sake we must utter them. With all the boasted rapidity of steam presses, with their many men and huge establishments, fast and thick as volumes come damp into the critic's hand, scarce a tenth part of the ideas and speculations of our age are ever embalmed in blue and gold. From this intensity of thought evolve arbitrary divisions. We have many myriad-minded men, but not a few who are monads, men of one thought, one purpose. Everyone seems to have something to say and the will to say it. He has studied an obscure part of our national annals, has a new theory in science, has dug up some Roman coffin, deciphered some puzzling inscription, or performed some mighty feat, and the world must hear or something extraordinary will happen. Even gentle dames do not blush to mount the rostrum, and descant in their own charming way upon a Hemans, a Brontë, or a Browning. Titled lords leave their luxurious homes to please philosophic men and women, and honourable commons occasionally deign to titillate their more learned constituents. Quiet little towns are put in a bustle by eminent Londoners who have expressed down (to coin a pardonable word), for their especial gratification. Huge placards blazon forth their name and fame, like an ancient herald with his horns, and editors and their pens are in a continual flutter. Scarcely a town that boasts not its lecture-hall, and gathers its expectant audience.

At first the exercise and the enthusiasm were confined to the few, to learned and literary societies, but the tide soon overleaped the barriers and broke into a hundred streams. Authors, once content to write of their travels, now began to talk about them to audiences who never wearied of the palanquin he carried them in. One has dared simoom and pyramid, crêvasse and glacier, pigtail and Pekoe; a second, growling beast and forest terrors; a third, rolling prairies, red men, and primeval forests; a fourth, terrible battles, charges, and cannonades. Others have explored the sources of mighty rivers, and the pathless wilds of the

the desert, staff in hand, and knapsack on back. Another class, by marvellous Rosicrucian powers, convey you to past centuries, and give you a morning with Horace, a siesta with Virgil, a night with Anacreon; will show you, stereoscopically, the festivals of Greece, the games of Rome, the banquets of Persia; give you a glance at blind Homer, a hand-shake with Socrates, a few thoughts with Plato; and, coming down to modern times, will lead you a jaunt with Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, plough you a furrow with Burns, harp a song with Moore, or wield a pestle with Keats. In fact, ubiquity is a quality all platform carpets have in common with the one in the 'Arabian Nights' and the mantle of Faustus, and variety of style, treatment, and subject, are in just the same ratio. If ever our nation grew earnest, it was when she set up the modern Bema and stamped it with her imprimatur.

We repeat, that this enthusiastic adoption of the *vivâ voce* communication of knowledge is in the highest degree novel and unique, and holds a position in society which could not otherwise be well supplied; but it is to be regarded as the reproduction and modification of much that is ancient and past. The very earliest form of education was necessarily that of an individual instructing the multitude, and must have originated in patriarchal times, in the Armenian nomadic life, when a hoary head was a crown of wisdom as well as of glory, and the young gathered around the sage to imbibe from his lips lessons for their future life, and receive oracular responses to many of the questions that perplex the maiden mind. And this form has continued, with few changes, through all time. In all lands there have been a class of men, lecturers we may call them, who, actually neither religious nor scholastic yet in some measure blending the two, imparted lessons which no individual of either class might consider his province. These were addressed to the imagination and the heroism of men, and stirring within them nobler and more poetic ideas, released fancy from the chains of ordinary life, and gave her wing and scope for pleasant journeying, impressed memory with some grand ideal to fill up with ardent emulation, and evoked all the latent energies of intellect and character.

A glance at some of these will assist in determining the origin of the lecture, as distinct from the process of the schools. The first of these teachers we find in history, are the Aoidoi, or primitive bards of Greece. These were esteemed in every sense sacred men. Accompanied by their four-stringed lyres, they sang rhymed narratives to gathered multitudes, first, however, invoking one of the deities. Possessed of divine gifts, they interpreted to their hearers the justice of the gods, exalted their thoughts and conceptions, and often launched into prophecy. Honour and welcome almost invariably attended them. A blind

beggar enters a poor currier's workshop, and in a rude verse seeks his hospitality. The man leaves his hide, and leads him quietly in to share his home, and ere long the youths and sages of the town crowd the shop to hear one who speaks the language of the gods. The night comes down, and finds them still listening to his golden words, and as they depart, they beg of this man, in dusty garments and with sightless eyes, to honour them with a lengthy stay. It matters not that the bard was Homer; it is an incident eloquent of the age and the feeling. To the bards succeeded the rhapsodists, who, with simple branches of laurel in their hands, intoned more rhythmically and dramatically the verses of Homer and the poets of the epic cycle. In Persia were bards of a similar kind to those of Greece, but their strains were more luxurious and effeminate, and only calculated to while away the languid hours of that sunny clime. But they have ever been famed for their story-tellers. These Khans have sung to the chungur, or three-stringed guitar, the rhymes and ballads of Ferdusi, Ansari, and Hafiz; and told their strange tales with all the richness and invention with which Scheherzarade, in the 'Arabian Nights,' sought to save her head, while enchanted audiences have hung for hours upon their lips. Then we have the poets of the Scandinavian Eddaic era, corresponding to the Greek bards, and succeeding them, the Scalds, literally smoothers or polishers of language, who sang of piratic excursions and desperate deeds of valour, inweaving all that was dim and sublime to increase the reverence and exaltation of their hearers. Heaven was to them, in their rude imagery, the skull of Ymir; the rainbow, the bridge of the gods; a ship, the horse of the sea; and earth, the flesh of Ymir, or the vessel which floats on the ages. The saga-men were much of the same class, but told stories in prose instead of verse, on similar subjects. Both were esteemed sacred men, and officiated as ambassadors, prime ministers, and general peacemakers, as well as war-incitors.

Analogous to these, although modified by clime, race, and an entirely different form of life, are the later manifestations of the poetic lecturers, the troubadours, jongleurs, and minstrels. With the rise of chivalry in the tenth century, poetry assumed new forms, descending from the heroic elevation of Greece, to hymn the pride of war, in the pomp of mail and knighthood it had donned to hide its early ugliness, and soften down the language and the feelings to a more refined civilization. The aim of the first era had been the exhibition of honour, justice, and stern duty; the mission of the second was to create and bless an errant knighthood, and a sensuous display. France, Spain, and Italy were for three centuries the home and resort of these romancing men, contending amongst themselves, flashing their wit amid the gleam

gleam of fair forms and bright eyes, stirring the gallant to war with martial melody, and soothing his repose with tales of pastoral love in the fair valleys of Cevennes, or by the bright shores of the Mediterranean. All was voluptuousness, often licentiousness, in this refined life of theirs. The jongleur differed from the troubadour in that his performances were not quite so original or so dainty. He exhibited tricks of legerdemain, recited narratives written by sedentary poets, and often, as in France and England, indulged in the narration of romances in prose. He was hence called *Conteur* and *Discur* in France, and *Gester* in England, from the *gestes*, or tales of adventure he recited, as well as from the personal feats he performed. The minstrel combined the characteristics of both troubadour and minstrel, with others more especially his own. In France and Normandy he closely resembled the first named, but in our own country he underwent many transformations. He ministered in music, that is, he led it at feasts, he occasionally prayed and conducted public worship in chapels and churches, and was hence often called *minister* and *ministrel*, indeed, many of them wore the tonsure: he marched with armies, was retained in gentlemen's houses as a kind of conscientious *alter idem*, and was a great centre of amusement and interest in early times. No pageant nor merry-making, no regal display nor public throng, but there the minstrel was in the van, and interpreted through harp and voice the delight, instruction, and moral of ballad and romance.

But England was developing within herself the elements of new strength and new conditions. The Welsh and the Scotch retained their minstrels in unminished influence, as even still the former have their Cymreigddyon, or triennial meeting, where bards contend and improvise with true Cymrian enthusiasm, but the most complete mystification. Never singularly poetical as a people, although eminently earnest and exuberant in feeling, no sustained tone of this kind was possible. The Romance language was certainly not the language of the English people, nor the most perfect expression of their character. That Gower dreamed and moralized in it, and Chaucer told tales in it, as it had altered the complexion of our old Saxon, did not make it a whit more congenial. It was rather the language of the court and the learned, than the natural expression of the entire race. We can never fancy, as in truth it never could be, that our tongue should be moulded into lays and songs with the ductility of the Provençal. Charles the Fifth, in epitomising the European languages, said that the English was fitted for the whistling and singing denizens of air; if it has their shrillness, it is none the less pre-eminently the language of strong, sound common sense. You may gossip in French, woo in Italian, pray in Spanish, and talk German to
your

your horses ; but if you would press a point, make a bargain, or strive to be practical, there is none like our own broad straightforward speech : it crushes like a sledge-hammer, and pierces like a steel bullet. We have not, moreover, any sunny, languid noons, when the murmur of the song and the cool plash of the fountain are soothing luxuries, no serene nights to awaken poetry and romance beneath overhanging vines or on star-lit vedas. We had no leisure then, nor have we now, for such dainty delights. We have ever been too active and industrious for such a culture of enjoyment. Hence, it will be no wonder that the itinerant lecturer soon threw off his rhymes and his frequent interludes. Like good old Adhelm, the abbot of Malmesbury, ere he began his homely sermons on bridges and at cross roads, the minstrel merely thumped a few notes, and then told in sober prose of the deeds of an Arthur or a Cœur de Lion, the charms of a Helen, and the love of a Blancheffleur, inculcating moral and heroic virtues in no high-flown rhapsody, but in terse and telling sentences.

Here our retrospective glance must end. It will be seen that we do not employ the term lecture in its severely primitive meaning, as a mere reading, nor confine the term lecturer to those who, in the early Christian church, were called *lectors*, and read portions of the Scriptures in a religious service, nor those who were ordered by the House of Commons, in 1641, to assist the regular clergy in the week-day, and on the Sunday if needed, ‘the Peers declýning to joyne wth the Com’ons in orders touching such innovations in ye Church.’* We would not even limit either terms to their more modern interpretations. There is something in them, we think, implying all these characteristics, but yet susceptible of a higher and enlarged meaning. A considerable change is evident in the course of the last few centuries. When first used, they seem to mark the efforts of an educated class of men to assist their clerical brethren, as distinguished from the efforts of unrecognized and illiterate laics. They were lines of demarcation between both the discourses and the men, between those felt-makers who are described in an old Cambridge tract,† as dealing roundly with blockheads ; cobblers, who handled Scripture to a bristle ; coachmen, who lashed the beastly enormities of the age, and prated of the wheel of destruction ; and weavers, who incessantly reminded of the shuttle swiftness of time, and the brittle web of life, with those learned, book-loving, yet ungowned *alumni* who regaled their hearers with a feast of fat and classical things.

* ‘Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq.,’ vol. v., p. 24. Letter of Sir Edward Nicholas to the king, September 20, 1641.

† The Reformato precisely characterised by a modern churchwarden,’ quoted in Dr. Gray’s ‘Hudibras,’ vol. i., p. 97, note.

Hence a lecture soon came to signify a learned oration or display, apart from those delivered in professorial chairs. Perhaps, too, from its frequent use against the vices of the age, in arousing a sluggish moral nature and sentiment, and in its gradual adoption for other purposes, as in the case of Henry Burton, mentioned by Clarendon, who, because Dr. Neyl, the Bishop of Durham, was the king's clerk of the closet, and he was not, but wanted to be, 'turned lecturer,' and denounced the whole clerical body, it legitimately denoted either wholesome admonition, or vituperative criticism. In either sense, we may fairly suppose Addison to use it in his 'Notes on Noses,' when he desires the critics to 'refrain from the lecture of his curious tract.'* Here, then, we have some of the transformations of these terms. That they do not exclude the ancient poets and their exertations cannot be denied, especially when viewed in the expanded sense we are anxious to attach to it. They were a class of self-constituted teachers. They took no patent from learned halls, nor vindicated their right by any degrees or honorary titles. Nature gave them wisdom and they gave it utterance, weaving in all available legend and fact to charm and elevate their race. They were not merely the repositories of heroic narratives or genealogical histories, theirs was no mere effort of memory and chroniclering skill, no mere accidental membership of a gens or clan, no mere talent for distinguishing what Horace calls '*legitimumque sonum digitis et aure.*' They were men in every respect nobly endowed by nature, and fitted for the high vocation as interpreters of her symbols, and incitors of valour, dignity, and honour. If in the later class they caught the languid impurity of the age, we ought not surely to blame them, or refuse to own the dignity of their office in the abstract.

We maintain, then, the definition of the lecturer, as a self-constituted teacher, and purpose to project therefrom a few remarks on the deficiencies, or rather possible adaptations and improvements, in our modern system of lecturing.

'Seriousness comes on us by surprise,' writes Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister's Indenture*, and it may be a matter of astonishment that it should grow upon us in dealing with a theme like ours. But it has rather surprised the age than ourselves, clearing the moral atmosphere, and infusing a deeper tone into our wonted earnestness. Art is no longer denuded of its natural reverence. Ruskin has at least lectured us into reverential sincerity, and the expression of life, beauty, and adoration in our architecture and painting. Nature has ceased to be dumbly explored and recognised; a new spirit moves everywhere, eager in

* 'The Tatler,' No. 260, December 7, 1710.

its search, decisive in its bearing, and reverential in its ascriptions. Religion is disencumbering herself of many hindrances, putting on her beautiful garments, and persuading men with a power, fervour, and range never surpassed. Man is viewed under new aspects and relationships, and a healthy and purified interest is evident in all questions that affect his welfare. The mottoes of this grand chivalric movement are *excelsior* and *melior*, blazoned on azure scrolls. As far as our immediate subject is concerned, we gladly hope to conduce to this mood where it does not exist, and shape and direct it where it is already manifest. We have shown our native earnestness in the matter: we would exalt this into a stronger sincerity and seriousness.

The first thought that opens on us is the admirable outlet afforded by the lecture for an overplus of mental life. All have not the courage, patience, or even desire for publishing in any other form than by the voice. They justly believe that, through a living mind and a bodily presence, they can do more than by calmly consigning their thoughts to print and pages. The author ever exists but dimly in the reader's mind, perchance shifting and hovering above him in some cloudy Laputa, and he has little sympathy or common regard for him. He longs to recognise him as a fellow-man; he eagerly peruses his life, dwelling with fondest regard on the most commonplace incidents and memorials. He wants to know the colour of his hair, and the details of his whole exterior, from the moustache on his lip to the buckle on his shoe. He grows enthusiastic over the stock of Shakspeare's matchlock, Goldsmith's tailor's bill, or a shred of Byron's dress, and will pay enormous sums for autographs, snuff-boxes, canes, and the like. It is not so with the lecturer; his manhood is self-evident. There is something honest and commanding in his coming face to face, to instruct, delight, or admonish. Deduct much you may, on account of personal exterior, or antecedent, but you cannot help admiring his attitude, which says, 'I am here a man like yourself, a friend, a brother; I give you my thoughts, fresh and full of life, as they pass from my brain. They are yours as you hear them; let them be seed-thoughts, and not dried botanical specimens. If I am wrong, I am here to be corrected and answer for it. I crave your love and charity; I am sure of your sympathy.' All this is homely and winning. It is not the dim oracle uttering responses, nor an unseen power claiming affinity and authority over you; it is a man conversing with you in perfect equality. He leads the inquiry, or communicates the instruction; the hearer is the respondent, completing a distinct dialogue.

Even here the lecturer is beset with difficulties. Sydney Smith has well said that one of the great errors of a classical education is, that you come to regard the instrument more than the tone, 'not
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what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself.' The same holds good of any extensive reading. Plato doubted the wisdom of letters, because they produced oblivion in the soul of the learner by depriving him of a rigid exercise of memory. And this is a form of evil which confronts the speaker. He finds a public who have grown into bookworms, and love the volume more than the discourse, the word rather than the thought; who prefer that the writer should think for them than that the speaker should stir them to the exercise itself. The highest encomium they can pass upon any extraordinary effort is a wish to have it stereotyped in a book to gratify their mental indolence; they may then put it on their shelves, and leave to its rows of black letters the preservation of the life and thought it contains. But wisdom and intellectual eminence are quite compatible with ignorance of book-craft; and it has been cleverly observed, on the contrary, that many a wise man begins to appear ridiculous when he begins to print. Such, however, are the forces of a book-reading habit, that no man can help getting into type, or can remain long without it. The public demands to read such efforts, those who have heard that they get at what they missed through inattention, those who have not, that they may see the mimic reflection of the whole; and so the newspaper puts him half way towards a book, giving him another circle, and putting him often to the temptation of publishing in self-defence. This, we are convinced, deters many wise and gifted men from thus disseminating a single idea, lest a second person

'Should clip it round the edge,
And challenge him whose 'twas to swear to it.'

Happily, some are bolder in these matters, and deeming a good thought as soon as formed to be not the author's own but humanity's, go from place to place sowing broadly and prodigally. But we fear this hesitancy operates very prejudicially upon the quality of our lectures; and it is pleasing to see a man like Thackeray bravely combating it, and giving the public his twofold life. He has certainly published his first course of lectures since they were delivered, as at least others may do, but it was more to satisfy than create a demand.

But the lecture is greatest as an educational power. Whatever doubts may be indulged in as to its legitimate adoption as the expression of intellectual earnestness, there can be none as to its employment in this manner. Nothing that can conduce to intelligence, morality, and genuine manliness is to be despised, especially when it comes to us with so many testimonies in its favour as we have of the lecture. It may be often used for mere volatile amusement, and the gossiping away of evening hours; but better do this, so long as the enjoyment is pure and innocent, than that a Bæotian vacuity of mind should settle down upon the healthy sensibilities

sensibilities of a nation or a people. We would not despise it even then. The gossip of travel, the charm of wit and humour, the winning grace of song, the brilliance of large scenical displays, provoke, at least, some exercise of mind, and do not necessarily enervate its powers. But these are mere offshoots, and not the parent stem. In the lecture proper, the educational element is the prevailing one. The cultivated and studious man rubs off much of the dogmatism and narrow-mindedness contracted by a solitary closet-life. He comes out from the attrition of an exercise like this, like the stone from the lapidary's hand. He may be undergoing a self-educatory process, and he meets in the lecturer, the man of high and conscientious spirit, with much help and guidance. Lost in the deserts and continents of a huge book-land, here is the guide, the dragoman, who can lead him safely, interpreting by a keener wit than his own; and we have increasing need that such should be the office of the lecturer. We may distrust the recommendations or dispraise of a literary clique, when we should bow to the judgment of a friend like this. The untutored mind has even more need of this kind of superior guidance. It has to begin and learn the first humbling lesson of mind's superiority to matter, to be fed gradually, led gently, and exhorted tenderly. Such a learner would much rather hear a lecturer than read a book. Apart from the direct interest he may be able to give the subject vocally, the orator has a direct influence on both mind and heart. Gesture, sincerity, and the persuasive force of a vital power, carry the hearer along with him. Philip of Macedon, hearing of one of the orations of Demosthenes, said, 'Had I been there, he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself;' and the modest, unlearned man is persuaded into cultivation, into arming against himself, by similar powers. A book might have only served to make plain to him the difficulties of his position, like a finger-post in the centre of a heath, but a healthy discourse fires him with energy and hope. It takes a firm hold upon him by giving him some of the results of study to excite and impress the imagination, without any preliminary and wearisome processes. It is not necessary he should know the history of the English drama, or the historic sequence of Shakspeare's plays, to be exalted by a scene from the 'Tempest,' or thrilled by an act from 'Hamlet.' He can admire the patriotism of the defenders of Thermopylæ, without knowing beforehand the accurate position of the belligerents, the fine contour of a Grecian face, or being well versed in their social and public life. Knowledge is thus presented to him in its most winning guise, freed from the toil and effort of its acquirement, and his taste is evoked and formed to assist him in future hours. The cultured man is often lost amid 'continents of Brandenburg sand';

sand;’ the novice and imperfectly educated is most hopelessly so. He has no landmarks to help him where there are so many by-paths, and he grows impatient, bewildered, and vacillating. It is here that a supplementary list of books, treating of the subject dealt with, would be a commendable feature in many elementary lectures.

The range a teacher of this kind can occupy may seem very circumscribed; but it is exactly the reverse. All knowledge, science, and art are capable of advancement and demonstration. There is no subject so barren that may not be made full of interest by homely and intelligent exhibition; there is no theme too mean nor too sublime for the occupation of an earnest intellect. An eloquent modern writer has said that, through his verse, Lucretius made music upon the dry bones of the universe; and all the technicalities, the abstruse details of art and science, can be made fascinating through diagrammatic aid and simple lively exposition. Even the mind of the rough, honest navvy is not impregnable; and we find one of these horny-handed, brawny fellows, writing from a distance to the good lady of Beckenham, ‘I should have so liked to have stopped another week to have heard the lecture on chemistry.’* We ourselves have seen a very mixed and unlikely audience assemble to hear papers on monumental brasses, heraldic devices, and architectural details, merely because the room was hung with rubbings, drafts, and casts, the lecturers having already obtained a hold on their hearers through the eye and the imagination. It is impossible to advocate a too wide and varied range of subject. There is room enough for the most diversified talent in the lecturer, let there be adaptation to an equal diversity in the hearer. Unteach what has been learned amiss, arouse the sluggish, and at least fill with something mind and man. Get him a hammer, and send him geologising; a net, and let him once more chase his butterflies and moths; let him make a companion of Shakspeare, Bacon, or Macaulay; be tutored in commercial polity by Adam Smith; in antiquities by Layard or Rawlinson; in song and ballad by Ritson and Percy. The world of literature is wide enough for each man to find interest and congeniality, when once we have created what Johnson aptly styles ‘an inclination.’ Anything is better than that vacant, aimless, helpless, drifting mood, which overwhelms the mind like solitary confinement, and leaves it a prey to all kinds of temptation to kill time, and eventually itself.

The influence of a lecturer does not, and ought not to stop here. A power only equalled by that of the pulpit is opened to him. In the presence of numbers he has given him the highest kind of

* ‘English Hearts and English Hands,’ p. 327.

inspiration, and with it proportionate responsibilities. There is a sensitiveness, an impressibility in the mass, rarely found in the individual. Thought intensifies, and a common feeling soon preponderates. Then it is that *vox populi, vox Dei*. There is a large generosity, a divine sense of justice, a keen perception of truth, a grand patriotism in a throng, that is not to be lightly regarded or wantonly distorted. There would be less illiberality, less bitterness, less impiety, if more submission were made to these broad arbiters we have in common. No ordinary man would openly dare to extol vice, or exhibit a despicable meanness, a vacillating honour and justice, before a large and moderately intelligent audience. It might be guardedly put in a book, or insinuated in a novel, creeping upon you like a cold, glittering serpent; but put to the mass, fused and mighty in their strength, as one vast superhuman conscience, and they would shake and roar like a lion in their grand wrath. But they are plastic and human nevertheless. An orator like Pericles could move the people from confidence to alarm, and from terror back again to confidence; and the merest man who is in earnest has power over our common sentiments. He can move and direct them with his speech, as Eric, the wizard of Norse legend, shifted the winds with his cap. There is no height of virtue, goodness, or love to which he cannot elevate them. Let him, then, use his genius and his art to infuse a higher standard of morals in the people of all grades and intelligences, showing the divineness of knowledge, and playing upon our love of the beautiful and the good, like a breeze upon a harp. His power differs from that of the preacher, because there is no tacit submission to his guidance and correction. In chapel or church there is ever a show of sanctity and sympathy with the man and his theme. Not so in the case of the lecturer. His audience may be, in this respect, in the veriest undress, unknowing how he will handle his topic, or in the greatest ignorance concerning it. If they assent to his direction, it is no mere cold, formal response of the understanding; they have been drawn up to it, or warmed into it. Henceforth it may be for him to create new and pure impulses, and mould the aspect of new lives. Only he should do it boldly and believingly, tenderly and charitably. The author may be a mere craftsman; the true lecturer should be a man of genius, in that he should be moved strongly from within. If he has a wider range than the minister, he need not necessarily do, as Selden said of the early church-lecturers, 'what the fryers heretofore, get away not only the affections, but the bounty that should be bestowed upon the minister.' Nor need he lecture the people 'tame,' although, if his aims be right, the sooner he is able 'to do what he list with them,' the better. He may help the preacher with a sturdy arm,

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or hinder him with a giant power ; as he has carved out a clear path for himself, he may do it for others, or inextricably entangle them in the devious wiles of a sweet self-deception. The once sectarian office has expanded into the broadest significance ; the once bardic teacher retains the character of his priesthood still. The seventeenth century ordained that lecturers should exist to assist the men of God ; the voice of our own demands that they shall still do the same.

A position like this is not to be lightly assumed. The man who undertakes to interpret whatever he sees fair, and good, and noble in history, biography, art, or science, should be a large-hearted, earnest-minded, strong-willed genius. It is not for every weakling to rush in unbidden where even the true sage treads tremblingly. It is not for the mere learned, the glib and facile of tongue, and the happy in assurance, to compete with the early lecturers of Greece, who ennobled common life with purer conceptions, and the exhibition of grander actions. None but a reverential soul can, with them, lift up the crowd from the press and tumult of life to the quiet of the hill-tops and the beauty of the sunset isles. And yet there is room for all species of energy and talent. Whosoever has his written name in God's Golden Book of nobility, has a mission before him wherein he need not quail. The old paths are as yet unthronged with labourers ; and, imitating Xenophanes, in reading parts of his own works, Mr. Charles Dickens has recently led the way in a newer sphere. There are no boundaries to cramp and fetter the outflowings of invention and wit, so long as they are made subservient to noble ones, and help to magnify our moral dignity and manhood. Remembering his power and responsibility, and rightly viewing himself in relation to his hearers, there is no field where his feet may not roam, no air where the wings of his fancy may not flash and quiver, and there is no hope, height, or spirituality to which he may not exalt and inspire his audience.

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- ART. II.—1. *Newspaper Reports of Quarterly Meeting of London Mechanics' Institution, held March 2, 1859:*
2. *Report of Working Men's College.*

IT would be idle to adduce evidence in proof of a fact which no one denies, namely, that working men have only in very limited proportion availed themselves of the advantages afforded by mechanics' institutes. These institutions are, in the majority of instances, supported chiefly by the middle and trading classes ; whilst the working man has generally turned the cold shoulder towards them, or ignored their existence altogether. It has, in short, become

become obvious that to these so-called advantages, the great majority of working men are, either by the very instincts of their nature, or the circumstances of their position, totally indifferent. Now, however lachrymose persons may become about this indifference, we will take leave to assume that, despite their illiteracy, the mass of the labouring classes of this country have native intelligence or rude common sense enough to perceive a real benefit when it is offered to them. If the instinct of the working classes have rejected the so-called advantages hitherto afforded by mechanics' institutes, we may depend upon it that such advantages are intrinsically of equivocal value, at least to them. Alluding possibly to the indifference now spoken of, or to some fact of like character in our social history, Lord Brougham made a declaration a few years ago that the great majority of the people of this country did not really want to be educated. His lordship was right if he used the latter term in the sense which is now ordinarily attached to it. They do not want to be 'educated,' if by that phrase you mean cramming them with mere book learning; making them the mere receptacles for so many imparted facts in art and science; mere beasts of mental burden (if we may be pardoned such a conjunction of terms), sent to carry up and down in this world a certain 'pack of knowledge' for seventy years, more or less, and then to die. They do not want to be 'educated,' if by that you mean that they are to devote themselves exclusively to a life of hard, dry study. Working men are, on the whole, amazingly like their fellow-beings; and the majority of men certainly do *not* want to be 'educated,' if by that you mean to make of them mere reading animals, if you want them to regard the acquisition of book knowledge as the be-all and end-all of their earthly existence. The great blunder which has been committed by the managers of most mechanics' institutes, has consisted in the attempt to increase the proportion of the student class of mankind—a class who must always form a very small section of the human family, and can least of all be recruited among that portion of society who must labour bodily for the necessities of life. Knowledge, or science properly so called, never has been, and never will be, to the mass of mankind, itself *an end*. With men earnestly intent upon intellectual self-culture, its acquisition forms, indeed, a means to the end of energising and enlarging the faculties, and giving them acuteness and force; whilst it is the especial mission of the man of science to investigate for the sake of extending the boundaries of human knowledge. But whoever hopes to 'educate' the great mass of mankind with a view of laying upon each one of us some share of responsibility in this latter work, betrays a total ignorance of human nature, or a total misinterpretation of the designs of God's providence.

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The fundamental basis on which mechanics' institutes were originally founded was, 'that the mind of the mechanic should be rendered as familiar with the *principles* of his trade as his hands were with their application.' Many advantages were expected to result to the community 'from adding to dexterity of hand and ingenuity of head, a knowledge of the scientific principles which are the foundation of every mechanical art.' Here was an object laudable and philanthropic enough, an attempt to occupy ground which had never been occupied before; and the energy and enthusiasm with which, to their honour be it said, the original promoters of mechanics' institutes threw themselves into their work, led to results which, though not perhaps equalling the expectations of some, have nevertheless conferred important and lasting benefits, not merely upon individuals, but upon the community at large. But when the novelty of the project had passed away, it became apparent that an element of error, and therefore of decay, existed in the fundamental principle of which we have spoken. That element of error consisted in this—that the institutions were aiming at an object which could only be accomplished by contravening one of the laws by which Providence seems to carry on the machinery of social life. It appears to be a part of the established order of things that the world's work shall always be carried on by the mass of mankind empirically; and even to human ken, the wisdom of this ordination is sufficiently apparent. How, then, can thinking men be surprised at the failure of institutions based upon a principle of antagonism to the divine organization of the social system?

We by no means overlook the fact that one main cause of the failure of mechanics' institutes, as such, has been, that the working classes were not prepared for them by a more generally extended system of early education. They offered to help the working man to become wiser and happier; but unfortunately, the process of becoming wise had not, with him, begun at the beginning—that is, in his childhood. Adult education, it has been found by painful experience, implies a contradiction in terms. Efficient elementary training alone would have broken up the ground into which it was the laudable purpose of these institutions to cast the seed of instruction. But even assuming that the working classes had been prepared by a greater extension, in this country, of good elemental training, was it to have been expected that the majority of our artisans would have cared anything at all about the scientific principles which their practical hands are constantly applying?—that they would have cared (speaking of them generally) anything at all about the promotion of mechanical inventions? Do the classes that *have* been educated in early life, speaking of them in the aggregate, care anything at all about scientific knowledge?

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Do *they*, when they arrive at years of maturity, and their social position is fixed, trouble themselves about intellectual culture? What proportion of living clergymen, barristers, or medical men, have made intellectual self-culture a habit since they left the colleges or schools in which their capacities were developed? Are not the men fitted by such habits, or by their knowledge of scientific principles, to assume positions of responsibility and command, a scarce article in *every* other walk of life as well as in the humblest? Does not the high remuneration, or the social consideration, which these men command, prove the fact? Then was it not unreasonable to expect that working men would become what no other class of men, *as a class*—not even those who have had all the advantages of early education—ever do become, namely, a student class? Yet this was really what the founders of mechanics' institutes evidently expected. Here, as in connection with many other questions of the day, we find the fact obtruding itself upon observation, that there exists, in a large majority of the minds which take part in the social and philanthropic movements of the day, an utter ignoring or obliviousness of the great fact of the identity of human nature; and which often leads them to form very unwise or very uncharitable conclusions. From mere want of thought, or from allowing their zeal to blind their judgment, a large number of talkers on the subject of the moral elevation of the people are frequently heard to attribute to the world of humanity outside themselves, principles of action which they do not find in their own nature, which they never dream of, in fact, as actuating either themselves or their everyday friends and acquaintances. If the zeal of philanthropists did not so often outrun their discretion, if they would not so frequently part with their naturalness of feeling, their disinterested labours would not so frequently be expended in vain.

If mechanics' institutes are ever to succeed, the managers must avoid this cardinal blunder of addressing grown-up working men, with social positions in most cases fixed, merely *as* working men, or as beings endowed only with a physical and intellectual nature. Man is a being of composite nature—of religious, domestic, and social affections, as well as of mental capacities; and is it any wonder that he should turn away from institutions which offer him nothing more than hard facts in science and history, as he turns away from those pulpits which give him only the dry bones of theology, and teach him nothing of the celestial spirit of religion? If mechanics' institutes are to influence and benefit the working man, they must address his *whole nature*; they must appeal to his innermost heart; they must recognize the fact that he is not merely a being endowed with reasoning faculties, but that he is also, perchance, a husband, a father, a brother, a citizen, *a man*.

a man. They must come home to his every-day interests and every-day happiness; they must aim at his moral rather than his mental elevation—the cultivation of his *character* rather than his intellect. Let not these remarks, however, for one moment be misunderstood, as deprecating the acquisition of knowledge by the masses of the people. Their instruction is most earnestly to be desired, because in numberless ways it would contribute, not only to their own well-being, and the increased well-being, order, and progress of society, but because also it would prove the most efficient of all means of cultivating the moral sense of the community, and thus securing the progress of moral reform. Moreover, the intellectual culture of the individual is most intimately connected with his religious culture. There is a mutual relationship between them, which, though of considerable interest and importance, is but too commonly overlooked. Duty to his moral and spiritual nature, if no other motive, should prompt every man to earnest, however humble, efforts at cultivating also the intellectual faculties with which the Creator has endowed him. But let it never be forgotten that a man's intellectual and moral elevation must ever be mainly *his own* work. It cannot be done *for* him, it must be done *by* himself, though important help may be afforded him in the work. This important help mechanics' institutes are calculated to afford; but unfortunately, as respects the great mass of working men, in this generation at least, from various causes these institutions can do little to help them in the work of intellectual elevation. The majority of them are too ignorant to know how ignorant they are; and hence the great idea of self-culture has never stirred their souls. To proffer them more knowledge when they do not know how to make use of that which is already within their reach, is only (to borrow a simile of Archbishop Whately) like seeking to enlarge the prospect of a short-sighted man by taking him to the top of a hill. But much may be done by mechanics' institutes to help on the moral elevation and social refinement of the working classes; and to this great purpose, as we conceive, merely instructional agency should ever be subordinated in the plans of their managers.

It may be well to repeat, that in thus indicating the broad principle on which these institutions should be conducted, we are referring more especially to those existing at the present day. When a more generally extended and superior system of elementary training shall have prepared a future generation for all the advantages which they would be enabled with proper support to offer, we may hope that they will then become, in a true sense, people's colleges, which shall fill the void now existing between the school and the university. As that day may yet be far distant, we address ourselves to the practical question of what can

be, or ought to be, done with them now, to render them useful and popular among the labouring classes of the community.

Before proceeding further, however, we may be permitted to insert here one word of honour to the men whose unwavering support and constant exertions have caused mechanics' institutes to keep firm hold of the ground which they occupy, and which, however unsatisfactorily they may be alleged to occupy it, every lover of social order and well-being would regret to find deserted and vacant. It must be a source of encouragement to these long-tried friends and supporters of mechanics' institutes, to find them growing strongly, as they now are, in the affections of persons who at one time did not cherish very favourable opinions respecting them. If they have disappointed unreasonable expectations on the one hand, they have dispelled unworthy fears on the other. Prejudices once entertained against them have been overcome, and (here we are using the language of Lord Stanley) 'the establishment of an athenæum, a lyceum, an institute (call it which you will), in every large town in England, is no longer a mere luxury which may be enjoyed or dispensed with at pleasure, but has become an essential and integral part of our social organization.'

We shall rather attempt to elaborate the principle which we have already indicated to be the wisest and truest basis of the management of these institutes, than pretend to give specific directions which could not be applicable in all cases. The circumstances, requirements, and capabilities of differing districts vary so completely, that what is wise and practicable in one locality ceases to be so in another. What is good in a town is inapplicable in a village, and *vice versâ*. We would premise, however, and with great emphasis, that it is indispensable to the complete success of any institution whatever, and especially of institutions aiming to influence men's moral nature, that their managers should be men of thorough earnestness of purpose and benevolence of heart. Who can expect an institution to succeed which is managed by a number of drones who have consented that their names shall be put on the committee only with the understanding that there will be practically little or nothing for them to do; who regard it as a mere matter of form that somebody should be on the committee, but expect that the secretary will really do all the work? Better far to reduce the number of which a committee is to consist, and let it be confined to the men who are earnest enough to devote time and attention to the promotion of the objects of the institute, than have its working impeded by the dead weight of names that appear only to fill up a number, or that their owners may have the *éclât* of being found among the supporters of education. Instances are constantly occurring to observation, in which the earnestness and benevolence

benevolence of a single individual do more for the good of his species in one bare twelvemonth, than the lazy efforts of indolent or sham philanthropists accomplish through a cycle of tedious years. It would much contribute, also, to the efficiency of mechanics' institutes if their committees were in all cases divided into a number of sub-committees, whose business it should be to devote their especial attention to the respective branches of the institution for which they are severally appointed. General committees, appointed for general purposes, are always impatient in the consideration of details; and moreover, the number of which they are constituted is usually too large to make an efficient working body. They are seldom little better than deliberative assemblies; and unless where they divide themselves into sub-committees, they deal very unsatisfactorily with the practical application of schemes. Let each sub-committee undertake a single and defined work. Why should not every mechanics' institute have its library committee, its lecture committee, its finance committee, its committee for the regulation of classes, its recreation and rational amusement committee, and so forth? This suggestion can scarcely be a novel one; it may even be, as respects many institutes, superfluous; but it is one of so much practical importance, that in a paper like this, it will bear reiteration. Such division of labour cannot fail to conduce materially to the prosperity and usefulness of the institution.

Let, then, the conductors of mechanics' institutes avoid the mistake of making the mere impartation of knowledge their only object. Let them address the *whole nature* of man, and not overlook the fact that he is a being endowed not merely with intellect, but with domestic and social affections. Just in proportion as they have recognised this latter fact, and have provided recreation and social enjoyment as well as instruction, have they respectively succeeded. It is the *character* of the individuals who compose our masses which they should seek to elevate and refine; and character concerns the heart quite as much as the head. For this purpose, mere instruction will not do. You may cram a man with all the information which he has capacity to receive; but unless other influences be also brought to bear upon him, his character will remain essentially the same. The 'Times,' on a late occasion, forcibly stated the case with which mechanics' institutes have to deal, in the following terms:—'They who have most explored the masses of our great towns, describe them as a Serbonian bog of ignorance, depression, and general deadness of heart, mind, and soul. Certainly their looks, as they pass to and fro, are not encouraging to the philanthropist; and it argues no small amount of courage for any man to devote himself to the task of their elevation.' We want, instead of this 'general deadness,'

a real, healthful vitality ; and the main instrumentality for bringing this about, would be a more generally-extended system of education for the young. But even where that instrumentality has not been brought into operation, the working man's friend can do much to furnish him with social enjoyments and amusements, as largely intellectual in their character as may be, so as to rescue him not only from 'general deadness of heart, mind, and soul,' but from the debasing influences of recreations falsely so called. What, it may be asked, is done to promote the recreation of the masses of our youth of the critical ages between their teens and opening manhood ? Mechanics' institutes should be able, in great part, to answer this question ; but, alas ! the answer comes to us chiefly from the theatre, the casino, the race-course, the beer-house, or other unrefining sources of amusement. We recently saw it asserted that not a single mechanics' institute had an open space of ground attached, where, at holiday times and in long summer evenings, the members might mingle in harmonious freedom for physical recreation. This ought not to be, and need not be, the case with respect to many such institutions. 'We want,' said Lord Stanley, speaking at the opening of the Oldham Lyceum, 'besides teaching for those who will be instructed, rational amusements for those who only desire to be interested. (Applause.) I am not ashamed of putting that prominently forward as an object which we ought to keep in view.' If mechanics' institutes are really to benefit the working man, they must be, to use the same speaker's phrase, 'partly social, partly literary ; useful to the few who study in earnest, attractive to the many whose chief aim is amusement.' Although they cannot be blamed for having failed to reach the 'Serbonian bog' to which the 'Times' alludes, there was room for effecting much more than they have accomplished, if they had carried out this line of policy. Under wise management they might become, not only to the lower ranks of the middle classes, but to working men, something equivalent to what the metropolitan club is to the nobleman, the politician, or the professional man—attractive resorts where they would meet their equals, and experience the refining and civilising influences of congenial society and rational recreation ; where they would not only have the advantage of books, newspapers, and other elements of amusement and instruction, but opportunities of meeting and transacting their business, and even of obtaining cheap bodily refreshments. Mr. Crawshay, the president of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mechanics' Institute, seemed to share some such views as these, in expressing, as he did, at the annual meeting of the society some three or four years ago, his sense of the importance of the institute possessing a spacious room in which individuals might freely indulge the pleasure of social converse

converse in groups, without interruption to others, and with the greatest satisfaction to themselves. He justly attributed the singular success of a news-room in Newcastle, with its two thousand subscribers, to the fact of its offering this acceptable accommodation. Now, although every mechanics' institute cannot, of course, possess its spacious hall for this purpose, yet Mr. Crawshay's illustration forms an earnest of the probable response which they will receive when they appeal to the *social* nature and feelings of the men whom they seek to benefit.

We have as yet said nothing of what we regard as an undoubted cause of the indifference of the labouring classes towards these institutes—namely, the fact that their operations have too generally ignored altogether the wives and children of working men. Even if a working man felt that he himself, owing to the imperfections of his early education, could derive little benefit from a mechanics' institute, you would warmly attach him to it, and interest him in its operations, if he felt that you were doing good to his family. If you cannot engage his direct support to such institutes, endeavour to obtain his sympathy indirectly, through his affections. Parents are naturally deeply interested in the welfare of their children; they feel a becoming and worthy pride in their advancement, social, moral, or intellectual. A grown-up man is mostly ashamed of being made to *confess* his ignorance, and no doubt a lurking idea that such confession is implied by attendance upon these institutes, is a secret cause of the absence of large numbers. The feeling is a natural one, and not to be altogether contemned. But the most ignorant man is not ashamed of being outstripped in intellectual qualifications by his child. Make, then, your appeal to him through his affections, and depend upon it you will not be disappointed. Wherever practicable, let an efficient day school or evening school for boys and girls form a collateral institution in connection with a mechanics' institute. There need be no fear, in most cases, that such schools will not prove self-supporting. Really good schools and really able schoolmasters are still about the scarcest things in this country, as respects the trading and lower ranks of the middle classes. It is the constant experience of the promoters of schools for the poor, that the advantages they offer are most eagerly sought by classes above the one sought to be benefited. The obvious conclusion from this experience is, that the education given in the commercial schools and the ordinary private seminaries of this country is either very dear in price, or very inferior in quality, or both. Whilst, therefore, the advantages of schools in connection with mechanics' institutes may be offered at a very nominal charge to the children of working men, they will, if efficiently conducted, be pretty sure to attract a sufficient attendance of children whose parents, occupying a somewhat

what higher position in life, would be able and willing to pay a higher rate, and thus make them self-supporting. These are days in which, from various causes, a quick insight has been aroused amongst all classes as to the quality of the education afforded in schools for youth; and with respect at least to large towns, there need be little misgiving as to the success of good, cheap schools. But day and evening schools in connection with mechanics' institutions are not merely an experiment, they are a success. One case is in the writer's own knowledge; and an authority now lying before him states as follows:—

'A day school has been established in connection with the London Institution; there is another at Leeds; and in Lancashire nine of the institutions have day schools attended by upwards of 2,000 pupils. It is reported that they "not only are the most prosperous part of the institution, but add considerably to the prosperity of other departments;" and that "there is no new plan which the directors of a mechanics' institution could adopt with greater assurance of success than the opening of a day school." In one or two instances these schools have been placed under Government inspection; the Committee of Council on Education having contributed to the funds for the erection of the buildings used during the day for the school, and during the evening for the other departments of the institution.'

We know the objection which may be raised to the policy here indicated—that it is converting mechanics' institutions into mere seminaries for children, instead of instructional agencies for adults. We reply, that every well-educated child is a kind of missionary to parents whose advantages in this respect have been inferior to his own—an influence for good in the moral atmosphere of his home. If you make mechanics' institutes useful to the working man's child, you make them useful to the working man himself; and moreover, if you engage the heart of the parent in the success of an institution through one of its collateral agencies, you are then most likely to find him a glad recipient of the benefits offered by departments especially adapted to his individual requirements.

How to interest the *wives* of working men in the success of mechanics' institutes is perhaps a more difficult question than any other in connection with them. But in proportion to its difficulty is its importance; for we verily believe if this could be done, their success would be complete. And this brings us to ask why there should not exist, in connection with every mechanics' institute, a *ladies' committee*, who should undertake the task of appealing to the sympathies of the wives of working men, and, as far as possible, carrying out plans of female adult instruction? There are numbers of benevolent and intelligent ladies in all large towns, and in our villages too, who would gladly become members for the purpose of acting on such committees. We have benevolent ladies willingly forming themselves into committees in connection with ragged schools, educational or training institutions for girls, and various other philanthropic institutions. They labour most willingly

willingly in promoting bazaars, collecting money for religious purposes, visiting the sick, and in numberless other modes prompted by their judgment and benevolence. And who can doubt that, if the invitation were made, there would be found existing amongst them a readiness, a willingness, and aptitude, which only await and desire organization in order that they may be brought to bear, as now upon the young, the sick, and the degraded of their sex, so also upon the ignorance and illiteracy of their adult sisters? With that clear insight which their pure benevolence would suggest—with that intuitive knowledge of the sympathies of their sex, which they alone can possess—it can scarcely be doubted that a committee of ladies would originate most useful operations for the benefit of the female heads of working men's families, or of their daughters. Possibly they might constitute themselves into a visiting committee, or even organize some kind of missionary agency. Many of them could, and would, read or deliver quiet lectures on such subjects as domestic economy, the management of children, cooking, management of sick-rooms, the advantages to working men's families of savings banks, benefit societies, life assurance, and so forth. Where the homes of working men are too far removed from the institutes to make it convenient for their wives to attend such lectures, rooms might be hired within their easy access in their respective neighbourhoods. The truth is, that one cause of the inefficiency of mechanics' institutes has been, that there has been too little of the missionary spirit and missionary agency about them. If the people will not come to your lectures, you must do as other social reformers do—take the lectures to the people. We are not unaware that these hints may to some minds have a somewhat Utopian air about them; and we by no means overlook the prejudice which would have to be encountered in carrying them out. But we have faith in the moral potency, we had almost written the omnipotency, of pure benevolence. A little dexterous management, dictated by a really kind and earnest spirit, would overcome a vast amount of prejudice. We will only again repeat, that if once you could get the wives and daughters of working men to feel that *they* were benefited by mechanics' institutes, the working men themselves would not be so totally indifferent towards them as has hitherto unfortunately happened. One fact is often more stimulating than a hundred suggestions. We will add three facts, and then quit this portion of our theme. In connection with the Working Men's College of London, with which the name of Mr. Maurice is so honourably identified, classes for women have (according to a report lying before us) been instituted, which are, for the most part, conducted by ladies. Very valuable lectures have also been given by medical men. One course of these, 'On the Care of the Sick,' has since been published.

'The classes (we are now quoting from a report of the institution) are held from 3 to 5 p.m., partly that they may not interfere with the lessons to the working men, partly because that time is more convenient to the teachers than the evening would be. It was feared that these hours might be inconvenient to the women themselves; but it will be seen from a table which is subjoined, that they have begun to enter for the whole term, instead of for a single day or week. Their number is now steadily increasing. The attendance has also become very much more regular.'

Our second fact is, that in connection with Haley Hill Working Men's College, Halifax, founded by Mr. Akroyd, there has existed from the commencement a separate branch for young women, a considerable number being in regular attendance. The last of our three facts may be stated with a brevity equal to the second. In connection with a ragged school supported by the Scotch National Church (Dr. Cumming's), Covent Garden, a lady of rank holds (or did very recently) once a week, a mothers' meeting, and teaches upwards of fifty poor mothers how to mend, darn, wash, &c. Acting on the same principle of endeavouring to interest the working man through his affections, all the recreations provided for the members of mechanics' institutes should, as far as practicable, be of such a nature that his family would desire to participate in them as well as himself; his wife and children being admitted either gratuitously, or at a merely nominal charge. It should be the business of a recreation committee to provide rational amusements and pastime in harmony with the spirit and sentiments of the day; or, what is still better, to afford facilities for varied recreation, and leave people as much as possible to strike out their own. Such a committee would not fail to prove one of the most useful branches of a working men's institute.

A collateral agency in connection with these institutes, upon the usefulness of which we would lay great stress, is the establishment of a provident fund, in which not merely the heads of working men's families, but their children, should be invited to accumulate their savings. The proper committee would decide, according to the requirements of the district, how far it would be wise to offer the advantages of a benefit society. In most cases, perhaps, where benefit societies already exist in a neighbourhood, it would be very unwise to clash with their operations. There is abundant room, however, for the multiplication of savings or provident funds. The recent establishment of penny savings banks in various parts of the country indicates the fact. Great as is the usefulness of existing savings banks, they do not fully meet the case of the very humblest class of depositors. One great drawback upon their usefulness consists in the limited hours for which they are open; and another, in the want of greater facilities for the deposit and withdrawal of money. These are not the only causes, but they doubtless are some of the causes, which account for the fact stated in a recent parliamentary report, that for several years past

no

no new savings bank had been established; whilst the aggregate balances of those already in existence appeared to have remained in a stationary condition. We hope to see the day arrive when an increased popular confidence in these banks, and a more intimate acquaintance with their benefits on the part of the working classes, will lead to such an extension of their business as will justify their being open for as many hours in the day and week as other banks; so that a working man or humble tradesman may deposit his five shillings or his five pounds with the same facility that the capitalist can deposit his fifty or thousand pounds at an ordinary banking-house. The latter is usually a transaction of only a few minutes; whereas the more humble transaction of the working man often keeps him waiting an hour or two, owing to the depositors being compelled to throng in at a particular period of the week, rather than at those varying hours when it might best consist with each one's individual engagements. What savings banks cannot now do for the working classes, mechanics' institutes have in some cases already done, and in many more cases might do. They may encourage and foster the formation of provident habits in young and old, and thus affect not merely the characters, but even the fortunes of individuals. We attach the greater importance to the establishment of these provident funds as auxiliaries to mechanics' institutes, because they form a means of doing good to that very large proportion of working people who, from their illiteracy, cannot be expected to take a lively interest in their other departments. To learn the art of taking care of his money a working man needs not the preliminary ability either to read, write, or cipher. All he wants is honesty in the people who are benevolent enough to teach him the art.

Whilst penning the last few sentences, the thought arises in the mind—how very completely and strangely the managers of mechanics' institutes seem to have overlooked in their operations that very large proportion of working men and women who *cannot read*. A large amount of the energy and resources which have been expended in accumulating large libraries, would surely have been expended in other ways, if the fact had been called to mind that the number of persons, even in what are called the educated classes, who cultivate the *habit* of reading, so as to make it a pleasure, is exceedingly small in proportion. And as to those working men who have ever been able to read, the majority have had so little inducement to practise the art as wellnigh to have lost it altogether, or at least find it positively irksome. To persons who are devoid of literary taste, or who have never formed studious habits, newspapers generally form the most attractive kind of reading; and hence the usefulness of news-rooms in connection with mechanics' institutes. They usually prove the most successful
branch

branch which can be grafted upon them. Still, that very large class of working men who read so badly that they derive therefrom little or no pleasure, or who cannot read at all, have never yet received all the consideration which a wise philanthropy would dictate. The great mass of these persons (of course there will be individual exceptions) cannot be expected, after having attained adult years, to set about learning to read, or even improving in the art. They feel it to be too great a shock to their self-respect to be asked thus to confess their illiteracy to the world. A true and wise philanthropy would respect this feeling. However ignorant and illiterate men and women may be, they still *are* men and women—not children, and should be treated as such. Their illiteracy may move us to pity; but their years entitle them to our fraternal love, and our kindly (not patronizing) respect and regard. Now, how comes it that so little thought or attention has been bestowed upon these non-readers, and those to whom reading is irksome? It is very well to multiply the number of our schools, and teach people to read; but why has the benevolence of the age thought so little about instructing or amusing those who are not likely to be able to read as long as they live? It is very praiseworthy to endeavour to elevate men's tastes as to recreation, and to supply them with internal resources of enjoyment; but why have we not thought more about promoting the innocent, and as far as possible instructive, amusement of the multitude whose tastes have been already developed almost beyond our guidance? It is easier to put such questions than to answer them. An experiment which was recently made in Newcastle in the winter season may, however, furnish a hint as to what *might* be done. We refer to the 'public readings,' so called, which were held in the lecture-room. Various gentlemen of the town gave their services gratuitously as readers of a popular history of England; and these readings, interluded with vocal and instrumental music, constituted an attractive entertainment, from which the most illiterate working man, at a very trifling cost, might have derived great instruction as well as rational recreation. The readings extended over several nights; they were the result of a private speculation, and we believe that, *as* a speculation, they were not a failure. They did not, however, attract that large proportion of the working classes which had been hoped for—a fact which may be partly accounted for, perhaps, by their novelty. Their nature could not be very widely known, or rather understood, among working men; and they, like other men, are not prone to spend their money upon *experiments* in the way of recreation. A somewhat similar means of popular recreation and instruction was adopted about the same time in Manchester. There, however, if we understand rightly, the readings were free. A local paper spoke of them as 'free public

public readings;' and stated that the expenses were defrayed by voluntary contributions. They differed also from the 'readings' in Newcastle by not being confined to one author or one subject. Select passages from various authors, and from the current literature of the day, were read; and working men who would prefer having an hour's amusement in this form to frequenting public-houses and beer-shops, 'were earnestly invited,' in the words of a handbill, 'to attend, and bring their wives and the grown-up members of their families with them.' The newspapers stated that in Salford, the adjoining borough, where the experiment appears to have originated, and where it was appropriately prosecuted in the hall of the mechanics' institution, a set of rules were adopted, well calculated to preserve the useful simplicity of its character. The meeting appointed its own chairman for the evening, which gave 'a democratic complexion to the entertainment,' and lessened any savour of patronage which the quick jealousy of humble life might detect in it. 'A necessary proviso was, that no subject should be introduced which was connected with party politics or religious controversy.' This did not, however, exclude the news of the day, when of sufficient interest to command a place; and in some instances extracts from the public journals were thought proper contributions to the evening's amusement. No discussion was allowed; but at the close of the reading any suggestion or opinion, addressed to the chairman, might be stated, provided no speaker occupied more than three minutes. In Salford, also, it was the practice to restrict the duration of each reading to twenty minutes, and to devote short intervals to vocal and instrumental music. Now, in these novel experiments, whatever their success, there is embodied a very valuable, though perhaps still crude idea, which earnest and benevolent minds may turn to valuable account in their endeavours to render mechanics' institutes useful and popular to the working classes, and especially that large section of them whose illiteracy renders it hopeless to reach them through any other agency.

We have few other suggestions to make which are not already very familiar to the minds of managers of mechanics' institutes. Nor do we, indeed, claim the merit of novelty in all cases for those which we have already thrown out. Viewing these institutes from an outside stand-point, and having a real interest in their success, we have endeavoured, not so much to multiply practical hints, as to dwell upon a few which would best indicate the broad general principle on which we conceive that they should be conducted. To have enlarged on the great value of classes for the purposes of efficient instruction; on the interest which has generally been found to attach to news-rooms; on the importance of localizing institutions, as far as possible in the vicinity of working men's homes, bringing

bringing instruction, as it were, to their very doors ; on the desirability of the institutions possessing buildings planned and erected for their especial uses ; on the interest attaching to frequent social gatherings, rural excursions, polytechnic exhibitions, and the like, and the means they afford of keeping the institutions before the public ; on the value of the co-operation of the Society of Arts, and the usefulness of its recently-established system of examinations for members, with a view of distributing prizes and certificates,—to have enlarged, we say, on these things, would have been either to repeat a thrice-told tale, or to dwell upon topics with which all managers of mechanics' institutes are, or ought to be, perfectly familiar. Whilst not overlooking the primary cause of the comparative non-success of these institutes, namely, the absence of a more generally-extended system of early training, we have also desired to point out the mistake which has been at the root of much of their mismanagement, namely, appealing to the capacities of their members as students rather than to their nature as men, and their interests as members of society. An instructional agency must necessarily form part of the machinery of every such institution—its nucleus, indeed. But seeing that the amount of scientific knowledge or general instruction which can be imparted to the working man of the present generation must necessarily be comparatively limited in its range, we have aimed to show that it is a wiser and truer philanthropy to attempt their moral and social, rather than their mental elevation—to cultivate *character* rather than *intellect*. To improve, not human reason merely, but human nature ; to appeal, not alone to the working man's mind, but to his affections, and to come home to his every-day feelings and interests,—these are the ends to be kept in view, if mechanics' institutes are ever to be useful and popular to that class of the community. And let us be distinctly understood that we do not go upon the principle of merely *attracting* working men by hollow amusements or false excitement. This sort of management may succeed for a while ; but, sooner or later, its hollowness and falsity will become apparent, and the institution which has trusted to it will find itself in a worse position than before. On the contrary, we wish working men to be made to feel that they are really and deeply interested in the advantages which a mechanics' institute can offer to them ; that by connection with it they become better and happier men, and learn to enjoy more fully the existence which God has given them. Let the managers of such institutes make their instructional appliances as efficient as they possibly can ; but let them also foster, by every means in their power, all such internal arrangements and auxiliary institutes as have a tendency to give a rightful turn to the whole character of individual members. If a working man, by his connection with a
mechanics'

mechanics' institute, shall have learned to manage prudently and well his humble fortune; shall have learned to take an intelligent interest in the world's passing history; shall have become linked in sympathy with the great social and philanthropic movements of the day, and with the progress of scientific discovery; shall have acquired a taste for refined recreations; shall have formed habits of reflection, observation, and practical judgment; shall have learned to exercise self-respect, and to understand the moral dignity of independence and self-support,—then has a more real and lasting benefit been conferred upon him than if he had gone away the possessor of any amount, however large, of mere book-knowledge, or had even gained the completest familiarity with the scientific principles that regulate the handicraft which forms his daily avocation.

- ART. III.—1. *Tennyson's Poems*. Eleventh edition.
 2. *Tennyson's Princess: a Medley*. Seventh edition.
 3. *In Memoriam*. Seventh edition.
 4. *Tennyson's Maud; and other Poems*. Second edition.
 5. *Tennyson's Idylls of the King*.
 London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1859.

TO that elemental and essential poetry, the ideal of which both poets and critics of poets must, as their own sacred fire, entertain within them, no man in England, perhaps, has ever clomb nearer than Alfred Tennyson. The reedy outskirts of the Muses' haunt are not high enough for him; he must attain to their great presence, he must penetrate into the very lustre of their own inmost sanctuary, returning to us, like the priest from behind the veil, transfigured, luminous. With him, image, emotion, music, which are as the three colours in the rainbow of the poet's thought, lucidly collapsing, orb into song that, heaving, lifts us too on the proud wave of its own rhythmic movement. Minstrels we have had, grander, 'fuller,' perhaps, than he; souls of a larger reach, hearts of a mightier pulse, but never a poet richer, never a poet truer. Finer gold, art more delicate, are nowhere else procurable; and the result is so consummate, that clumsy fingers seek in vain to grasp it. It is a shell most exquisitely white, filling to the lustre of a most golden sea; such a shell as the poet himself found on the Breton coast; 'made so fairily well, a miracle of design; frail, but of force to withstand, year upon year, the shock of cataract-seas.'

The clumsy fingers that seek in vain to grasp it would petulantly crush it;—for coarse are the majority of criticisms that we have seen of this most genuine poet. Dull redactors transmute his

his delicious melodies, his most delicate and divine simplicities, into their own pasteboard prose, and then cry out, 'Look at it! do you call that poetry?' The divinest gift of God, the most beautiful and loveliest of the skiey messengers vouchsafed us now, has been rated like a schoolboy that had stolen apples, before the desk of some tumid editor, who knows only the heaviest scale, making there too a mistake so egregious that the dim thought of it will haunt him.

Ah yes! this delicate loveliness has borne the shock of uglier monsters than the 'cataract-seas;' slippery creatures have slid over it, and mere organic slime—that can but sting—has sought to hide it from the sun. But 'now has descended a serener hour,' and in the great choir of voices that proclaim their joy over it, the sneers of envy and the ineptitudes of incapacity are alike unheard.

Poetry, of late, presents itself, for the most part, in affiliated series. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, to go no higher, come in a group from the Percy Ballads, Burns, and Cowper. Shelley affiliates himself to Coleridge, Keats to Shelley, and Tennyson to Keats. Three is the sacred number, the fundamental figure, the foot that scans the rhythmus of the universe. *Omne trinum perfectum rotundum*; all good things are three; and poets, as among the best, are no exception. But of all poetic triads, the last surely is the richest, the happiest, and the completest. Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson! No, not even in their own verses can we find a more harmonious and triumphant triplet. They are the Three Graces of English literature, and should never be found apart. They should be bound in a volume, whose very title—Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson—were poetry.

'What!' we hear the commoner critics cry, 'do you dare to rank among dead and accepted classics, a mere living aspirant?' Not only that, but we dare to say that this living aspirant, as the ripest of the triad, must take precedence of these, his otherwise equal fellows. As completed bard indeed, and in consideration (with special reference to Wordsworth) of the richer humanity and wider universality of his range, Tennyson, perhaps, transcends the whole series of poets that separates him from Milton.

And if this be true, why should it not be said? Or why should it be said to the dead skull only, and not to the living face of him it touches? 'Right well know I that fame is half dis-fame;' so speaks the melancholy bard himself; why should we not soothe him by a word in season? Does not he do as much, and more, by us? If he feels that he 'walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies,' shall we not seek to disperse the insects? Shall we not seek, so far at least as a little willing shout may go, to drive off from him, if only for a moment, 'the long-necked geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise?'

That

That we should recognize no greatness but dead greatness ! and that we can never see the real height of a man so long as he stands five feet so-and-so at our elbow ! In the poet's own words, we 'judge all nature from her feet of clay, without the will to lift our eyes and see her godlike head, crowned with spiritual fire and touching other worlds.' When shall an uncalculating generosity return among us ? When shall we embrace the beautiful, whence-ever it may come, and without let, without grudge, without reservation, call and cry and name it beautiful ? Must only dulness have the benefit of praise ? Must each new triumph of our fellow but freeze us into polite indifference that withholds its voice from him, or convert us into an obstructive wall that would baulk his hearing, even of the plaudits from without ? Was it only 'at first starting,' according to Charles Reade, 'that Christians and artists loved each other ?' This world is indeed mean ; and in regard to many another besides Merlin, because 'he seems master of all art, it fain would make him master of all vice.'

This meanness Tennyson, as much as any man that breathes, has known and seen and suffered. But he is brave withal, and will not cast himself beneath it : 'never yet,' he cries, 'was noble man but made ignoble talk ; he makes no friend who never made a foe !' In his own work, indeed, he has had his own ample consolation, his own most rich reward. He that has filed so well such vast variety of measures, from 'Claribel' to 'Guinevere' has had no dull time of it. He who woo'd and won 'The Miller's Daughter ;' who scorned 'the Lady Clara Vere de Vere ;' who thrid the awe-hushed palace to the couch of 'Beauty ;' who listened to 'the Stylite,' and who heard the deep voice of 'Ulysses' self ; he that said of 'Lady Clare,' 'Oh, and proudly stood she up ;' he that saw 'Godiva,' 'as he waited for the train at Coventry ;' that dwelt for years, an embowered nightingale, within the wail of 'In Memoriam ;' that sang 'the Princess ;' and that chanted 'Maud ;' that looked into 'the meek blue eyes of Enid,' 'the truest eyes that ever answered heaven ;' he that has been privileged to gather and to grow in stature and in shape before 'the clear face of the blameless King,'—enough !—let 'the common cry of curs' deafen all the air—of living men, here surely is the crown'd happiest ! He surely, if any man, may dwell in a serene unreachable of all 'whose low desire not to feel lowest, makes them level all, and pare the mountain to the plain, to leave an equal baseness.'

We have said that Tennyson, as ripest, must take precedence both of Keats and Shelley ; but we abase neither of these without a grudge. We know what they are without him, but not what he would have been without them. Both died so young too ; Shelley at thirty, Keats at twenty-four. Had Tennyson's mortal sojourn been as short, is it probable that he would have inherited an equal fame ?

fame? With him luckily, however—luckily for us—all has gone differently. They, though young, had done their work not badly, and they died; while he, who needed, and who needing, got, the southern slope-lands and the evening-red, has grown and ripened to the yellow and the heavy ear.

Yes, doubtless; Tennyson owes no light debt to Keats and Shelley; nor, indeed, are his obligations lighter to others of his predecessors. Not alone the splendour and the purity of Shelley, or the mellow notes of Keats, but Wordsworth's severe simplicity, Milton's divine abundance, Spenser's rich tenderness, these also, absorbed and assimilated, turn up like colours in the lustrous verse of Tennyson. Let us not be unjust to this last, however, because of his place in time. Who is it that has not had predecessors? Successive sequence holds of the very quality of the finite; and it is not right that we should impute it singly to any man. Homer himself, first lark that ever sang, would have raised an infinitely thinner note, had not echoes from still earlier 'makers' combin-ingly enriched it. We have only to look back upon our earliest ballads, charming as they are, to become aware of how much the metal of poesy gains in firmness, density, weight, and shape, under the successive hammers of a thousand workmen. And it is in the light of these thoughts that Tennyson must be looked at; for the reproach of imitation is not by any means legitimately his. From first to last, from 'Claribel' to 'Guinevere,' in 'Locksley Hall,' 'Godiva,' 'Lady Clare,' in the Ode to the Duke of Wellington, in 'Ulysses,' in 'The Stylite,' in 'Maud,' 'The Princess,' 'In Memoriam,' the 'Idylls,' it is neither Spenser nor Milton, neither Wordsworth nor Shelley nor Keats; it is Tennyson himself we see, 'Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Still it is probable that the mastery of the craft has proved much more laborious to Tennyson than to either of his co-mates. It is not certain, indeed, that he has yet attained to those consecutive and uninterrupted numbers, to that growing, flowing, and accumulating verse for which both Keats and Shelley—and in the greater degree the latter—are so remarkable. We refer not here to the narrative, which in Tennyson runs on ever with infinite grace of consecution, but to the metres and their peculiar sequence. Read 'Hyperion,' 'Alastor,' 'Comus,' one feels a certain swell, a certain continuous rising in the mere verse; the numbers are welded, they grow, flow, and accumulate. But one can hardly say as much, and in the same sense, for 'The Princess.' We get sight in this poem of a certain chequeredness rather; the oneness, the fusion of an improvised, extempore gush is rare in it; the hand of conscious elaboration seems to linger about it; one finds turns in it, the artificial quaintness of which rings with rhetoric. There is often a peculiar *insertedness*, indicative

as it were, of the very process by which those ‘jewels, five-words-long, that on the stretch’d forefinger of all time, sparkle for ever,’ were actually inlaid. There seems a certain impededness in the movement, a mincingness, a pretty mincingness, as if the feet were fettered—perhaps, like a sultana’s, by ornament—to a certain reach. In short, to borrow words from the metaphysical category of Quantity, the orbit of Tennyson is a *discretum* rather than a *continuum*; the circle may, on the whole, be full, but it has been described, as it were, in a series of interrupted dots, and not in a single, fluent, unintermitted sweep. The regularity of the dots is hardly constant either: they are not always true to the curve, but look oblique; nor are they, in equal spaces, always equally numerous. If Keats, if Shelley, and, better still, if Milton, ‘with his garland and his singing robes about him,’ rise into the empyrean, sustained on one long gust of melody, Tennyson may be said to attain like regions as by a ladder of Jacob, the rounds of which are of celestial workmanship, but not the less rounds. The peculiarity alluded to is seen at its fullest, perhaps, in ‘The Princess,’ where, indeed, the express prettiness proper to an arabesque has raised it into accentuated prominence. Its source is undoubtedly the fastidious labour of the bard: our enjoyment of the poem is undisturbed, however, and any sense of labour that may linger in our ear, disappears in the flow of the narrative. Thorough study, in truth, might educe important results here; for Tennyson’s very latest blank verse, though quite unobstructed whether by prettiness or the insertion of some too irresistible epithet, displays a similar peculiarity; and it is worth inquiry how far is it a conscious, how far is it an unconscious product? Perhaps, indeed, the *discretum* may have this advantage over the *continuum*, that it does not so soon cloy; for where are there poems in any literature that can be read with a less flagging interest than these ‘Mauds,’ ‘Princesses,’ and ‘Idylls?’

We leave here this inquiry, however, and return to our main interest.

The Idyll, or Idyl—for both spellings occur in these very poems, the one attaching itself to the Greek *εἰδύλλιον* and the latter to the Latin *Idylium* (sometimes *Idyllium*, however,)—is, on the whole, Tennyson’s favourite form of rhythmical composition. In this predilection he is not alone however: the Idyll is the favourite form of Keats also, to whom Tennyson directly affiliates himself; and not only of Keats, but of the national poetry in general. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth—to name but these—are all eminently idyllic. The Idyll, indeed, is our national ideal. A discriminative French writer remarks of our English scenery, ‘Rien de plus attendrissant que les paysages Anglais.’ Perhaps, then, it is these landscapes that touch us; for it is certain

that we are not more remarkable for our factitious conventionalism than for our yearning towards the unsophisticated. We toil and moil through life in a thousand unsightly avenues—trade, commerce, profession, office, position—but at the end of each there smiles for us an Idyll: home, the country, trees, fields, and running waters, a purer life with simpler manners and a ruddier health. The national poetry takes the national stamp; and, in this respect, the compositions of Tennyson exhibit a deeper impression, perhaps, than those of any other of our poets. The best of his miscellaneous poems are inscribed, ‘English Idylls;’ and now his latest and most finished work he names, ‘Idylls of the King.’ With such authority before us, we may venture to extend the word to ‘Maud’ and ‘The Princess’ also; and in that case, Tennyson’s poems will be seen to be all—or all but all—Idylls.

According to some critics, however, the word relates to the common, and is misapplied to kings and princesses. We do not see the validity of the objection: it is not certain that poetry relates to the common at all, and it is quite certain that the essence of the Idyll is, that it should be a little picture-poem with nature in the background, and in the foreground, men and women of primitive and simple nobleness. In the sense of this definition, it will be evident to every reader that the term is admirably appropriate to the poems before us; and an examination of these poems themselves will abundantly demonstrate the legitimacy of their claim to an equality of place beside the very highest of the class.

These poems range over a period of some thirty years, and present, as might be expected, a series of gradations from the crudity of poetic youth to the full maturity of poetic manhood. The poet, one would think, however, must have largely burned his *juvenilia*, or, at all events, have subsequently re-worked and re-formed them with unusual diligence and success, for there are but few poems in his collections that can be considered representative of the earliest stages of the art. Even ‘Claribel,’ we fancy, has been left to show the point of departure only—just as we see in cuttings, detached round mounds left standing, useless surely unless to indicate the original surface. The progressive rise from such mere callow sparrow-cheep as ‘mavis dwelleth,’ ‘wave outwelleth,’ ‘throstle lispeth,’ ‘runnel crispeth,’ ‘grot replieth,’ &c., to that most grand and inspired strain that closes ‘The Princess,’ or to that other, grander, perhaps, and more inspired, that is the climax of ‘Guinevere’—this progressive rise, as conceived between such extremes, is even infinite. ‘Claribel’ is almost alone, however, and there is scarcely another poem in the collection on so low a level.

Be the cause where it may, fire or correction, the crudities natural to young poets have, as regards these poems, been pretty well effaced, and the general negative of Tennyson must be named a small one. It consists, like the negative of youth in general, in a preponderance of form over matter, and in a consequent exaggeration and distortion of the form. To make up for substantial deficiency, there is an unsparing use of the mere organ. With will enough and effort enough, there is a vastly disproportionate result; for it is futile to rattle the loom if the shuttle be empty and the warp unbeamed. There is a constant straining at originality in image, verse, and measure, that terminates in affectation only. We have reminiscences of the library rather than reflexes of fact. The imagery seems external: it is traditional and not original. Blooms, shoots, winds, dews, roses, lilies, gold, and silver, are re-distributed simply as they have been received, and with as little difficulty. We do not except from strictures of this nature even such poems as 'Mariana,' 'The Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' and 'The Lady of Shalott.' These are doubtless meant to be very weird and wonderful, but they are mere breath, and, despite their verbal music, are as barren as the wind. The figures are invisible in their own vague splendour: the cup is too luscious; we are surfeited with sweets, and would fain pass it. Experience, in fact, is as yet not ripe enough to give either solid substance or precise shape to the mere dreams of the youth of genius, who, accordingly, wastes himself in the mere formality of his art.

But let us leave the faults and seek the excellences: let us abandon the cold emptiness of the negative for the warm fulness of the affirmative. Let us select for review—a review that our limits will not permit to exceed a very fugitive glance—a few of the most noted of these Idylls.

Almost all of them are named from, and group themselves around, females. As a true poet, Tennyson is conscious of his own double nature; and his purer half, his sister, has ever an indefinable charm for him. Throughout all his poems, female characterization is the leading interest, and touches, the daintiest, the subtlest, and the nicest everywhere abound.

What a charm of natural grace there is in 'Lilian!' what a simple, sweet archness! 'Smiling, never speaking, looking through and through us, thoroughly to undo us,' we see her bodily. The whole charming, natural little scene springs up freshly to our eyes. We feel actually present, we see it all, we enjoy quite as much as the actors themselves the sly and quiet preparation, and then the sudden accomplishment, of the seizure of the little lady. We positively feel the 'crushing' of her. Then the physical music, and the adaptation of physical sound generally

to sense and subject: in such qualities Tennyson is a finished master. There is a little poem of this kind which we recollect to have read ten years ago, and which we miss from the edition before us. It is 'The Skipping-rope,' as regards thought, valueless, but invaluable as a wreath of words that conveyed to the very eye a series of interchanging physical motions. We could have better spared 'Claribel' than 'The Skipping-rope.'

This, which we have just indicated, is of course only one of the smaller adjuncts and adjuvants of poetry: such as it is, it is a true one however, and Tennyson, perhaps of all poets, knows best its use. Tennyson, in truth, is not only a born poet, but he is a complete artist. He is master of the trade, and at home with every tool of it. From assonance and alliteration, up to the Pythian tone of inspiration itself, no secret fails him. Foot, and pause, and rhyme, and rhythm, are all his creatures and docile to his will. He knows what rich virtue, what strange influence may flow from an old word, or a new word, or a word used for the occasion in its stricter and more directly derivative sense. He knows, too, how the mere position of words, single or in clusters, produces those sudden pulsings of physical melody — yea, of essential poetry—that come upon the tuned instrument within us, like the sudden perfume of some unnoticed sweet-briar that arrests us with the charm of its unexpected deliciousness. An absolute power of expression dwells in these poems in its every form indeed, and 'the fitting of aptest words to things' transacts itself unceasingly. Terms and phrases there are, the subtlest, the cunningest, the most penetrative and incisive, that touch the very quick of the truth—that reach to the inner inmost—that drag out the palpitating thought itself to the light and no mere piecemeal husk of it. Tennyson, in short, possesses in its totality that inner melody by virtue of which is bardship his, and he knows every touch and turn that give it egress, direction, modulation.

The poems of the second division, 1832, improve greatly on those of the first, and are mostly flights indicative of a stronger pinion. 'Oenone,' though remarkable for classic depth and purity, has not received the attention she deserves. 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere' is an exceedingly felicitous and effective little piece. The high-born flirt would, for mere pastime, make an insulting conquest of the poet; but to his lucid vision her inner worthlessness is all apparent, and to his simple dignity 'the daughter of a hundred earls is not one to be desired.' His pride, too, is as characteristic as the lady's own: 'he knows she is proud to bear her name, but yet her pride is no match for his, for he is too proud to care from whence he came.' The haughty coquette, he is quite determined, shall not 'fix a vacant stare and slay him with her noble birth.' He tells her pleasantly that 'the grand old
gardener

gardener and his wife laugh at the claims of long descent,' 'that to him a simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats of arms,' and,

'Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

The sort of democratic aristocracy here is particularly fine: it is expressed without envy or any base heat; there is not a trace of vulgarity in it. Here are only the simplicity and the quietude of the fitting self-respect. We are reminded here of the gigantic phrase of Burns, 'that he brings his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God;' and we are pleased that Tennyson, cherishing a like conviction, should express it with so much tranquillity of unpretending assurance. Such things please all—ploughman and parvenu, subject and sovereign—for they touch the eternal dignity of man as man—a height higher yet than that of king or kaiser.

Among the poems of 1832 we have the tale of the sweet, true wife that Alice, 'the Miller's daughter,' made. This is a genuine Idyll, and overpoweringly touching. We know no more perfect poem of a like size in the language. As a tale of love, it breathes at once a tenderness and a truth of passion that can be paralleled nowhere out of any other author. It is a rounded little whole, and there is the charm in it of a picturesque reality that seems stolen from the very person of Nature herself. It exhibits in music, word, thought, and story, a perfection so chaste and pure that it is conceivable only to him who has read it. Fain would we quote—fain hang a long, long time yet over this perfect mirror of sweet love and true poesy—but our limits forbid.

In the same division, 'The Lotus-eaters' is also an exceedingly successful little poem. The dreamy haze of the dreamy, enchanted land is transferred to the verse, and the numbers lift their feet as lusciously slothful as the hours themselves in that overpowering climate. What pictures spread themselves in single lines:

'They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;'

or,

'To dream and dream like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height!'

Besides the mere charms of verse, there is throughout the poem a fine spirit of human reflection. The whole scepticism of the day (how perfectly Tennyson can induce what state of mind he pleases!) comes to richest speech here: no stanza but is a symbol of satiety; no word but breathes itself out languidly as if utterly used up; and every line is glugged weariness.

As the poems of 1832 rise on those of 1830, so do those of
1842

1842 rise upon their predecessors. Still the best of each division must be understood as coming together in the end to constitute a sort of upper house of peers. The tendency to the Idyll comes here more plainly to the surface: as we have already remarked, indeed, this division is even named 'English Idyls.' It is now that a most careful study of Wordsworth makes itself prominent. The 'Excursion,' and pastorals like 'Michael,' must have now attracted to themselves the nights and days of the young Tennyson. Such poems as 'Audley Court,' 'Dora,' 'Walking to the Mail,' 'Edwin Morris,' 'The Gardener's Daughter,' &c., are manifestly mere pleasant exercises of the poet in his art. The best of them, such as the last mentioned, are graceful pictures of flowers, fruits, and trees, alive with beauty and eloquent with love—love the richest, chastest, purest. Everywhere there are charming conceits and the daintiest turns. Still we cannot fail to see a certain straining, a certain stiffness, a certain elaborateness as of an essay or an exercise; and some time after we have read them, they present themselves to our memory as but selected college copy-books, creditable in their series.

It is otherwise, however, with 'The Morte d'Arthur,' 'St. Simeon Stylites,' 'Ulysses,' 'Godiva,' 'The Two Voices,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'The Day-dream,' 'Lady Clare,' &c., all of which are to be ranked among the most perfect poems we possess. In 'Love and Duty,' 'The Golden Year,' 'The Vision of Sin,' 'Amphion,' 'The Talking Oak,' &c., there are quotable gems of rarest lustre, fascinatingly rich with love, phantasy, and wisdom—ripe poesy, indeed, full-tongued if curious-tongued.

Beautiful as Tennyson's miscellaneous poems are, one feels discontented that they should be so short, so fragmentary, so disconnected. Should not this grand power, one is apt to think, have been nursed, and cherished, and fed in secret, till it had been equal to a very Atlas-orb of song? Thinking thus, however, we turn questioningly to the larger poems.

On 'Maud,' we can linger as momentarily only as on her beautiful sisters that have preceded her. This poem, it appears, has hardly succeeded in propitiating official criticsasters. It is one, however, that will stand uninjured mightier blasts than such weak breaths as theirs. It is a most complete, consistent little work, perfect in its rounding, perfect in its keeping, perfect in its details. Maud, 'with her clear-cut face, faultily faultless,' changing for us as she changes for her lover, grows upon us, and fills up into a woman charming and complete, whom we love with our whole love. The brother, 'that oil'd and curled Assyrian bull,' is perfect in his place and perfect in his function. The incidents of the little drama open on us in an extremely felicitous manner, and the character of the moody solitary (with his ways of genius in a sulky temperament)

temperament) that loves Maud, develops itself admirably. The poem abounds, moreover, in ripe reflection, in mature human wisdom, level to the day. The love in it is true and passionate, and gives birth to some of the most exulting and triumphant erotic strains that can be found in any literature. The poet ascends here and there into a fervour of passion unusual to him; and, as regards intensity, 'Maud' is perhaps the intensest poem that Tennyson has ever written. There is indeed in it quite an oriental warmth of feeling and quite an oriental exuberance of music and imagery, and we hesitate not to pronounce it the finest love-chant—most truly is it a chant—in the whole compass of English literature.

'The Princess' is one of the noblest poems we have ever read; it overflows with all the opulence of the guild: it possesses the deepest pathos, and again a sense of greatness, that lifts us to the heroic. The play of fancy is exhaustless, and the skill of the workman unexcelled. How from the prologue, with its wilful little Lilia, its demure maiden aunt, its high-spirited students, the travestied statue of Sir Ralph, the bluff Sir Walter, the lady-knight that fought her foes, the institute, and 'the nineteenth century on the grass,'—how from all these, as from so many reels and bobbins, the magic threads wind off that spin themselves into this dream-like medley. The cracked old Gama himself hangs on by the prologue, and has his particular thread somewhere—that we feel sure of—though we cannot exactly say where. But this poem has a purpose, and an important one; and more light has been thrown by it on the question of the relative position of the sexes than by all the express articles ever written on the subject in book or newspaper. In this the poet has done good service to his own immediate days. So nobly, too, as the result is expressed! Than the Prince's address to the subdued and softened Ida, what subtler strain of inspiration can we well find in any other bard?

'The Idylls of the King'—in view of their length, of the unity that imparts symmetry and coherence to them, and of the calm, ripe power in which, as in an atmosphere, they live—are certainly the most important of all the Idylls. The introduction to 'The Morte d'Arthur,' in which we learn 'he burnt his Epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books,' leaves us at no loss to know that we are here in presence of the poet's earliest love. Keats, sick of the meanness and mercenariness of modern life, fled to an ideal Greece; and Tennyson, sick too, took refuge in the fairy land of Arthur and the Table Round. To such a gentle soul as that of the young, and as yet unknown Tennyson, we may readily conceive the dominant manners of his own days as all unsuited. From the vulgar indifference of the mere wealthy, as from the
equally

equally offensive indifference of the mere well-born, what could he, with his credulity (as poet) of Godhood everywhere, and his soul athirst for sympathy,—what could he but turn, chilled, repelled, indignant? What dear delight to such a soul to flee from the jarring world of the present, and breathe its own natural air amid the nobleness and the knightliness that floated palpably from the grand personages of that land of Faëry! Then, like a true poet, he would not breathe this fine air selfishly, but he would open it to his fellows; and so he mused and mused, and dreamed and dreamed, and for us, too, spread those lustrous lawns, and rainbow woods, and golden palaces, filling them with shapes the stateliest and the best of generous poesy. What a healing lies in these grand phantasies for the sick time that glares around us! What shapes of men and women, to shame us out of our vulgarity, impurity, and corruption!

In female characterization, we have already had occasion to remark the power of Tennyson; but all previous triumphs in this kind are outdone by the present. The women of the 'Idylls' are emphatically representative women. Elaine, though perhaps clearer, harder, and, so to speak, more simply single, may be looked on as but a younger sister of Enid; but Enid, Vivien, and Guinevere are sharply defined, and each is typical of a class.

Vivien is the true *Dame aux Camelias*, and not that hectic nullity of French sentimentalism that has usurped the name. She is the true light woman, with all her wiles, and with all her selfish shallowness. Rebuffed, detected, stale, 'she hears in thought the lavish comments when her name is named, and hates the knights.' No resource is left her but the aged Merlin, with his shaggy eyebrows, and his shaggy beard. Him, then, she follows with her arts relentlessly, and all the more relentlessly that she knows him to possess a spell which, once hers, would restore to her will the power that had forsaken her charms. Of course, she succeeds, and she leaves the outwitted sage, shrieking out over him the just reproach of 'fool.' The poet has here ample canvas for his woman's lore, but the subject is unpleasant. The wise old Merlin, in such undignified positions, causes but pain; and the image will not mitigate the fact that

* The pale blood of the wizard, at her touch,
Took gayer colours, like an opal warmed.*

What a contrast to the evil, hard, and shameless Vivien is the guileless, sweet, shamefaced Enid, the very type and model of a faithful, tender, and a loving spouse! Her husband, the good, honest, frank, lusty Geraint, sullen from misapprehension, puts her to a variety of trials, which the sweetsoul bears with such unchangingness of obedience, that the reader is completely won
to

to her. Some of the scenes are exquisitely beautiful, finely conceived, and skilfully executed.

Guinevere is a character of a very different stamp from that of Enid. She is a queen, every inch of her, if a sinful one: she is also a woman, every thought and feeling of her, if, too, a sinful one. She is not the meek, and sweet, and gentle Enid, but still less is she the shallow, loose, and flaunting Vivien. She loved Lancelot, mistaking him, unfortunately, for Arthur, her affianced lord, before she had seen the latter; and high, generous, and stately, she yet possesses not moral power enough to clasp her feelings to her duty. Yet, in her heart of hearts, there lurks the better woman; and, in the end, her penitence and recognition of the worth of him she has injured are most noble and queenlike.

The male characters in these fine tales are as successful as the female. So statelily they move in the simple knightliness that is their element! 'They step with all grace, and not with half disdain hid under grace, as in a smaller time, but kindly men moving with kindly men.' What smaller time the poet means, the reader sees. Yes; politeness now-a-days is seldom more than 'half disdain hid under grace.' Generally, indeed, it is something infinitely worse than this: it is the affectation of a certain easy audacity, in which there is no ease nevertheless, but always the uneasy self-interrogation, 'Have I hit it, think you?' Whatever it be, and whence-ever it be, we all know it. Tennyson has here accurately indicated it: he, indeed, knows it well—we remember he was 'gorgonized by the stony British stare of an oil'd and curled Assyrian bull'—and hates it. Whatever is genuine in the island hates it, and most fervently prays to be delivered from it. It is the mildew that sits withering up all our social existence now.

Fine manners find in Lancelot their sort of living impersonation. He moves, and breathes, and speaks, and acts full man, full gentleman, the knightliest of all the court, the star of chivalry. But our grand poet, loving all that is pure and chaste in life, will not allow Lancelot to pass by as something perfect, as something to be revered only. He will not let us see him without the cloud upon his brow, fallen from his sin with Guinevere, and against the king. Noble, grand, he stands up still, but a chequered image, 'for the great and guilty love he bare the queen, in battle with the love he bare his lord, had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.' In grand consciousness of this, the grand man, though fallen, says himself: 'In me there dwells no greatness, save it be some far-off touch of greatness, to know well I am not great: there (pointing to Arthur), there is the man!'

Yes, there is the man; for Lancelot and every other figure become eclipsed and lost in the lustre that surrounds the king.

Not

Not without reason, but rightly, are they named 'The Idylls of the King;' for he is the ever-present unity of the whole, and all else is ancillary merely. To the eye of the bard, no purer, greater figure ever grew than this of Arthur. To the eye of the reader, also, most truly can it be said to grow; for it is only at the last, when we have reached the focus of the climax, that a thousand little traits that we had passed unheeded, suddenly flash together, in our consciousness, into an image of such pure and perfect hero-hood, that our own small humanity must dilate to hold it. The art with which the individual beams, at first scattered here and there, and lost to sight, are, at length, and all at once, and suddenly, in one transcendent and astounding focus, gathered, is, beyond expression, great. Into this focus even 'The Morte d'Arthur' enters as a component ray of no weak lustre; and now it is only that we understand who he was 'who fought all day in Lyonesse;' him for whom Sir Bedivere 'made broad his shoulders to receive his weight;' him who told us, 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.' Queen Guinevere, and Lancelot, and all the court, were, after all, not of this man's height. To her and them 'he was all fault who had no fault;' whom she could love, whom they could love 'must have a touch of earth:' 'it was the low sun made the colour.' He was but 'a moral child,' 'a passionate perfection,' and 'who can gaze upon the sun in heaven?' To them, nobleness was tame-ness. To such interpreters, 'his white blamelessness, from over-fineness not intelligible, was accounted blame.' Yet the unconscious instinct of his greatness lies in them all, and radiates from them all.

See him, how he moves among them! Vivien has spoken words of invitation to him, 'at which the king had gazed upon her blankly, and gone by.' Enid, 'gravely smiling, he lifts from horse, and kisses with all pureness, brother-like, and shows an empty tent allotted her, and, glancing for a moment till he sees her pass into it,' turns then, &c. Oh, the mild face of this blameless king! we see it even when Geraint begs permission to leave the court, 'and the king mused for a little on his plea, but, last, allowing it,' &c. What noble trust he has in his dear friend, the great Sir Lancelot, and in his queen! When the courtiers pledge the two, Sir Lancelot and her, he, the king, listens, smiling; for, pure and great himself, they, too, are pure and great, and the love between them must be pure and great and chivalrous, and it pleases him, as between such dear ones. When suspicion comes, it finds the soil so noble that it has pains to grow: 'and the king glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.' How he felt, and what he did, when the truth came, make manifest the man. The queen says, 'He never spake a word of reproach to me; he never had a glimpse of mine untruth.'

untruth.' How could he—he who 'honoured his own word as if it were his God's,' and was so white himself that his whiteness shone upon, and hid the blacknesses of those around him?

Let us see him in the fight, this 'moral child;' let us see 'the king charge at the head of all his Table Round, and break' the foe! Let us see him,

'High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume,
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood!'

And seeing him thus, let us remember how mild he is at home, how 'if his own knight casts him down, he laughs, saying his knights are better men than he.' Yet Lancelot 'never saw his like' in war: 'there lives no greater leader.'

Then see him with Lancelot, even after suspicion has been whispered to him: he flings one arm about his neck 'with full affection,' and says,

'Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have
Most love and most affiance, for I know
What thou hast been in battle by my side.'

These are some of the traits that we pass, and hardly see, but which flash up suddenly into our recollection, when we hear his last words to the queen, and get the last glimpse of his face, 'which then was as an angel's.' For these constitute the climax, and there is the focus of which we have spoken. These the last words of the king over the queen, 'grovelling at his feet, with her face against the floor,' issuing, as it were, from the great wound in his mighty heart, rise up like the yearning music of a pure god in sorrow. Hollow, monotonous, terrible with wrong, awful with prophecy, deep with the depth of doom, the voice of the blameless king, now superhuman, strikes, clang on clang, appalling the sinner at his feet, appalling us. All the sad story: the treachery, the sin, the grief, the ruin of the noblest plans, the sense of greatness unappreciated, the wrong to friendship and to faith, 'the pang that made his tears burn, while he weighed their hearts with one too wholly true to dream untruth in them;' the grand tenderness—tenderness as of a woman, a man, a saint—in him 'whose vast pity almost made him die;' the grand forgiveness, the mighty love unchanged, unchangeable; the hope that, 'leaning on our fair father, Christ,' and purified, she yet may claim him 'in that world where all are pure'—all comes upon the reader, who feels himself transformed, intensified, as by communication with the hearts of angels—all comes upon him—and his throat is swollen and his eyes burn—all comes upon him with a sense of grandeur, with a weight and conflict of emotion, with a sublimity of sorrow, such as he shall have for the first time then experienced from the power of poet. 'O true and tender!

O selfless

O selfless man, and stainless gentleman!' well might the queen exclaim: 'Ah, great and gentle lord, who wast, as is the conscience of a saint among his warring senses, to thy knights—now I see thee what thou art; thou art the highest and most human too; not Lancelot, nor another!' Yes, the highest and most human too; not Lancelot, nor another! A king indeed, a man, a gentleman, a royal man, a royal gentleman—'the King!' Can we see him, and not grow better? Can we think upon that clear face, without acknowledgment that we possess, through Tennyson, the light of another moral sun within us, which sun has been gathered by the poet from the infinite white light of Christ, and fixed, to guide us, within the large ideal of a Christian king?

Ideal certainly, and superhuman, are these shapes, but not *inhuman*; no good feature there but may be ours. As for Enid, we should pity that man who has not seen and known and loved her somewhere—somewhere as mother, sister, daughter, wife, rare as she certainly becomes: for Enid, once the ideal of an Englishwoman, now too 'slow' for these 'fast' times, and ill at ease beneath the bold eyes of the new audacity, can find but little favour anywhere now-a-days, and is hardly even seen by our oil'd Assyrian arbiters.

We do not agree, then, with the objection that the personages in these poems are 'unreal and belong to fairy land:' on the contrary, we believe them valuable wholly and solely for the humanity that is in them. That that humanity should be demonstrated alien to the actual world, and not in us, would nowise move us; for that humanity, if not now in us, was once in us, and should still be in us. If we are so wedded to colour that these transparent lovelinesses are invisible to us, the blame is ours, the loss is ours. The objection, in short, is baseless, and if admitted, would wither up, not these alone, but all the other great shapes shadowless of sacred poesy.

In these Idylls we have the very purest growths of genius; and they are presented to us with all the charms of the most finished art. No effort now; no straining for originality; the light touch of the master everywhere! The story flows on with entrancing simplicity; and we are ever and anon surprised into tears, touched to the quick by the mere beauty of it. The simplicity, too, is not bald, not austere, but soft, and delicate, and lustrous. 'To doubt the fairness of these poems were to want an eye; to doubt their pureness were to want a heart.'

There remains for us but one work of Tennyson's, the 'In Memoriam,' to notice now. The others, as Idylls, seemed to form a unity, and came naturally together; this one, however, stands apart in a solitude all its own. There is a love here greater than the love of women; a grief deep as the grief of mothers in bereavement.

ment. Early associations—and, in confirmation, consult Longfellow's 'Golden Milestone'—constitute the tree that clasps closest the heart of the poet, growing into it with root and branch and tendril: tear this tree up, and oh, the sacred blood that rains upon the ground! We feel indeed as if this were one of those things so inexpressibly holy that they are for silence and the heart only: the noises of the world sound loud and sacrilegious here. We stand upon the threshold of the sacred cell that held his tears, that holds the voice of his distress for ever, and dare hardly venture in. The minstrel bowed upon his lyre—this lyre's fitful note—awe and appal us. Here, if ever, however, is a human heart nakedly given us, and we may not reject the lesson.

The particular grief we shall pass in silence; guessing only 'from its measure' the greatness as well of mourned as mourner. For us, it shall not be the heart of the poet, but the broken heart of the century that wails here in an absolute music. For indeed it is not a particular, but a universal grief that constitutes the burthen of these melodious tears. The soul of the poet, solemnized by the great shadow that has fallen into it, rises into sublimity, and wrestles, Job-like, with the unanswerable Why? Deep doubt has seized him; for these are days of doubt, and scepticism is sovereign of the hour. How beneath the weight of all these doubts, this good soul struggles, lifting to the cope of heaven eyes so pitiful, prayers so fervently earnest! He would indeed be the child of God: but the air is dark, and he knows not where to turn. His soul heaves yearningly Godward: but ever and anon the knowledge of the day falls, like a cold dawn, with a shiver on him; and faith faints helplessly into the arms of despair. That there is 'no hope of fame for modern rhyme,' 'that fame itself expires in endless age,' these are small matters. But now to him 'time has become a maniac scattering dust,' 'life a fury slinging flame,' 'and men but flies, that sting, lay eggs, and die;' and hope there seems none, but, as a particle of matter, 'to be blown about the desert dust,' or 'sealed within the iron hills.' The poems expressing these dismal mental experiences are, we hesitate not to say, absolutely unexcelled, whether in ancient or in modern verse. We refer more particularly to Nos. 53, 54, 55, and others in the immediate neighbourhood of these. It is in one of these that the reader will find what we have been accustomed to consider—when taken in connexion with the general context—the grandest poetical image that has ever been produced, those 'great world's altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God.' Throughout the whole of these magnificent psalms, we have expressions furnished us, the most trenchant and incisive, for all the subtlest turns of educated reflection: no point or cultured speculation but has here its word. One glories in this triumph

triumph of expression: one feels glad that every phantom has received its name at last, and that we have thus power, at will, to summon them into day. Still, again, one feels sad; one feels unsatisfied: can the poet only *name* the phantoms, can he not *lay* them also? Right is it to put the problem: to put the problem, and to put it truly, is the duty of every true man. Far happier were those days, certainly, when the problem was *not* put, and when every man lived and moved and had his being in an all unconscious answer; but our days have been otherwise appointed; we, it seems, must put the problem. But, after all, are we but putting it? The happiness of the unconscious answer is certainly denied us evermore; but have we really not yet attained to the greater happiness, the clearer happiness of a conscious answer? Do not we touch here a question much more important than the mere putting of the problem? As for that, indeed, has not the problem been put and put again; and, as regards mere putting, has it not, at length, reached its ultimate perfection? To what end repeat and re-repeat, and why for ever in these days the sound of doubt, disgust, complaint, hopelessness, weariness, despair? The path of literature after forty, is it only from gloom to gloom? Dickens used to cheer us with the freshness of the mere senses, the elasticity of the mere animal heart: but where is all his buoyancy now? Have we nothing left but flatness, insipidity, staleness? Thackeray, once on a time, could make us hate the meanness of pretension; but has he become himself a portion of that which, all his life, he has so exclusively and industriously watched and held to ridicule? Is his pen but a weary snob, ineffably *blasée*, unutterably used up, that yawns in blank satiety even while it so glibly nibs over the paper? And Carlyle too—despite the occasional Ezekiel-shriek that startles us—that startles himself, perhaps—does he not walk in a cloud, his stomach vinegar, and the world ashes? Then Tennyson, and the questionings of ‘In Memoriam!’ Why is this? Is there nothing for the race but scepticism and the senses, or—scepticism and suicide? Surely we have advanced, at last, beyond the mere putting of the problem; surely the answering of it ‘must even now be of ripe progress!’ Surely there is this answer, at all events, that Christianity, after French criticism, and German criticism, and accepting each for what it is worth, and for all it is worth, is a purer thing than ever, and that it will live for ever, and grow for ever! The cheerless atheism of Feuerbach, and the preposterous autotheism of Max Stirner, are, we know, externally, the latest fruits of the latest philosophy: but they are only externally so; and neither ever really possessed any umbilical cord of junction. No: the true result of the latest philosophy—the true result of Kant and Hegel—is, that knowledge and belief coalesce in lucid union, that

that to reason as to faith, there is but one religion, one God, and one Redeemer.

The small section who affront the sun of Sunday with their dingy pamphlets in their open shops—who occupy, so self-complacently, their flimsy world of an ‘Age of Reason,’—who pretend still to read by the paltry light of French enlightenment,—have been certainly left behind by that other party who,—in the midst of a certain uneasy hesitation that, Antæus-like, must seek renewal of strength, from time to time, in the earth of the senses,—profess adhesion to the faith of Schelling in his Spinozistic epoch: but both have been far transcended by those whom philosophy has enabled consciously to return to the feet of a Mediator and Saviour.

This is the last great step; and it is right that poetry should know of it, that she may apply herself to the more congenial task of singing faith than of painting doubt. Still the reader must not infer that Tennyson, rising, in the sad darkness of the bereaved hour, into the sublime atmosphere of Job, ever condescends to the shabby prose of infidelity. We have said already that his humble heart turns always to the one true refuge; nor indeed has any poet, not even excepting Cowper, written with a purer piety than the bard of ‘In Memoriam.’ If he has ‘touched a jarring lyre at first,’ he strives to ‘make it true’ in the end; and he attains finally the grand hope, with which his dead friend is mingled, to

‘Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land,
Would reach us out the shining hand
And take us as a single soul.’

But the cloud does not sit upon him for ever; rising, it ‘lets the sun strike where it clung:’ and Tennyson, issuing from his grief, has soared to truth and humanized his song. He has come to see that poetry is something infinitely higher than a mere refinement of cultivated leisure; he desires to make it operative towards a purpose; he seeks to lead it, like a purifying spirit, renovatingly, into the actual and the practical. Hence ‘The Princess,’ and ‘The King,’ and the reflective portions of ‘Maud.’ We shall not depreciate these great services to humanity: still we anticipate from Tennyson a turning to the practical completer yet. The ‘stitch, stitch, stitch’ of ‘the Shirt,’ though a very common sound, and heard in a worse than common room, is really much sublimer than the consciously-intervolved word-vapour of Wordsworth on his mountain-top. The ‘One more unfortunate’ on Waterloo Bridge is really more poetical than ‘Guinevere;’ and sorrows like these cry piteously for help to us from every corner. Oh the wrongs of children, for example, in the rank brick-work of fastidious London! Was ever world more cruelly confused and desperate? And shall not the poet aid to purify,
to

to sweeten, and to cleanse? His true themes lie not, after all, in the shadowy legends of a buried past. He himself says, 'Nature brings not back the mastodon, and why should any man remodel models?' The poet, with his stylus and his tablets, gliding between the forest and the sea, or winding round the cataract to the mountain, is not, after all, our highest figure; nor is his highest hest the polishing of carven cedar in refined and amiable solitude. It is the present that must minister to the present: vainly shall we expect an adequate and effectual healing from the recovered images of an ancient tomb.

We have already assigned to Tennyson the nearest place to Milton: still all such decisions of relative rank, are, to a certain extent, invidious, one-sided, and untrue. There is in Milton a density and intensity of metal, audible in the very breadth and depth of the mere ring of it, that securely place him above all later aspirants: but as we have hinted, we are not without compensations in singling out Tennyson from all these for the next place. Dryden and Pope 'give rise to no uneasiness, for they are poets of another class. To Burns we can do justice apart, and on other grounds. With Cowper, Campbell, Southey, Moore, we can set ourselves right. Even Byron and Coleridge shall not excite a qualm, for they are mere Bedouins of verse—nomads—not settlers in the realms of song. Our difficulties relate, all of them, to Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley.

When we think of the 'Laodamia,' for example, we are compelled to admit that there is in Tennyson nothing more perfect, whether in thought or execution, nothing higher, nothing purer, while, at the same time, if not grander, it is at least denser in tone than anything this poet has yet produced. Then Shelley, with his imagination as of the unclouded blue when nothing but the sun is there—his selfless heart—his boundless sympathies—his pity and his gentleness—his images, which are as living sublimities that awe—the supernatural melody of his verse—the unparalleled splendour and magnificence of his innumerable products—how shall we abate him under any man? Keats again, so fecund, facile, full, with his delicious sound, his instantaneous instinct of the very self of elemental beauty, his sumptuous fancy, his gracious imagination—Keats, blowing a pipe so mellow that it charms, whispering single words that are as 'open sesames' to the most enchanting secrets—Keats perplexes us in turn. Where can we find grounds to justify our preference? As compared with either Shelley or Keats, we cannot claim for Tennyson any superiority of original endowment: he is probably inferior to the former in material grandeur, as to the latter in material richness. Perhaps his coinage is less red-new than theirs: perhaps his imagery does not always blend indissolubly into one essence with the

the thought like theirs, but stands side by side with it, illustratively, rhetorically. Perhaps there is in him more art, in them more nature. How found his higher seat then?

As regards Wordsworth, on the other hand, conceding, perhaps, superior richness of original nature to Tennyson, how shall we prefer his products before that 'Laodamia' which we have already vaunted? Coleridge sums up Wordsworth's excellences under six heads, which are shortly these: 1, Pure, appropriate language; 2, Weight and sanity of original reflection; 3, Sinewy strength of lines and paragraphs; 4, Truth to nature; 5, Subtle thought in unison with sensibility, and sympathy with man as man; 6, Imaginative power. Now, every one of these six attributes can be predicated quite as truly of Tennyson as of Wordsworth, and reflection apart, quite as truly, sometimes more truly, both of Keats and Shelley. Coleridge's characteristics are evidently too general then—they do not possess sufficient definiteness of specific limitation to enable us to apply them as criteria regulative and distributive of the distinctive merits of any poet: they are clues tied to a hundred boles; they are general, and not, as they profess themselves, special, critical tests.

Perhaps, on the whole, we may sum up the problem not too incorrectly thus:—

In regard to the question of relative superiority, Tennyson's difficulties with Wordsworth concern not the man but the products; while with Keats and Shelley, they respect less the products than the men.

We have always believed that Wordsworth did not bring with him so directly and absolutely from nature the rich-flushed ivory of the poet's soul as either of his three younger rivals. We fancy we detect all through Wordsworth an occasional insonority as of original wood. In fact, if we consider Wordsworth, in his general character as thinking man, we must admit that his intelligence was, in many directions and to a considerable extent, opaque and wooden. Such we find, from 'The Representative Men,' he must have manifested himself to Emerson. The woody fibre present in the man, however, disappears from his products. His best sonnets, 'The Vernal Ode,' 'Laodamia,' &c., are wholly free from it: it has been roasted out and a perfect metallic ring obtained. It is the quality of this metallic ring, its density, that seems to attach to Wordsworth, relatively to Tennyson, greater weight, greater breadth, greater size, and to approximate him more naturally and justly to Milton. We feel, however, that much of this density is Milton's own; that it is the result of life-long study and effort on the part of Wordsworth, who, in all probability, would never have come near it had not the metal of 'Comus,' 'the 'Odes,' and the 'Sonnets' ever rung in his ear. Observe, too, how often

Wordsworth's 'points' are but affairs of words. Tennyson has been accused of affectation, but the censure is much more blank to Wordsworth. In the ripe works of the former there is no affectation unfilled by a solid core of substance, while, in the best productions of the latter, affectations abound, consisting of mere form, and all but wholly empty. Wordsworth has been called a metaphysical poet. Of metaphysics proper he knows nothing; and how often do we not find the passages specially so named mere convoluted vapours of laborious breath, involving only a fraudulent sublimity of tumid verbiage? Wordsworth's very position was adverse to the production of the humaner and more valuable results of the art. It is not in the nature of things that a man who sets himself to stare at mountains and at lakes only should, in the end, really enrich himself. In such exclusive companionship humanity will well from him, and he will become rigid as his own rocks, narrow and bald and indurated.

Wordsworth, then, probably inferior to Tennyson in primitive and original, becomes certainly inferior to him in ultimate and acquired manhood. Then again, as regards the products, if there seems a superior density of tone in some of them, this merit is weakened by reflection on its source. Here, then, we found the claim of Tennyson to superiority, on greater native manhood, and on the greater variety, richness, and more human interests of his successful products. It is really a great matter that we hear, in Tennyson, a voice from the whole range of culture.

In regard to Shelley and Keats, it is not the natural Tennyson that is greater than either: it is the ripe maturity of his thought, wrought into the fair products of his imagination, that has bestowed on these a weight and value, rare in any poet, and mostly wanting in the young effusions of Keats and Shelley. Thus, then, Tennyson is distinguished from Wordsworth, on the one hand, by superiority, as well of original richness as of acquired range; and, on the other hand, from Keats and Shelley by the ripe maturity and full humanity of his products.

There is one characteristic in which, though it is common to all great writers, Tennyson is unusually eminent—it is the faculty of conception, or of inner perception, inner vision. He never writes until he has fairly pictured all; and while he writes, his eye never for a moment quits the picture, but passes on from point to point with luminous fidelity and unerring accuracy. The anecdote of Arthur treading on a crowned skeleton, from which the crown rolls into light, and, turning on its rims, flees, &c., will illustrate our meaning. Equally good illustrations may be found in the fall of Geraint, his battles, the scene with Enid in the hall of Doorm, the tournament in Elaine, and the final interview of the king with the queen. In this minute picture-work, Tennyson is always particularly

particularly vivid. It is no speciality of his, however, but belongs to all great writers. To tell the whole truth, it is the secret of literature in general: look at it but deep enough, and even the commonest old tub, red-hooped awry, will suggest words to render it interesting.

The main characteristics of Tennyson are yet to mention: they are ethical conception and classical execution; the latter being but the necessary concomitant and natural shadow of the former. The central sun of all Tennyson's writings is the heart: this is the reflection that lies in his deepest deeps. 'In Memoriam' alone demonstrates Tennyson to possess the richest, purest, truest, natural heart of any poet on record; and with this natural heart is involved what we name the whole ethical side of him. We know no poet that has ever displayed an equal sense of moral goodness in its two forms of greatness in man and of purity in woman. To all forms of these he rises thrilling, dilating, brimming. He is the most Christian of poets. This is his leading attribute; and the classic execution is but its emanation, but its natural garment.

Milton is moral certainly; but he is fierce, intolerant, Hebraic; while Tennyson is gentle, sweet, and Christian. Wordsworth is also moral; but he is cold and thin, while Tennyson is warm and rich. There is a spirit of gentleness in Keats and Shelley, especially the latter, which is ethic certainly; but, in Keats, it is aimless and lost in mere sensuous beauty, while, in Shelley, it is a too eager longing only that rushes into error.

It is this ethical or human side of Tennyson that involved his necessity for maturity and experience. To Keats, who had no quest but sensuous beauty, boyhood sufficed. To Shelley again, who, too eager to wait, too impatient even for the laws of time, must, instantly and at once, give voice and shape to all his crude sympathies and torrid anticipations, youth gave verge enough. But Tennyson, who bore the burthen of a purer, richer, larger humanity, required the breadths of Space for his roots and the heights of Time for his branches.

Such are the results of a comparison of Tennyson with several of our greatest Idyllists. We may say that Milton keeps the summit of the hill, and sits amid the thunders; that Wordsworth has chosen for himself a separate crag, where he lives in a somewhat thin complacency, but waited on by simple dignity and solemn earnestness; that Shelley takes the very breast of the mountain, fronting the firmament and the sun; that Keats has found a haunted wood upon the flank, where flash the white feet of the gods and goddesses; and that Tennyson, holding himself free to wander where he will, prefers the fields of labour and the flowers of culture hard by the smoke of roofs.

In conclusion, let us but think again of all those gentlenesses,
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lovelinesses,

lovelinesses, and subtle delicacies, and manly greatnesses, that name themselves 'Godiva,' 'Lady Clare,' 'Enid,' 'Ulysses,' 'Arthur;' let us think of the passionate intensity of 'Maud,' of the exuberant phantasy of 'The Princess,' of the ripe culture, deep thought, and long, long wail of 'In Memoriam;' let us think of the true eye for character in the Ode to the great Duke; let us not forget, either, the poet's kindly, genial, manly letter to his friend Maurice; let us recall all these, and the one tendency that directs them all,

' To keep down the base in man,
To teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man;'

and surely we must agree that, unless language be hypocrisy and literature a sham, this is not only the richest, purest, and truest of poets, but also—so far as record speaks—the richest, purest, and truest living man.

ART. IV.—*Report of the Ministerial Conference on the Liquor Traffic held in Manchester, June, 1857.*

ST. AUGUSTINE relates that when a pagan Roman audience first heard the noble sentiment in Terence, 'Homo sum: humani nihila me alienum puto,' they filled the theatre with their plaudits. But the Church, in teaching its disciples to say 'Christianus sum' ('I am a Christian man'), has enabled each to add, with greater truth and a deeper significance, 'Nothing that concerns mankind is a matter of unconcern to me.' And as a professed body of 'faithful men,' the Church has not forgotten this principle, however imperfect the practice which should have corresponded. In its less purer form the Church afforded shelter to the weak, befriended the oppressed, curbed military violence, and covered Europe with institutions of mercy. Of later times we need not speak at length; for it would be difficult to name one great reform, from the Reformation downwards, which has not issued from the bosom of the Christian Church. Grievous shortcomings there have been it is too true; and the Church as a whole has often gained credit for the benevolent achievements of a part. An active minority may have done the good, but the minority has been Christian, and on their victorious banners are inscribed deeds of glory—triumphs over oppression, selfishness, and mammon—which might well give to angel-faces a brighter glow. And in all this the Church does not neglect its special duties of religious instruction and spiritual fellowship. To do the one it is not necessary to leave the other undone. Its Holy Founder healed the sick and fed the hungry while

while He preached the kingdom of God and marched forwards to the Cross.

But, in truth, the removal of human suffering and degradation does not admit of being considered apart from the immediate interests of the Church; and for the sake of those interests the Church is to do all good to all men. The ministries of evil are manifold, and the Church must battle against them in self-defence; in defence of that internal purity which is imperilled, and those agencies of propagandism which are being counteracted and undermined. It cannot, therefore, be affirmed, with any show of plausibility, that we introduce a foreign question—one on which the Church should remain neutral—when we propose to examine the effect of intoxicating drinks, and the traffic in them, upon the prosperity of the Church; the position hitherto assumed by the Church in return; and the course which each section and member of the Church should pursue with conscientious firmness and spontaneous zeal.

I. Intoxicating liquors, by which we mean all fermented and distilled fluids, possess by their alcoholic nature qualities of a peculiar character—so peculiar that they have a reputation and a history all their own. They excite thirst rather than quench it; they are capable, according to their measure and the temperament of the consumer, of deranging the physical, mental, and moral systems; and they tend to produce an appetite demanding ever larger supplies, and leading, by these supplies, to more frequent degradation and to more premature destruction. To suppose such liquors commonly used, often to the exclusion of every other beverage, is to predict the results we behold, and which nothing but miraculous intervention could have averted. For such drinks multitudes of men and women have surrendered their living—all that they have had—even the vigour necessary to daily labour. Hence pauperism, with its privations and burdens; and from such poverty, multitudes have slidden into crime, or crime has more directly followed the stimulating draught, swallowed either with or without an eye to this result. So have abounded lunacy, idiotcy, with every species of social dissipation and domestic misery of which humanity is capable. Traced back to their real source, these horrors have their origin in the *intoxicating* property of such liquors, a property which they could not fail to exhibit, and by which they have been armed with a power of mischief exceeding that of pestilence or war. It has happened, too, that nations making a Christian profession have been the most fearfully afflicted by this curse; and that among them the traffic in alcoholic beverages has become most widely diffused. A traffic like this is intrinsically dangerous from the dangerous quality of the articles sold; and it has been invariably and inevitably pernicious in a marked degree, because,

1st, It has rendered access to these liquors easy, and their price comparatively cheap; 2ndly, It has offered inducements and temptations to indulgence in them, away from external control; 3rdly, It has associated their use with customs, company, and conversation of a generally demoralizing kind. The social consequences in this kingdom alone are stated by impartial authorities to comprise two-thirds of our crime, and three-fourths of our pauperism, besides a loss of capital and waste of resources (time, money, health, life, industry) sufficient to support an empire. In all these consequences the Church participates through its members: but we desire to glance at some of the direct influences by which it is injuriously affected.

If professing Christians use strong drink, and support the liquor traffic, can they do so with impunity? We answer, No. Alcohol having an invariable physical action, the nervous system of the believer and unbeliever will be similarly affected; and as the rule of use must be what each man thinks good and safe for him, the serpent subtlety of the liquor has too often prevailed against the clearest and cleverest intellect. Pagan rites and pagan revellings were so inseparable that a convert in the primitive Church was protected by his Christian profession from incentives to vinous indulgence; yet exhortations to sobriety bestud the apostolic writings, and in the case of the Corinthian Church, where, at the love-feasts, some were 'hungry, and others were drunken' (not intoxicated, but filled to repletion with the meal consumed), we perceive the care demanded against a subjection to former habits and lusts. When the profession of Christianity became popular, drinking and its kindred disorders multiplied. Cyprian, Augustine, Chrysostom, and the other fathers of the Western and Eastern Churches tell a painful tale. They take up the lament of Isaiah over the intemperance of both priests and people. Festivals in honour of the martyrs were perverted into scenes not a whit superior to Bacchanalian orgies. Ecclesiastical canons of the fourth century forbid any ecclesiastic to visit taverns, and by the Justinian code monks found in such places were liable to civil punishment and exclusion from their order. Gibbon notices the regret of the founder of the Benedictines that the intemperance of the age compelled him to allow his disciples half a pint of wine a day—a moderate grant compared with another rule, that clergymen should not exceed five pounds of wine *per diem*. One monk is said to have deplored that there were sorts of wine of which enough could not be drunk to produce intoxication. The French clergy of the ninth century were forbidden to enter any tavern except as *bonâ fide* travellers—a prohibition revived in 1282. In the reign of Edgar it was found necessary to enjoin that the priests should guard themselves against drunkenness, and reprehend it in others;

no

no priest, too, was to act as ale-scop or as gleeman. Theodorus, in his 'Book of Penances,' puts a 'clericus' guilty of drunkenness on bread and water for two weeks, and a bishop five weeks. Archbishop Anselm orders, in his 'Canons,' that priests shall not go to drinking-matches nor drink to pegs—whence we learn that pegs in drinking cups, which had been devised by St. Dunstan to limit potations, had been made a plea for increasing them. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, 'glutton-masses' were perpetrated several times a year, to the scandal of public decency. Drunkenness was the scourge of the Dark Ages. Our 'Church ales,' 'Whitsun ales,' 'Easter ales,' &c., were times of universal inebriation; and even after the Reformation, the sale of liquor was carried on in some of our town churches to defray the current ecclesiastical expenses. Passing over the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when good men were wearied of complaining, we do not see our own enlightened age delivered from the curse. If drink is emphatically the plague of Britain, it is as emphatically the plague of British churches. Even total-abstinence ministers find that this dreadful thirst for liquor is the dry-rot of their flocks. If every Christian congregation in the kingdom loses but two communicants yearly from this cause, about sixty thousand souls are drawn aside. And the ministry escapes not. One venerable pastor declares that of sixty who were ordained with him, thirteen had, to his knowledge, fallen into this snare. Another tells of twenty contiguous congregations which had drunken ministers who died as they had lived. Another speaks of seven depositions in a month. Another testifies that to this one leprous distilment, directly or indirectly, he could refer all the blemishes he had known in the character of ministers for fifty years. And another supplies an array of facts—thirty-three in number—all bearing upon this one vice. Nor must it be imagined that no evil is inflicted where the signs of hard drinking and positive intoxication are absent. Dr. Pye Smith, one of the most charitable of judges, has noticed that the supposed moderate use of alcoholic beverages is attended by an awful liability to spurious religion—a fancied devotionism which is due to the spirit of wine. When the North-American Indian curtly said that he was 'not Christian Indian but Whisky Indian,' he broached a philosophical distinction which the Church would do well to revolve. It is not stupid or wild intemperance by which the inward purity and spiritual power of the Church is mostly impaired. Not now, but hereafter, it will be revealed how much of secret sin and open schism is connected with a 'moderate' indulgence, which yet leaves the judgment less clear, the passions less under control, the heart less subject to the influences of meekness and lovingkindness!

But this is not all. The Church has many organizations for the spread

spread of truth and the propagation of religion. To all of these, drink and the drink trade present a resisting medium, and countervailing forces of tremendous magnitude. There is one day set apart for public worship; but if in the city of Manchester 215,318 visits are paid to the drinking-shops on that day, what probability exists that a population so employed will be prepared or disposed to hear the gospel and be saved? When we begin to compute the myriads who cannot appear decently dressed on the Lord's day, through a vice not their own, all hope of reaching the masses, under such circumstances, is taken away. Or examine the Sunday-school. It is open five hours in the week, the drinking-shop is open six days and eight hours. One teacher, who traced the course of sixty scholars, found that one-half had been ruined by drink. The Rev. J. Sherman stated that of forty-six young persons who had passed through the vestry-class of Surrey Chapel, thirteen became drunkards, nine were occasionally drunk, thirteen were steady, and three could not be found. The Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. Sherman's successor, has described a Sunday scene in the Blackfriars Road:—'A dozen boys, from eight to twelve years of age, were standing outside a gin-palace, round another boy of fourteen, who held a jug of spirits in one hand, and some glasses in the other, which he filled and handed to his companions.' In Wakefield gaol, three hundred and ten of the prisoners had been in Sunday-schools, and fifty-nine of these had been there between two and three years, sixty-eight between three and five, and ninety-three five years. The tables of Mr. T. B. Smithies show that of 10,361 inmates of prisons and penitentiaries, 6,572 had attended Sunday-schools. The circulation of the Scriptures and other religious publications, and every scheme of Home Missions and Church Extension, have the same obstruction to encounter. Will no good be effected? It were foolish to assert it; but the good must be fractional, and much of it temporary, while customs prevail and a traffic thrives by which the brain is systematically poisoned, and the mind disqualified for all healthy action. One who had acquired a right to speak with confidence declared—'We may build churches and chapels, and multiply schools, but until the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed we shall never act upon them as we would wish.' To the same conclusion a writer in the 'North British Review' has arrived, and thus expresses it:—

'It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will, soaking their brains with beer, or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, the library, and the church, all united against the beer-house and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell.'

Of foreign missionary enterprises the same testimony is borne. The declaration of Dr. Livingstone with regard to the South African

African aborigines 'that the introduction of English drinks would inevitably cause destruction of both their bodies and souls,' is the marrow of all missionary evidence from all points of the compass. In the Turkish provinces, where drunkenness had become synonymous with a Christian profession, the American missionaries have vindicated the honour of the Christian name, and now abstinence from wine is one of the signs by which native converts are distinguished. Of India an experienced observer, the late Archdeacon Jeffreys, has said, in substance, that if missionary success led to the use of strong drink among the native Christians, more harm than good would be the issue—a prospect which may well appal the sanguine believer. Already the arrack-shops, patronised by government, are acclimating this exotic vice among the heathen Hindoos, whose conversion to Christianity as tippling idolaters will be indefinitely deferred. The Karens of Pegu, whose evangelization has made extraordinary progress, uniformly refuse to take intoxicating liquor after their admission into the Christian Church.

II. The attitude of the Christian Church, in the presence of this terrible enemy, next calls for examination. And here, in courtesy and justice, we give precedence to our North American kinsmen. The American Temperance Union was formed in the vestry of a Boston church, and from that period to the present the ministers of all denominations in the United States have associated themselves with the temperance reform in a practical and public manner, which we look for in vain at home. The Protestant Episcopal Church, one of the wealthiest and smallest in the States, has always been the least conspicuous in this attachment; though in Bishops Potter and Mellvaine the cause of temperance has welcomed two of its foremost friends. The simple facts that intoxicating liquors of any kind are used as a beverage by only a small proportion of the ministers of any other denomination; that some considerable denominations are without a single moderate-drinking minister, and with very few such members; and that the traffic in strong drink is held in avowed abhorrence by all ecclesiastical communions;—these are facts which demonstrate an advanced state of opinion honourable to American Christianity. Twenty-one years ago (1838), the Presbyterian Synod of Tennessee adopted the following resolution: 'Whereas the cause of temperance is the cause of God, and the cause of religion is deeply wounded by any act calculated to promote habits of intemperance; and whereas the manufacture and vending of ardent spirits and the retail of intoxicating liquors have a direct tendency to excite their intemperate use; and therefore he who manufactures or vends such liquors for other than medical purposes is the enemy of his fellow-man, of religion, and of

of God,—be it therefore unanimously resolved by this Synod, that any person who is guilty of the above acts, or either of them, is not a worthy professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, whose whole spirit is to do good to the bodies and souls of men; and that it is the duty of our church-sessions to exclude from the communion of the Church all such persons so guilty as aforesaid, until by repentance and abandonment of the unholy traffic, they may be restored according to the Gospel and the usage of this Church.’ In the Maine-Law movement, both in Maine and the other States where a prohibitory law has been obtained or demanded, resolutions of commendation have freely, and in most cases unanimously passed the associations, conferences, or synods to which they have been submitted. We are not aware that personal abstinence is anywhere a statutory *sine quâ non* of church membership; but so accustomed is religious society to consider the habitual use of alcoholic drinks as an abuse of them, injurious in practice and dangerous as an example, that a general understanding supplies the place of verbal regulation. In Canada there is a less general and active consent of the Church on this question. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada were for a time powerfully moved by the eloquence of Father Chiniquy; but, both politically and ecclesiastically, Upper Canada is in advance of her sister province. Even here gross inconsistencies prevail. The township of Stratford has one brewery and thirty-seven drink-shops. The brewery is the property of a Protestant, and twenty-nine of the houses are held by Protestant publicans in church fellowship. In Toronto the principal distiller and brewer has erected and endowed a church, dedicated to St. Thomas, in close proximity to his secular establishment. In other quarters other and worthier ideas prevail. The Methodist Conference agreed that, after June 1st, 1859, no person being a liquor-dealer should remain in church membership; and the United Presbyterian Synod, numbering 131 abstaining ministers, has recently adopted these resolutions: ‘1st. The Synod deeply deplores the sad ravages of intemperance in the Church as well as in the world, and earnestly exhorts all the office-bearers of the Church to use their utmost endeavours by doctrine and discipline, example and influence, to arrest and remove this widely-extended and destructive vice. 2ndly. That as the liquor-traffic, as now legally conducted, tends directly to extend and perpetuate the evils deplored, it is both expedient and necessary that the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors be placed under most effective and salutary restrictions; and the Synod hereby approves all legitimate efforts to procure the enactment of a Prohibitory Liquor Law.’ Of another complexion is the statement that a report of the Temperance Committee, presented by Dr. Shortt to the Synod of the Church of England,

Canada

Canada West, indicating the traffic as the great cause of intemperance, and advising its legislative abolition, was referred back to the Committee for modifications acceptable to the majority of the Synod. In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and the other adjacent British provinces, the current of religious feeling is strongly in favour of all temperance agencies. On the 12th of December, the Episcopal Bishop of Nova Scotia delivered a temperance discourse.

Our survey of the Christian Church in the United Kingdom, in reference to this question, must be necessarily brief. The Anglican Establishment contains, it may be estimated, some hundreds of clergymen, who are devoted friends of this reform; and a zealous young clergyman, the Rev. Stopford J. Ram, is preparing a statement of total-abstinence principles, to be signed by pledged clergymen only. Among the Nonconformist bodies, the branches of the great Methodist stock deserve first mention, on account of the principles of their venerated founder. His sentiments, in opposition both to dram-drinking and the drink-traffic, were so explicitly and boldly proclaimed, and even embodied in his ecclesiastical policy, that every religious society of Wesleyan lineage should have been a *de facto* temperance organization. Regrets are proverbially vain, or we might indulge very many that the temperance mantle of Wesley has hitherto proved too broad for his children's shoulders; and that in this respect they have not emulated the filial fidelity of the ancient Rechabites to the commands of Jonadab. In 1841 the Wesleyan Conference seriously compromised itself by adopting three resolutions intended to discourage the temperance agitation. Of late years a more amicable disposition has been evinced; the Sunday drink-traffic has been repeatedly petitioned against; and though failure attended an effort, last August, on the part of the United Kingdom Alliance and the Manchester and Salford Temperance Society, to get memorials presented in open Conference, or to get a committee appointed by Conference, we do not abandon the hope of a change alike salutary and creditable to that influential community of Christians. The Methodist New Connexion Conference, at its last sitting, chose a committee to meet certain memorialists, and subsequently, after interesting discussion, adopted a resolution 'affectionately exhorting all its members to use their influence to suppress the evils of intemperance, and spread the blessings of sobriety throughout the land.' About one-third of the delegates voted in favour of a resolution recommending to the churches the non-admission of persons into church communion while engaged in the liquor-traffic. The last Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches was memorialized by the temperance societies of Sheffield, where it was convened, and it was 'Resolved

—That

—That this Assembly rejoices in the success which has resulted from the labours of the advocates for the suppression of intemperance, and earnestly recommends all its ministers, other officers, and members of the United Methodist Free Churches to render their aid to all proper means for the suppression of intemperance.' Such nebulous phraseology is not the metal of which thunderbolts are made; but as an earnest of better things, it is acceptable and useful. The Primitive Methodist denomination has repeatedly expressed its sympathy with temperance reform, and a majority of its ministers and members are believed to be personal abstainers. Many of the Wesleyan Reformers are well affected. The Bible Christians—Methodists without the name—are cordial supporters of the temperance cause by word and deed. In Cornwall some Wesleyan Societies were formed in 1841, which make personal abstinence, and the use of unfermented wine in the Lord's Supper, an integral part of their church policy. They are reported as flourishing. The Independent denomination includes numerous adherents of total abstinence and prohibition. Among those of this class who have gone down into silence, but who being dead yet speak, the names of Jay, Knill, Pye Smith, shine with starry splendour. The Congregational Union has been frequently memorialized, but without any definite result; the memorials, if we remember right, being put under the table. Dr. Campbell, who has put forth vigorous intermittent efforts on the side of temperance, was one who could see no propriety in such a subject being discussed by such a body! The Baptists can boast of many able temperance champions, but their Associations have seldom, we think, been moved upon the question. The most decided deliverance proceeded, in 1854, from the Annual Conference of the Midland Association, which unanimously adopted the following resolution: 'That this Association makes its renewed and earnest appeal to all Christians and church officers, and especially to all Christian ministers, solemnly before God, to consider their individual duty in relation to the temperance movement, lest by their refusal or neglect to co-operate with it, they should be found retarding a great movement, and bringing reproach upon our common Christianity.'

No body of Christians, in proportion to their numbers, has given temperance efforts more generous aid than the Society of Friends. James Backhouse, Daniel Wheeler, Thomas Shillitoe, J. J. Gurney, Joseph Sturge, and Joseph Eaton—not omitting Nathaniel Card, the originator of the United Kingdom Alliance—are examples of what we mean. A Friends' Temperance Society is in healthy action; and the Yearly Epistles have acquired an increasing plainness of speech, which can be anything but well-pleasing to great manufacturers and venders of strong drink—the

Allsopps

Allsopps and Crowleys—that do not sympathise with the journalist who says, ‘It is a strange but an actual anomaly of our age, that a serious brewer may be subscribing to ragged schools and churches with one hand, while cheating the ragged out of their money with the other.’

Our smaller Protestant denominations are by no means indifferent to the cause of national sobriety, and some of them effectively contribute to its public furtherance. In England the Roman Catholic priesthood has manifested in a few places sympathy with the temperance movement; but those who say to their people, ‘Come and do likewise,’ are very few. The vast influence claimed by them over their flocks could not be more judiciously exerted than in discountenancing customs eating up their means and morals. Cardinal Wiseman has made no sign of adhesion, and we fear will refrain from doing so. Whether his reasons for standing aloof are personal or ecclesiastical, we forbear to inquire.

Wales has earned a paragraph to itself—one of high praise for the religious influence which the Independents, Baptists, and Calvinistic Methodists have contributed to the temperance reform. Nowhere, too, has the principle of prohibition been more heartily received. The eminent David Charles, of Bala, bore testimony, in 1840, to the connection of temperance with the revivals of that period, which, said he, ‘are more than a sufficient compensation for our labour and reproach.’ In the revivals of the present year the same connection is visible. To a great degree a revival of temperance and religion involve each other. At Aberystwith hundreds of converts have been made, and eight publicans have taken down their signs, and embraced teetotalism. Spiritual zeal at summer heat is destruction to the liquor traffic.

In writing of Scotland, we could gladly multiply words. Once an ale-drinking country, the love of whisky had been fast growing, and threatened to burn out the nobility of the old Scottish character. In 1646 the General Assembly forbade the drinking of healths—a feeble restraint. During thirty years’ temperance labour the little one has become a strong people. The Established Church, which has been least affected, has a ministerial phalanx of temperance ministers; not counting men like Dr. M’Leod, who fire from both sides. The Free Church Assembly has a standing Committee on Temperance, which reports annually, and the convener of which, Professor Miller, delivered this year a supplementary speech admirable for its sparkle and practical point. The Free Church Temperance Society includes 212 ministers, 64 probationers, and 80 students. The United Presbyterians can lay claim to a yet larger proportion of temperance ministers; as out of 520 as many as 220 are abstainers, and of 159 students in the
Theological

Theological Hall, 113 are the same. At this year's Synod a number of resolutions were unanimously adopted, affirming the loss of the Church through intemperance, and the duty of watching over those most exposed to the evil; recommending a sermon on the subject in the month of December; cordially rejoicing in the success of every benevolent effort and well-advised public measure designed to arrest and banish this vice; and ordering the preparation of an address. Other Presbyterian bodies, with Independents and Baptists, are doing yeoman's service; but the only denomination officially pledged to all departments of the temperance movement is the Evangelical Union—a young and vigorous body, 'all whose ministers, probationers, and students, without exception, and a very large proportion of its office-bearers and members, are among the ranks of abstainers.' The Annual Conference of 1856 issued a circular to fellow-Christians of every name, in which the strong drink traffic was strongly stigmatized and communion with those engaged in it condemned. By a general concurrence in reference to the drinking so prevalent at funerals, the ministers of religion in the large towns of Scotland have put down a great and encroaching abuse. The Forbes Mackenzie Act is warmly supported by nearly all the clergy of all denominations; not a few of whom are also prepared for legislation of a more radical description.

To Ireland we turn with a tender regard; for there the first temperance society in Europe was established by a Presbyterian minister, and there the modern St. Patrick achieved a conquest 'above all Greek and Roman fame.' We shall not now discuss the causes of subsequent Presbyterian supineness and Roman Catholic retrogression. In Dublin, Dr. Spratt labours among his co-religionists, while Mr. James Haughton takes the kingdom for his parish. In the North the old spirit has revived; and 160 Presbyterian ministers, with many students and thousands of church members, have joined to trim the temperance lamp. At the last synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church resolutions were passed calling upon the inferior courts to inquire how far the deliverance of the Synod in 1849 had been carried out. That deliverance was, 'The Synod unanimously disapprove of the traffic in ardent spirits, and declare that no member of the church who opens a house for carrying on this trade shall be entitled to church privileges.' The ministers have also been recommended to promote congregational total abstinence associations. We shall be expected to allude—which we do with sincere thankfulness—to the remarkable revival still in progress, and the hostile relation it sustains to drinking and the drink traffic. To cite authorities would be tedious; but, collected from various authentic sources, we present some testimonies which are as satisfactory as they are suggestive

suggestive. Of Newtonards it is said: 'A few inveterate tipplers may still be seen at rare intervals straggling on the pathway, but drunkenness is wonderfully abated.' Of Donaghadee: 'Our town had long an unenviable notoriety for drunkenness, but now a drunken man is scarcely to be seen.' Of Comber: 'The drinking of whisky has all but entirely ceased.' Of Castledawson: 'Drunkenness has nearly disappeared.' Of Rathfriland: 'A memorable sobriety characterizes the weekly markets.' Coleraine: 'In the district of which Coleraine is the centre, comprehending a radius of perhaps ten or twelve miles, by no means densely peopled, the falling off in the duty paid on spirits for a month was no less than 400*l*.—equal to 1,000 gallons diminished consumption. Of Londonderry: 'We could point to drunkards who, after having for years resolved and resolved in vain to put away the intoxicating cup, have suddenly been enabled to do so.' Another witness observes: 'I could mention several public-houses about Broughshane that have been closed. Other publicans have promised never to renew their licenses. The fair-day, which usually terminated in drunkenness, is now ended with a prayer-meeting consisting of about 4,000 persons.' Of Lammass fair at Portstewart a similar report is rendered. 'Between teetotalism and the Revival it has made it disgraceful to be seen going into a public-house at Larne. In some instances the publicans themselves have voluntarily relinquished the traffic. At Dundrod a publican corked up his vessels and took down his sign, and a poor woman, who sold privately without a license, poured out the contents of her jar, saying, "Christ and you cannot dwell in the same house." At the Great Union Prayer-meeting in the Belfast Botanic Gardens, where probably 40,000 persons assembled for about four and a half hours, not a vestige of intoxicating drinks was seen. 'At Ballymena for pounds spent formerly in the public-houses there are now pence.' The Rev. James Calvert, of Fiji fame, has supplied one of the latest reports, in which he states, speaking of the Lisburn district: 'Here, as well as in other parts of the north of Ireland, whisky-drinking is very greatly lessened. In one place, where 100*l*. was spent on the Saturday on this much-loved and ruinous liquid, there were only 30*s*. received; and in another village, where there are sixteen public-houses, only three glasses were sold for a week. The Revival is materially affecting spirit-sellers and pawnbrokers. Several publicans and their families have been converted.'

All testimony agrees in showing that the Revival is essentially a temperance movement, by causing the convicted both to abstain and to abandon the sale of drink if previously so engaged. This fact is of more value than a folio of reasoning, as it reveals a conscious inconsistency in the mind of the awakened sinner between

an obedience to the Divine will and the sale of liquors calculated to produce disobedience to that will in others.

Two ministerial declarations—the one on abstinence, the other on the liquor traffic—have been numerous signed by ministers of religion in the United Kingdom. The first was adopted at a three days' Ministerial Conference held in Manchester (April 12th—14th, 1848), when one of the secretaries announced that 'he had received 350 letters, all of a cheering character, and that the names of 1,200 abstaining ministers in Great Britain had been sent to him; the entire number, he believed, not falling far short of 2,000:—

'Having become practical and pledged abstainers from the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, we feel it to be our solemn duty to urge upon all classes of the community, but especially upon ministers and members of the Christian Church, the importance of giving this subject the weight of their personal example and influence, and that for the following among other grave and weighty considerations:—

'1st. That chemical and medical science has now fully demonstrated that intoxicating drinks are not necessary as a beverage to any class of our fellow-creatures.

'2ndly. That the use of these drinks is attended with a perversion of pecuniary means,—the waste of the bounties of Divine Providence, and is fraught with imminent peril to the health, mental improvement, and moral safety of mankind.

'3rdly. That the total-abstinence principle is simple, practical, and efficient, both for the restoration of the drunkard, and the preservation of the sober members of society.

'4thly. That the 'universal success of this principle would tend, under the Divine blessing, to lessen human sufferings, to stay the progress of pollution, crime, and Sabbath profanation, and to promote the high interests of national order, sound morality, and true religion.'

This declaration received 485 signatures.

The declaration on the liquor traffic, draughted by the Rev. W. Arnot, was adopted by the Ministerial Conference convened on that subject, also meeting in Manchester (June 9th—11th, 1857):—

'We the undersigned Ministers of the Gospel, are convinced by personal observation within our own sphere, and authentic testimony from beyond it, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors as drink for man, is the immediate cause of most of the crime and pauperism, and much of the disease and insanity that afflict the land; that everywhere, and in proportion to its prevalence, it deteriorates the moral character of the people, and is the chief outward obstruction to the progress of the Gospel; that these are not its accidental attendants, but its natural fruits; that the benefit, if any, is small in comparison with the bane; that all schemes of regulation and restriction, however good as far as they go, fall short of the nation's need and the nation's duty; and that, therefore, on the obvious principle of destroying the evil which cannot be controlled, the wisest course for those who fear God and regard man, is to encourage every legitimate effort for the entire suppression of the trade, by the power of the national will, and through the form of a legislative enactment.'

To this declaration the names of 1,707 ministers of religion have been attached, and the list is receiving weekly additions.

The British colonies in all parts of the world have temperance associations, of which Christian men are the leaders and chief supporters.

porters. In the West Indies and Australia the energy of ministers and missionaries like the late Rev. James Cox has cast mountains of difficulties into the sea.

Foreign nations are not idly contemplating this great reform, and everywhere it is the Church which moves in the van of action. As far back as 1852 the German Congress of Inner Missions recommended personal abstinence (from spirits), the institution of temperance societies on Christian principles, and further restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors. This year the same body has eulogized the conduct of a distiller who abandoned his business and diverted from the still a field of corn to supply the wants of a neighbouring town.

III. The suggestions we can offer must be traced in the barest outline.

Every Christian should settle for himself his personal duty; and this complied with, he will be ready to unite with others in circulating that information which is to interest and convince them. Temperance men of each Christian denomination might wisely join together for the purpose of supplying every minister and officer, if possible every member, in that particular body, with publications calculated to enlighten and persuade.

Congregational temperance societies, with the minister or some officer at their head, are an excellent expedient for concentrating and consolidating religious influence; and as an accompaniment or outrider of these, Bands of Hope should be formed and placed under able control.

Ecclesiastical meetings and bodies may very properly be addressed, to secure, not so much a favourable resolution as a friendly discussion. The introduction of the subject should be made to assume as practical a form as possible. In Young Men's Christian associations there will rarely be an aversion to its judicious presentation.

Church action and regulation will always rise to the level of the prevailing church sentiment; and the creation of that sentiment till it becomes predominant and constant is the work ever to be done and doing.

It seems to us that the position on which the churches of this country are likely to be soonest agreed is the incompatibility of the traffic in drink, particularly the retail traffic, with a Christian profession. The operations of the United Kingdom Alliance will forward this change. The liquor business is not one that can bear to be looked at and into; and in proportion as a public demand is raised for its legal prohibition will it be more difficult for the most leniently disposed church authorities to keep silent and inert. A traffic concerning which cause is shown why society should not tolerate it, cannot long rely on the sufferance of the

Church, unless the liquor venders are disposed to accept the precedent of former times, when the shelter of the sanctuary was extended to those offenders who were denied the protection of the civil law. Nor can we doubt that the appeal of the Alliance addressed to the body of British citizens will receive, the better it is understood, a loyal response from Christian men, loyal above all others and all else to duty and conscience. Churches cannot act as political associations; but their members, having political responsibilities, can and ought seriously to weigh and vigorously to discharge them. Except by a small class, who view civil government as an evil not to be sanctioned by believers, and a class as small whose zeal for voluntarism has run away with them, Christians recognize the obligation of suppressing public nuisances by the popular will constitutionally expressed; and we cannot but believe that the majority of these will approve, as soon as understood, the principles of the suggested Permissive Bill. Of one thing we are sure—that whether strong drink is to be abandoned as a beverage, or drinking customs are to be abolished in the workshop and parlour, or the drink traffic is to receive its reward according to Act of Parliament applied *populariter*, our power with the Christian Church will correspond with its possession of that charity which looks towards God and man, never ceasing to please the one and bless the other. It was Milton's impeachment of the 'severest' and 'holiest' of his contemporaries, that none of them would surrender his 'sack,' or 'rich canary,' to insure 'the certain abolishing of so great a sin'—'tho' it be fetched from places that hazard the religion of them who fetch it, and though it make his neighbour drunk out of the same tun.' How is this indisposition, still so prevalent, to be overcome? By charity! And by charity we mean not a puling, windy-worded sentimentality which is *vox et præterea nihil*; not a time-serving spirit which attacks weak abuses and kneels to strong ones; not a temper of shrinking softness which fails to do aught effectually lest some should be troubled and offended; but the charity which is valiant for God's honour and man's salvation—the charity which, being taught by philosophy truly so called, knows how to act ever for the best—the charity which, like the cherubim seen by Ezekiel, is full of eyes, and, like them, emits the gladdening light and consuming lightning—the charity which bears in one hand the olive-branch, symbol of peace to the nations, and in the other hand wields the axe which is to be laid at the root of every corrupt tree, that it may be hewn down and cast into the fire. Let us conceive to ourselves this Divine Genius standing before the liquor traffic, the upas-tree whose branches stretch to the ends of the earth; and let us ask how long the suspended blow would suffer it to cumber the social soil and poison the atmosphere of the world? And what Christian charity, if omnipotent, would not endure, the Christian Church cannot too soon employ its mightiest energies to overthrow.

ART. V.—*Revolutions in English History.* By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. I. *Revolutions of Race.* London: J. W. Parker and Sons. 1859.

DR. VAUGHAN has many qualifications for writing history. He has, throughout a long course of years, devoted himself to its study; and, while yet a young minister at Kensington, was appointed Professor of Ancient and Modern History in University College, London. His literary contributions to this subject have evidenced his possession of extensive and accurate knowledge of the past, discriminating acquaintance with the works of the most reliable, and even of the most credulous historians of ages bygone, a profound philosophy able to analyze facts and events and to draw sound conclusions from them, and lastly, though by no means least, a Christian principle which is essential to the formation of an historian, as giving him the true key to the interpretation of events, and to the illustration of the providential government of the world. His clear and admirable style, which is at once characteristic of his mind and the result of high cultivation by a thorough study of English literature and long practice of the art of composition, and of conducting one of the ablest of our quarterly reviews, makes him fit to communicate in a most intelligible and interesting manner to the minds of his readers the thoughts and information wherewith his own mind is stored. His 'Monograph of Wycliffe' is a performance which illustrates what we have advanced as to his claims. It was published thirty-one years ago, in two volumes, and contained picturesque descriptions, full information, eloquent disquisitions,—written in a spirit so catholic that you could not have detected a dissenter in the biographer of that great light of the English Church. Dr. Vaughan prepared himself for his task by a thorough investigation of all that related to Wycliffe, both of the localities where the Reformer had been, and of the writings which he had left behind him, and which were scattered over the public and private libraries of England. His life of the Reformer was the most authentic and readable that had been presented to the public. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, Dr. Vaughan made new investigations, and with increased erudition and maturity of judgment recast the whole work, which may now be regarded as 'the classic biography of Wycliffe.' Eminently creditable to the learned author, but by no means so to the dons of Oxford and of Cambridge, is the fact that a dissenting divine has produced the standard memoir of John de Wycliffe, the rector of Lutterworth, the Lecturer of Theology and Warden of Canterbury Hall at Oxford, and the translator of the Bible into the English tongue. Other historical works have pro-

ceeded from the pen of Dr. Vaughan. He has published 'The History of England under the Stuarts,' in two volumes, and in 1838 'The Protectorate of Cromwell,' in two volumes. In 1849 two volumes of 'Essays on History, Philosophy, and Theology' were issued. These were a selection from his numerous contributions on all subjects to the British Quarterly and other reviews. He is well known to the religious world as the author of the following works:—'The Christian Warfare,' published in 1832; 'The Age of Great Cities,' in 1842; 'The Modern Pulpit viewed in its relations to the State of Society,' in 1842; 'The Age of Christianity,' in 1849; 'The Causes of the Corruption of Christianity,' in 1852, &c. In 1858 he prepared, amidst much sorrow, 'The Memoir of Robert Alfred Vaughan,' his distinguished son. When we consider the laborious profession to which our author has been devoted, whether as a preacher or as a professor, the above list represents a life of great literary industry, and a mind of ample stores and commanding powers.

Having retired from academic labours, and ripened by long study and experience and the wisdom of years, Dr. Vaughan has devoted himself to the task of writing a History of England viewed from new stand-points. He does not, indeed, aim at composing a History of England in the ordinary sense of these words; but believing that 'it is reasonable that Englishmen should be more interested in what has been special to their country, than in details which might have had their place in the history of any one among a large family of states,' he has attempted to answer the question, 'What is it that has made England to be England?' 'My object,' he says, 'is to conduct the reader to satisfactory conclusions, in relation to this question, by a road much more direct and simple than is compatible with the laws to which the historian usually conforms himself when writing the general history of a nation.' He has for this purpose made the 'Revolutions' which have occurred the central points around which he clusters his facts. These national changes have made England what it is. 'The word is meant to comprehend the great phases of change in our history, due place being assigned to the great cause in regard to each of them. Down to the close of the fourteenth century, change among us comes mainly from the conflicts of race. Under the Tudors, the great principle of revolution is religion; under the Stuarts, that principle gives place considerably to the principles of government. The first question to be settled was the question of race; the next concerned the national faith; and the next the future of the English Constitution.'

To the first of these Dr. Vaughan has devoted the volume just published—'Revolutions of Race;' and which we propose to introduce to our readers. The design is an admirable one, and the execution

execution is worthy of the object, as it is of the fame of the author. The volume is written in an agreeable manner, and exhibits a keen criticism, a profound learning, a sound philosophy, and an intelligent faith. Dr. Vaughan may not have the analytic power of Niebuhr, the ease of Hume, the eloquence of Gibbon, the pretence of Robertson, the charm of Prescott, the philosophy of Guizot, the rhetoric of Macaulay, or the fulness of Froude; but he has a cultivation capable of appreciating all the graces of those historians, and an ability of producing a style peculiarly his own, 'flowing and continuous,' to use the words of Cicero, 'with a certain equality in its course distinct from the brevity of the judge, or the sharpness of the advocate; and equally remote from the authoritative and sententious manner of the moralist or the preacher.' The volume before us is divided into *five* books—the first entitled 'Celts and Romans;' the second, 'Saxons and Danes;' the third, 'Normans and English;' the fourth, 'English and Normans;' and the fifth, 'Lancaster and York.' These bring us down to the dawn of the Reformation in the sixteenth century.

Britain was inhabited at least four centuries before the Christian era. Its people were then known to the maritime and commercial nations of the world, and ships sailed from Phœnicia to the Casiterides,—supposed to be the Scilly Islands, for the purpose of importing tin to their own lands. Carthaginian, Greek, and Roman authors of an early date refer to these islands of the West; but our best knowledge of our earliest ancestors in Britain is derived from the last of these. From them we learn that when Cæsar landed in Kent, about half a century before Christ, there were various nations inhabiting this land. The Silures resided on the banks of the Wye, the Ordovices and Dimetæ in Wales, the Damnonii on the banks of the Ex, the Belgæ in Hants and Wilts, the Cantii in Kent, the Trinobantes in Middlesex, the Iceni and Cortanni on the east coast, and the Brigantes in Yorkshire and Lancashire. It has often been debated, 'Of what race were these communities?' Cæsar regarded them as Celts from Belgic Gaul, and subsequent antiquarians confirm this opinion. Some, however, suppose a pre-existent race of Celts, but the evidence is 'too fragmentary and uncertain to be available for history.*' Physically they

* 'The Gaelic clans of the Highlands were also Celtæ. But their language, and their geographical position, seem to shut us up to one of two conclusions—either that they must have come into that part of Britain from Ireland, or that they were the remains of an aboriginal race which had been forced into those mountain fastnesses, into the Isle of Man, and into Ireland itself, by the pressure of subsequent invaders. There are some difficulties in the way of the latter supposition, but evidence upon the whole seems to preponderate in its favour. The Gaelic tongue is not British. Its only affinity is with the Irish. The word *Aber* in Welsh, as in old British, denotes the estuary of a river, or any outlet of waters.

they were admired by the Romans; and their half-naked, wood-stained bodies, moustache, and flowing hair gave them a fierceness of aspect which accorded with their martial bravery. Their cultivation was far beyond the savage.

The Romans invaded Britain under Julius Cæsar B.C. 55, and continued until A.D. 412, when the last remnant of the army was withdrawn. The conquest of the native tribes was no easy work for even the disciplined army of Rome. Chiefs of great ability and skill appeared among the Britons, and under their leadership they held at bay the armies of the mistress of the world. Legions, however, were poured in; famous generals—some of whom rose to the imperial purple—were sent to command them; and by degrees the whole island from the English Channel to the Grampians acknowledged Roman supremacy. Cæsar, Claudius, Suetonius, Vespasian, Julius Agricola, Hadrian, Severus, Constantius, and Constantine the Great, derived a considerable portion of their fame from their deeds of valour in this island.

While here, none of them was idle. Cæsar purchased at considerable expense the small victory which was magnified by distance into a triumph in Rome. The tribute which he imposed was rarely paid by the people whom he had subdued. Claudius met with great resistance; but his success was more worthy of his triumph, and of the surname of Britannicus which the senate decreed to him. Caractacus was a chief of the Silures, who for a long time checked the progress of the Romans. The want of armour, and not the lack of valour, brought his defeat. If he graced a procession at Rome, the vanquished chieftain was an object of as much admiration as his conqueror. ‘The battle of Caer-madoc,’ in which he was defeated, says Dr. Vaughan, ‘was to the Britons what the battle of Hastings was to the Anglo-Saxons. If there was a difference, it consisted mainly in the fact that the struggle of the Britons in defence of their freedom before that day, and their efforts to recover it when really lost, were greater than will be found in the corresponding period of Anglo-Saxon history.’ Suetonius perceived in the Druids—the priests of Britain—the great source of the pertinacity of resistance which characterized the native warriors, and he determined to destroy them. In the Isle of Anglesey, the chief resort of the Druids, he made his great attack. It was with much difficulty that he could effect a landing

waters. The word *Inver* in Gaelic or Irish has the same meaning. The word *Aber* is so used, as a prefix to names of places, along a line extending from South Wales to the North of Scotland, marking off a territory to the right of that line as pervaded by the British tongue and race. The word *Inver* is commonly used for the same purpose through the Highlands to the left of that line, bespeaking the prevalence there of a tongue and race which are rather Irish than British. Thus, while the British tongue sounds along from Aberystwith to Aberdeen, the Gaelic makes itself heard from Inverary to Inverness.’

at the Menai Strait. The people, priests, and women were assembled to resist, and fought with such fury and determination as struck the Roman soldiers with dismay; but the legions at length prevailed, and Druidism was quenched in the seat of its power. The work of conquest was not ended by this slaughter. While the Roman commander was in the north, a massacre of the Romans was taking place in the south. Boadicea, queen of the Icenii, wronged and outraged by the insolence, oppression, and cruelty of Romans, aroused her countrymen, gathered an army, and attempted to destroy the invaders. Thousands fell by her bands; London and other garrisons were razed to the ground; but in a pitched battle, after the arrival of Suetonius, the Britons were defeated with great slaughter. Agricola completed the Roman conquest, and planted his eagles at the foot of the Gramscian mountains—beyond which the legions never ventured. Succeeding commanders had enough to do to keep their power; and when the empire was distracted and weakened at its centre, Britain was left to itself.

The Romans exercised a vast influence on Britain during the revolution by the sword, which spread over nearly five hundred years. Dr. Vaughan estimates this in its effects upon Government, Religion, and Social Life.

In *Government*, the Romans displaced the civil authority of the Druids, and substituted written for unwritten laws. Colonization in towns presented municipal laws in their mildness, and afforded means of common improvement. Taxation was heavy on account of the great army, but there was an appeal against injustice.

In *Religion*, the Romans had little to offer in place of Druidism. They had a special repugnance to that system of worship, and suppressed it by the sword. But the gods of Rome were not worshipped by the Britons. 'This might have happened,' says Dr. Vaughan, 'if scepticism in regard to the claims of these gods had been less prevalent among their professed worshippers, and if the Roman ascendancy in Britain had been more genial. - The event shows, that the power which annihilated Druidism was to give Britain Christianity, and not another paganism. Not that anything of that nature was intended. But it was inevitable that the Roman roads should become lines of communication, facilitating the travel of all sorts of people, and of all sorts of news, from the most distant parts of the empire. So the way was opened for the entrance of the Christian faith.'

The Druids taught the immortality of the soul, which Roman religion lacked. They did not connect their polytheism with idolatry as the Romans did. Their oral teaching was comparatively pure—a well-known want in that of Roman priests. Their human sacrifices were their awful blot, for which their ruin was a retribution.

retribution. Rome had nothing to offer that was more pure, or impressive, or more hopeful, than the religion of the Druids. But by Roman means Christianity came to Britain. There is no authentic account of its introduction; but Dr. Vaughan suggests that it was brought by soldiers and traders. It spread among the people; so that in the Diocletian persecution there were Christian martyrs at Verulam and Caerleon. The British Church was not founded by Rome papal, but by Christians from Rome pagan. It came without show, and grew up in simplicity and purity. In the fourth century, its representatives at the Council of Arles showed themselves zealous for orthodoxy, clerical consistency, and public morality; for the separation of clergymen to their sacred office, and of the members of the Church from the ungodly world. From that time 'Britons are no more known in history as pagans. Those of them who are found in the fastnesses of Wales after the departure of the Romans, and after the invasion of the Saxons, are Christian Britons, with a Christian hierarchy, a Christian literature, and a Christian civilization sufficiently strong to eradicate whatever remains of their old faith or usage may still have been left with them. All these acquisitions they must have carried with them into their mountain homes. There was no channel of communication through which they could have received them afterwards.'

In *Social Life*, the Revolution wrought by the influence of the Romans was very great. The Britons had a certain civilization. They could make clothing, war-chariots armed with scythes, and ornaments of gold. They could construct earth-works or stockades in war. They could work mines. But the Romans brought higher culture, which developed native ingenuity, and added to social comfort. They patronized artisans, and encouraged useful arts. Winchester became famous for its cloths, Kent for pottery, the Tyne for coals, and the Forest of Dean for iron. Roman roads connected British towns, and education elevated the Britons. Schools were established for teaching the sons of chiefs, and towns for the cultivation of polite intercourse and trade, where municipal laws gave a certain freedom. But when the Romans left the island, the Britons outlived their conquerors, and adopted into their national character the improving changes of their subjugation.

In his second book, Dr. Vaughan conducts us to the SAXONS and DANES. This portion of his history is prefaced by a clear digest of the sources of his information. There are three—'British works,' 'The heathen poetry and traditions of the north of Europe,' and 'The Christian literature of the Saxons in Britain after they were converted.'

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were exposed to

to the incursions of the Caledonians, who prevailed considerably over their southern neighbours, destroyed their lands, and broke their spirit. Under the terror of the Scots, King Vortigern, in the fifth century, invited the Saxons who were inhabitants of the coasts of the German Ocean on the continent to assist him. They were a warlike and predatory people, whose prowess by sea and land had made them a terror even to Rome. These, at first invited to assist the Britons, soon became masters of the land. Hengist and Horsa landed in the year 447 or 449. They speedily gained power. In 473, Hengist was the sovereign of Kent. Other Saxons gained monarchies. In one hundred and fifty years the Octarchy rose. The first was under Hengist.

'Sussex, the kingdom of the South Saxons, was the second state established. It was founded by Ella in 496. This was the smallest state of the Octarchy. The state of the West Saxons, which dates from the year 519, was of much greater extent, embracing Surrey, Berks, Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, with parts of Hampshire and Cornwall. The founder of the sovereignty was Cerdic. East Anglia included Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely, and part of Bedfordshire, and was established by Uffa in the year 540. Erkenwulf laid the foundation of the state of the East Saxons, which comprehended Essex, Middlesex, and a southern district of Hertfordshire. This kingdom commences with the year 542. The kingdom of Bernicia was established by Ida in 548, under whom the Angles possessed themselves of Northumberland, and of the northern parts of Westmoreland and Cumberland, with the part of Scotland between Newcastle and Edinburgh. The kingdom of Deira embraced Lancashire and Yorkshire, with the southern divisions of Westmoreland and Cumberland. While this kingdom continued separate, the Saxon states in Britain were an Octarchy; its union with Northumbria, which was the case for the most part, reduced them to a Heptarchy. We have seen that the kingdom of the South Saxons was founded by a chief named Ella; and it was a chief of that name who founded the kingdom of Deira about sixty years later. Mercia, the last of the Saxon kingdoms, does not make its appearance before the year 586; but it was, in regard to territory, the most considerable state in the Octarchy, comprehending all the midland counties, and forming for centuries the great barrier kingdom between the Saxons and the Welsh.'

During the first century of the Saxon Heptarchy, one of its princes held the office of *Bretwalda*, a dignity that contained the embryo of a future kingship of all England. Frequent contests took place for this precedence, in course of which the Saxon states lessened in number by uniting with some central power. In the year 823, Egbert was acknowledged sovereign over the East Saxons, Kent, and East Anglia. Northumbria joined in 828. He thus became the first king of all England. The monarchy had, however, to contend with many difficulties, most of them arising from a new people who sought a home and authority in Britain. 'What the Saxons had been in the sixth century, the Danes had become, in nearly all respects, in the ninth century—pirates; but pirates capable of prosecuting their schemes of war and plunder upon a large scale, on the land or on the deep.' They were Northmen from Norway, Denmark, and the shores of the Baltic. Their incursions told with powerful effect on Flanders; Holland,

Holland, France, and Ireland, and most of all on Britain. The Danes landed in the Isle of Sheppey, in 832, in the year following entered the Dart, and two years after landed in Cornwall. Their efforts were evidently to settle, not to spoil, hence they at once took up a position of hostility to the Saxons. In 839, great battles were fought at Canterbury, Rochester, and near London. In 851, three hundred and fifty ships came to the mouth of the Thames, with hordes of men, which were increased from year to year. Many battles were fought, terrible ravages were perpetrated by the Northmen, by which the Saxons were depressed, and their king Alfred obliged to become a fugitive among the woods of Somerset. But Alfred was equal to the emergency. He was a man of rare piety, strong faith, undaunted courage, and wise counsel. He determined to prepare for the struggle, and on the White Horse Hill in Wiltshire completely routed the Danes. But he did not use his victory to extirpate the intruders. He encouraged them to settle, and wisely strengthened his throne by these accessions. The troubles were not over when he died; but he left to his successor a better-organized and educated Saxon people than had yet been known. The Danes continued to make descents upon the coast of England, with more or less success, until Canute established a Danish dynasty on the throne.

These changes by the sword exercised considerable effect on the distribution of race. The British gradually withdrew to the west, and have left 'traces of their blood and language' from Dumbarton to Mount St. Michael. But they were removed by Saxons and Danes, until their chief homes were in Wales and Cornwall, where they have remained. The Saxons were themselves a mongrel race composed of Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. They were located throughout the territory of the Heptarchy. But the Danes became the most prevalent in East Anglia, along the east coast from the Humber to the Forth, and in the midland counties. The Saxons were westward of them. In the tenth century a Norwegian migration came by the Irish Sea to Cumberland, and have left their names and influence on the Cambrian localities. From the sea-kings of the north came the maritime greatness of England. Proving a great hindrance to Saxon progress at the time of their descent, they strengthened the nation ultimately. Their influence on the language was inconsiderable—much less so than the Norman. But from Saxons and Danes great revolutions in Religion, Government, and Social Life occurred.

The Saxons and Danes were pagans when they landed in England. Like their ancestors, they worshipped Odin and Thor and Frea, and trembled before Loki—the evil one. They offered human sacrifices in their temples. Bravery was the highest form
of

of their religion, and the heart that had least pity was most fitted for the Norse paradise. They were great fatalists, and of strong passions, and addicted to the vice of drunkenness, which has so long characterized their descendants. A century and a half after they landed in England, Ethelbert King of Kent became a Christian. The conversion of the Saxons did not, however, originate in the zeal of the British whom they conquered, but in the missionary spirit of Gregory the Great. Struck with the fine appearance of some youths exposed in the slave-market at Rome, he inquired who they were. All are acquainted with the facetious colloquy of the monk and the master. 'Are they Christians?'—'No, they are pagans.' 'Alas!' said the monk, 'that the prince of darkness should inhabit forms so lovely—that the beauty of the soul should be wanting, where there is such beauty of countenance. Of what nation are they?'—'Angles,' was the answer. 'Right,' said Gregory; 'they are angels. From what province?'—'Deira,' was the reply. 'Surely they must be rescued *de ira* from the wrath of God. What is the name of their king?'—'Ælla,' said the slave-master. 'Right again,' said Gregory; 'Alleluia must be sung in the country of that king.' Some years after this, Gregory became pope, and in 596 he sent Augustine and a few monks to introduce Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons. The King of Kent received the missionaries kindly, and encouraged their evangelistic work. They had great success. Ere the first year ended 10,000 Saxons had been baptized, including the king. Soon a hierarchy after the Roman model was established, and ninety years after the arrival of Augustine the last state of the Heptarchy renounced idolatry. The emissaries of Rome were astonished to find a Christian Church among the Britons, and were vexed to learn that customs prevailed different from theirs. The Romish dignitary attempted to reduce the British clergy to obedience and conformity; but the Celts were unwilling to yield. As the conversion of the Saxons advanced towards the north, evangelistic efforts were being made in Northumbria by missionaries from Iona, and as intermarriages were constantly taking place between members of the two churches, inconvenience was caused by the different times of observing Easter.

'In the family of the King of Northumbria, for example, the queen, who had been educated in Kent, followed the Roman custom, and might be seen humbling herself as in Lent, while her husband, who followed his Scottish instructors, might be quite otherwise employed, because with him the season for humiliation had given place to the season for rejoicing.

'It was accordingly deemed expedient that a meeting of the two parties should be convened, that so this diversity of usage might, if possible, be brought to an end. The parties met at Whitby. Wilfrid, accompanied by the bishop of Paris, and other distinguished men, took the Romanist side. Colman, bishop of Landisfarne, and his Scottish brethren, pleaded the authority of the line of tradition, through Anatolius and Columba, to the apostle John. To the authority

thority of Columba, Wilfrid opposed that of St. Peter, "to whom the keys of the kingdom of heaven had been given." Here the king interposed to ask, "Is it so; do you admit that St. Peter has the keys of heaven?" Colman, it is said, replied in the affirmative. "Then I decide for St. Peter," said the king, "as I do not know what the consequence may be of doing otherwise."

From this date the Romanist party prevailed in Britain. Religion was not improved by the triumph. Decline began to set in,* and mediæval darkness fell as fatally on the Anglo-Saxon Church, as on any on the Continent. But throughout the earlier period of its history comparative purity and efficiency characterized the clergy. The priests were enjoined to preach every Sunday. Marriage was common among the clergy—monks not excepted. It was only in the age of Dunstan, 'the Hildebrand of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' that celibacy was enforced. Several excellent and eminent men flourished in England during the period now under review. The venerable Bede, though not without many errors, was a fine example of Christian life. Aidan, 'a man of singular meekness, piety, and moderation,' was the apostle of Northumbria. Boniface went from England as the apostle of Germany, Wilbrod as a missionary to Friesland. Alcuin was a great scholar, and one of the most learned theologians of his times, and the founder of the University of Paris. Alfred the king was a beautiful instance of Christian character among the Anglo-Saxons, possessed of 'piety without asceticism, faith without credulity, the noble in manhood elevated in all things by the pure in religion.'

The revolution in government caused by the Saxon rule had relation to the disorders prevalent among the Romanized Britons, and to the rude organization of the Saxon hordes, who were ever descending and possessing the land. But the change was great. From freebooters, the Saxons and Danes became a settled people. They exchanged government by the sword for that of law. They were bound together as chief and vassal, and existed as noble, freeman, and serf. The noble was dignified by birth, or by service, and held the first place. The freeman was a freeholder of land. That gave him his title and privilege, the right to bear arms and to redress his wrongs. The *not free* were persons who had ceased to possess land, but were a degree higher than the serf, who was in many respects a slave. He was a chattel of his

* The canons of an Anglo-Saxon synod of the eighth century, reproach the ignorance and vices of the clergy by these two orders. 'That the priests learn, and teach to know the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and words of consecration in the mass in the English tongue,' and 'That the sin of drunkenness be avoided, especially in the clergy.' In this century, Fuller remarks, the fare of monks was bettered by the addition of wine and ale instead of water; but their 'abstinence was turned now into a self-sufficiency, that soon improved into plenty, that quickly depraved into riot, and that, at last, occasioned their ruin.'

master, could hold no property, had no place in court, and was subject to the lash. Family authority was the origin of all Saxon government. The Tithing was the association of ten families, the Hundred of a hundred families. The head man of the tithing was the police; he was bound to keep order, and was responsible for the apprehension of the guilty. The Hundred was a court which met once a month. Its decisions might be reviewed by the shire court, which met three times a year. Above this was the Witenagemote—the council of the state. This was composed of deputies nominated by the king, who aided him in all public business. Saxon towns were all self-governed. But no government was absolute. Appeals could be taken from tithings, through the various courts, to the Witenagemote. In the administration of justice, there was trial by jury or by ordeal. The latter was a baptized paganism, and has passed away, but the former is one of our boasted prerogatives. Yet among the Anglo-Saxons, the voice of two-thirds was sufficient for a verdict, an improvement upon our present unwieldy practice.

‘The form,’ says Dr. Vaughan, ‘in which our Anglo-Saxon laws gave protection to the property of the freeman, contained the seeds of all the liberties which later generations have been so careful to define, expand, and secure. In those laws something is due to the justice of the sovereign, more to the jealousy of the subject. To study our constitutional history under the Normans and Plantagenets, the Tudors and the Stuarts, without the study of it under the Anglo-Saxons, would be to concern ourselves with effects apart from their causes. The usages and institutions of the men who fought under King Harold at Hastings, were to become to this country what their language has become.’

Social life received its development from the Saxon revolution, in the agricultural and commercial progress which has made England great. The names of our old implements of husbandry are nearly all of Saxon origin. War was the great employment of the men; nevertheless, husbandry and trade advanced. Mines of lead in Derbyshire, and iron in Monmouthshire, were wrought. But men of handicraft were few. The mercantile marine engaged the old viking spirit, and that adventure commenced which has spread Anglo-Saxons over the world. The impulse of the race abides amidst all changes of locality, and you may see the old tendency towards action and adventure, and the old passion for dominion, in the Anglo-American, the Anglo-Indian, and the colonists of Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, who are now giving laws and liberties, and business to the world.

Literature among the Saxons was confined to the clergy, but many of them were unable to read or sign their names. Poetry was limited, and prose chiefly theological. Science was late in illumining the minds of our ancestors, though we have made the most of it in recent times. The age was one rather of promise than of attainment. ‘The distance is no doubt great between a
Bede

Bede and a Gibbon, a Cedmon and a Milton; but these men have all spoken the same mother-tongue, and belong to the development of the same national intellect.'

In his third book, Dr. Vaughan conducts us to NORMANS and ENGLISH.

'The Normans were of the same race with the people variously designated as Saxons and Angles, Jutes and Frieslanders, Danes and Northmen.' Freebooters from the second century, almost 'every coast land between the Baltic and the northern shores of Africa felt the scourge of their presence,' until the eleventh century, when they settled in England. In 841, they invaded Neustria, and speedily wrested that province from the King of France. In 911, Rollo was recognised as the Duke of Normandy. It is remarkable how speedily the Northmen adapted themselves to the new circumstances in which they were placed. They soon lost their native language; they surrendered their ancient customs, and embraced the religion and laws of the Franks. They improved vastly in their education, and became noted for their architecture. They were not a commercial people: they were devoted to the chase and to war. But they were crafty, domineering, and vindictive, and were as fond of pork, and repaired as often to the beer-barrel, as their Saxon cousins.

There is a story told, that Edward the Confessor, who was educated in Normandy, was inclined to favour the Normans, and that he promised the English crown to William, the son of Robert the Devil. It is also alleged by Norman writers, that Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, once pledged his influence to aid William. These were convenient fictions for the Normans, but there is no evidence of their truth. However, when Edward died, and Harold was elected king, William landed in England to enforce his claim to the crown. The time was most unpropitious to Harold and the Saxons. The Norwegians had landed in great force in Northumbria, where they were aided by Tostig, the elder brother of Harold. The new king met in battle the northern host, and claimed the victory, after 'one of the most stubborn and destructive battles in English history,' fought at Stamford Bridge, on the 26th September, 1066. On the morning of the 28th, the Normans landed in Sussex, under William. With a disunited people, and a weakened army, Harold was ill prepared to meet so great a host, but he resolved to contest the crown. On the 14th of October, the battle of Hastings was fought. The Saxons acquitted themselves with consummate and obstinate bravery, but the Normans were masters of the field, on which Harold was a stiffened corpse. And William the Conqueror was speedily crowned king of England, in the Abbey of Westminster.

The

The Conquest effected great changes in relation to Property, to Government, to the Church, and to Social Life.

Property changed hands with amazing rapidity, and without any pretence of justice. William displaced the Saxons, and distributed their estates among his nobles, retaining 1400 manors as his personal portion. Almost all land was made to hold of the crown, and the feudal system was imposed to bind knight to king. The country was thus a military network.

'The Normans became, what the English had never become, a compact organization, a potent unity. This power was everywhere diffused, but lost nothing by diffusion. The isolation was apparent, not real. The word might be given at any moment, and armed men sprang up in all places under the standard of their respective leaders. What the Tower of London became to the Conqueror, the fortresses with which the land was now studded became to the barons. Nor was this system, so readily established, of short duration. It descends in its entirety to the sons of the first chiefs, and exerts a powerful influence on the institutions of the country for centuries to come. By this means, the first Norman king had not less than 50,000 men always at his command.'

The *People* were now under an iron rule, and they felt its rigour. William excluded the Saxons as much as possible from office, both in church and state, and impoverished them. Those parts of the country where resistance was threatened were deluged with blood and desolated. It is not to be thought strange, therefore, that the popular ballads of that age represented resistance to authority as a patriotic virtue, and that Robin Hood the outlaw became the representative man among the Saxons. The Normans were henceforward the gentry, the wealthier classes, and holders of place, whose language graced the court, the hall, and the camp. The Saxons were the inhabitants of the towns, and villages, and farms. Those who were too proud to descend to this became outlaws, residing in the Isle of Ely, and the fens of Lincolnshire. The Conquest, however, by diminishing border wars, lessened the number of slaves, but this class, or that of the tenant above him, was not much improved. They subsisted on fish, bread, and beer; but 'villeins,' as they were called, were rarely allowed to taste what Norman lords ate, and what their polite phraseology has designated 'beef, mutton, and veal.' But in towns, liberties arose which vastly advanced the progress of trade, and enhanced the comforts of the people. It is true, the guilds of traders enriched the king's revenue, but they were the expression of popular freedom. In military science the Normans excelled; but they did not introduce a tithe of those improvements in literature, or the useful arts, which Lord Macaulay so confidently ascribes to them. Dr. Vaughan has corrected his lordship with reason, and rebuked him with sharpness on this particular.

The *Government* of England under the Normans prepared the way for *Magna Charta*. The feudalism of William did not
much

much affect the inferior courts, where the law was administered as it had been under the Saxons; but trial by jury was greatly improved. The men composing it were chosen from the neighbourhood where any crime was committed. They might be challenged. They could not give evidence as in Saxon times. The office of jurors arose with the custom of taxation. To make a proper entry of all persons and properties in *Doomesday Book*, William found it necessary to change the jurors. Every few years added to this necessity. Thus the people were taxed by the 'good' men of the district. William governed England by means of his council, which consisted of barons only. The king's court judged all causes, but by degrees became divided into the four courts which sit at Westminster still. Itinerant judges began to be known in the reign of Henry the Second; but it is notorious that in his reign 'there was no court in which justice was not bought or sold, as a common article of merchandise.' Money paved the way for all desires. 'But good came from these excesses. Normans and English were thus prepared, from the feeling of their common wrongs, to act together for their common deliverance. The provisions of Magna Charta point to nearly all the customs and abuses above mentioned as among the grievances of the times.' That great deed was gained in 1215. John was then king. His fame is chiefly dependent upon his quarrels with the King of France, the Pope, and his own barons. The latter wrested the charter of their liberties from him at Runnymede. It was a 'solemn protest against the evil of arbitrary arrests, and arbitrary taxation.' It placed the law as a fence about the person of the subject; and in regard to taxation, it placed the authority of the 'common council of the kingdom' abreast with the authority of the king. Even the 'villein' had certain rights secured by this arrangement of the nobles. It was expressly stipulated that there should be 'no sale, no delay, no denial of justice,' in the case of the humblest freeman.

In the *Church*, William substituted Normans for Saxons in all high offices; he also instituted the spiritual courts which have been long known in this country. This introduced the canon law, and an endless train of vexations, from all of which we are not yet recovered. Celibacy was also enforced upon the clergy, and the dogma of transubstantiation added to the creed. The Anglo-Saxons had favoured neither of these; but when they were adopted in England, the power of the priesthood threatened the authority of kings. This was the age when Odo and Dunstan, Anselm and Becket, successively held the see of Canterbury, and when great disputes arose respecting the investitures of bishops. Papal wisdom condemned the charter, and the men who exacted it. The ambition of the priest sought to subdue the crown and noble,

noble, and villein alike. These were the dark ages. The state of religion could not be healthy amidst venality, strife, and false doctrine. The Norman clergy knew not the language of the people, and cared not for their welfare. Themselves reckless, and often immoral, they could not keep the people from sinking into spiritual death. Religious life had few who illustrated its beauty or realized its happiness, and the Gospel was estranged from the people by the clergy. In the towns, as intelligence advanced and schools arose, dissatisfaction with the Church was felt, and some earnest inquirers found the truth that saves. In the reign of Henry the Second, we read of a few who refused to invoke the saints, to believe in purgatory, or to pray for the dead; and who were publicly whipped through the streets of Oxford, three times, almost naked, in the depth of winter, into the open country, where, unassisted by all, and under the ban of excommunication, they perished by cold and famine. 'So began,' says Dr. Vaughan, 'the punishment of death on account of religious opinions in our history. This was in 1159.'

Social life had to pass through a painful ordeal at the time of the Conquest, ere it could settle into order, or realize benefit, if any could be got, from the revolution. Industry was impeded by warfare. Traffic was dangerous. Farming was oppressed by exactions. But this could not continue. The Normans found it to be their interest to encourage agriculture and handicraft. Wool had been long exported and cloth imported; but manufacture slowly returned. The mines of Devon and Cornwall were wrought. Slavery, which had been disgracing and degrading the Englishman, was condemned. Seaports arose. But foreigners forestalled the market, and Jews congregated in towns and threatened to monopolize the trade. A harsh oppression of the latter followed, and laws for protecting the native trader were passed. Ship-building and seamanship then began to prosper, and commerce to extend.

Learning was favoured by Norman kings. Schools, lay as well as clerical, were multiplied. The Universities gained more renown. Upwards of a thousand students were resident at Oxford in the thirteenth century, and many students came from Paris to our ancient seat of learning. Cambridge in the same century had its noted teachers, and numbers of students. Aristotle was then the master of all philosophy, and the schoolmen flourished. Nominalism and Realism had their disputants among the English, and keen discussions on these subtle points drew forth intellectual life. The Latin language was spoken in all the schools of England, and contributed to give our scholars acquaintance with the letters and literary movements of Europe. The 'jongleurs' circulated thought among the people in a light form, and exercised

cised 'an awakening influence on the slumbering imagination and feeling of multitudes.' Authors, too, came forth. Geoffry of Monmouth published his 'British History' in 1147, and his book, though full of fictions, became familiar to the most of the reading public of his day. 'It was first written in Latin, but was speedily translated into Norman, English, and Welsh. Copies were multiplied in great numbers, and the work was embellished anew, in whole or in part, by many writers, in prose and in verse. It thus became the basis of a popular historical literature—in the hands of Shakspeare of a dramatic literature, the fame of which must live as long as the name of the great bard himself shall live.' Various other authors flourished in this period, among whom we may mention Wace, the author of 'The Romance of Rollo.'

The language of the learned at the period of the Conquest was Latin, that of the court and of the tribunal was French; but the English tongue was the vernacular of the people, and soon gained upon the literary, the courtly, and the legal. The Saxon element was to engulph all others, and from the amalgam to make the Englishman with a language, a literature, a law, a liberty, an enterprise, and a religion eminently his own.

'By the Conquest,' says Dr. Vaughan, 'our island almost ceased to be insular. England became a consolidated power, participating in all the questions and interests affecting the nations of Europe. In the great controversy, for example, between the ecclesiastical and the civil power, England has its full share. All the subtle pleas on which such controversies were founded became familiar to men's thoughts in this country. Ecclesiastical disputes, military affairs in Normandy, the commencement of the Crusades, the fame of our Richard I. in these enterprises, the new laws, and the new features in the administration of law, all may be said to have been both the effects and the causes of a new wakefulness, disposing men to observe, to reflect, and judge in regard to what was passing about them. The five hundred monasteries had their schools, but the five hundred towns and cities were all schools; and in these last, the lessons taught, though little marked or perceived, were ceaseless, manifold, and potent. By degrees, Norman and Saxon became more equal. Marriages between the two races became every-day events. In the face of the law and of the magistrate, the two races may be said by this time to have been two races no longer. If the Saxon burgess and the Norman alderman still looked at times with jealousy upon each other, the fight between them became comparatively fair and harmless, as it became less a battle of the strong against the weak. When the corpse of King John was laid in Worcester Cathedral, the dark day in the history of England had passed. In future, the Norman, whether prince or baron, must demean himself more honourably towards the Englishman, or cease to be powerful. The revolution of this period to the Saxon, had consisted in his being defeated, despoiled, down-trodden, and in his recovering himself from that position by his own patient energy, so as to regain from the new race of kings all the liberty he had lost, and guarantees for that liberty which were full of the seeds of a greater liberty to come. With this revolution to the Saxon, there came revolution to the Norman. The Norman is no longer a man of military science, and nothing more—no longer a mere patron of letters, with scarcely a tincture of them himself. His intelligence is enlarged; his tastes are expanded and refined. The country of his adoption is becoming more an object of affection to him than the country from which he has derived his name. In short, the Norman is about to disappear in the Englishman. The Englishman is not about to disappear in the Norman. After all, the oldest dwellers upon the soil have proved to be the strongest.'

ART. VI.—WHAT'LL YOU DRINK?*

IF there is any man I do hate, it is that Biggs. Not that I have any personal antagonism to Biggs; but the fellow is continually broaching subjects that are unpleasant to me, following them up rigidly, and leaving me, as it were, without a leg to stand on. He has such a confounded way, too, of backing up what he says by documentary evidence. In fact, I have got to that point with Biggs that I generally let him have his way, not being able to combat him on the spot. Hereafter, I shall pursue a different course. I shall take notes of what he says, and then, in my leisure and the quiet of my library, I shall combat Biggs and expose his fallacies to the contempt of the world. To give some sort of an idea of the style of man I have to contend with, I will relate to you the result of meeting Biggs in the street a few days ago. The morning was slightly damp. I said—

'Good morning, Biggs.'

'Literally speaking,' said Biggs, nodding his head, 'it is not a good morning. The air is damp and humid—a style of air peculiarly unwholesome in large cities, productive of coughs, colds, asthmas, and consumption.' Whereupon he dashed into a mass of statistical information, showing, by the city inspector's reports, how many had died of these diseases through the last three years—their ages, colours, sexes, the relative number of deaths in New York as compared with Paris and London, &c.; all of which he strengthened by the production from his pocket of the printed authorities.

Now what can you do with such a man?

I rather enjoy Biggs' society—that is, with the reservation that he keep clear of his unpleasant negatives. Otherwise, Biggs is a very agreeable person, and quite a gentleman.

Last Tuesday I met Biggs in Broadway. We walked and talked (without disagreement) on many very pleasant topics. All went merry as a marriage-bell for a while. At last something prompted me to quietly lead Biggs up

to the magnificent bar of the Nonsuch House, where, as a natural consequence, I said—

'What'll you drink?'

Biggs hesitated, seemingly in an absent state.

By way of encouragement, I said, 'Brandy?' Biggs nodded vacantly, which the gentlemanly bar-keeper and myself both understood to mean 'Brandy.' It was accordingly served. I touched my glass to Biggs's—a thing I never fail to do when drinking with a friend, from a feeling of respect for old customs. Everybody, of course, knows that this clinking of glasses and drinking of healths stand from the time of the Danish invasion of England. The conquerors for a long time wouldn't permit the English to drink in their presence, taking upon themselves an awkward way of slipping a dagger under the arm while raised with the cup. When the Danes got tired of this fun, they tried to persuade the English to drink; these gentlemen declined, unless the Danes would drink at the same moment as a pledge of safety. In respect, as I say, for this custom, I never neglect to touch the glass, if possible, or, at least, to say as much as 'Here's to you!'

I had touched Biggs' glass, and was just about to raise mine to my lips, when I was surprised to hear him say, in a very solemn voice—

'Do you know what you're drinking?'

Of course I said 'Brandy,' with a look of astonishment.

'Poison!' said Biggs, with a decision that rather alarmed me.

Now I am rather particular in my eating and drinking. I neither eat nor drink loosely about town; and if there is one thing I detest, it is promiscuous drinking. I flatter myself that I am somewhat of a judge, and what I do give a man in my own house is as good as can be got for money. When I drink at a bar, I am a little particular as to what bar it is, and that what I drink is the 'straight' article. When, therefore, Biggs said

* An American reprint indicative of the new phase of agitation by the license party, the outcry against adulteration of liquor. But drinking pure liquors cannot cure drunkenness.

to me 'Poison,' and that at the bar of the Nonsuch House, I must confess I was slightly startled, and—need I say it?—slightly offended also. Biggs took me gently by the arm, and we seated ourselves at one of the little tables against the wall.

'Do you know,' said he, holding his glass up to the light, and speaking very slowly and solemnly, 'what is the composition of that article you are about to drink?'

I was just about to say that the article I held was a little Cognac brandy, so called from the village of Cognac, on the river Charante, in the kingdom of France; that it was an alcoholic fluid distilled from grapes—a method discovered some time in the twelfth century, and first made known to the world in the beginning of the thirteenth by Raymond Lulle; though it was supposed that the Arabs had the secret of distillation some hundreds of years before, making use of it to obtain the perfumes of flowers, this being one of the most ancient records of perfumery. All this I was about to tell Biggs, but he wouldn't give me a chance. He took a long swallow of the fluid he held; in a critical way, smacked his lips, and making afterwards a strange, wry face, went on—

'Are you aware that not one per cent. of all the liquor sold as brandy in this country is really brandy? Do you know that we pay French distillers at Lyons and Marseilles, to say nothing of half a hundred other places, to make our corn whiskies into fine old brandies?'

I said, 'Ridiculous!' and, by way of showing that I thought so, I took a swallow of my 'poison,' as Biggs is pleased to term it. Biggs followed my example.

'Yes, sir,' he continued, 'in the brandy-growing districts of France, including Cognac and the adjoining country of Champagne—not the wine-growing land of Champagne, but the spot from whence comes the beverage termed champagne-brandy—in all this country there is not one-fortieth part of the brandy made that is consumed in the United States alone. Even there, sir, the fluid is not safe from their doctoring hands. First it is touched up with a nauseous compound of burned sugar, to suit the taste of those who drink dark brandies. All brandies are light upon distillation,

and any of the article that surpasses in colour the pale amber is of necessity doctored with burned sugar. Then there is white sugar to give it smoothness and sweetness. Do you know, sir, that the brandies brought from the very fountain-head, stamped and vouched for by the names of great manufacturers, are simply the making of a parcel of small farmers, or growers, about the neighbourhood of Cognac and Champagne, who bring the stuff they make to these manufacturers, as our farmers bring their cider to market? This crude stuff, which they call 'coupe,' is sold to the manufacturer, who sugars it (black sugar and white), stirs it, sulphurs it, waters it to suit different markets, and then our palates are treated to the genuine article.

'Now, sir, the flavour of true brandy, which you connoisseurs admire so much,' continued Biggs, sipping from his glass, 'is produced by the volatile oil of the grape. Science wouldn't be long, you see, in finding out that. Well, what does Science do under the circumstances? Why, of course, she goes to work to show how this aroma, this beautiful bouquet, can be imitated. She says to the distiller, "My dear fellow, if you will take about one hundred gallons of alcohol, and reduce it to proof, and add to this half a pound of cream of tartar, a little ascetic ether, a few gallons of French wine vinegar, a bushel or so of plums, if possible, allowing they are not too dear; some musk, which is the refuse of the wine-casks, if perfectly handy to be got at; about half a bushel of oak sawdust, just to give it the smack of age,—you will have an excellent brandy."

"Capital!" says the distiller, doing everything but taste it. "Capital, madame, all but one thing."

"What's that?" says Science.

"It does not bead on the side of the glass," says the distiller.

"We'll soon fix that," says Science.

'With that, she goes to work and makes a machine that shall run down into the brandy-barrel, through the open bung, and convey steam by a pipe to the very bottom. In rushes the steam for a few hours, until the liquor bubbles and boils in its wooden prison.'

"How will that do?" says Science.

"Just the thing," says the distiller, holding

holding the glass up to the light. "Will you try some?"

"Not exactly," says Science. "But if that plan doesn't suit, here's another: Take one thousand gallons of spirit—corn whisky, say, for example, quoted at thirty-one cents per gallon—to this you can put one hundred and twenty gallons of spirit distilled from raisins (not a very expensive article), and then four gallons of the extract of grains of paradise seed."

"Phew!" says the distiller, "that's deadly poison."

"That's so," answers Science; "so is the two gallons of cherry-laurel water you must add, and the two gallons of spirit of almond-cake, and—don't forget the oak sawdust, my dear fellow; it gives a touch of the wood; and the steaming, that's age, d'ye see? and the bead."

I have no doubt at this moment that I may have turned slightly pale. I felt so, and Biggs therefore felt it necessary to revive me. To achieve this end, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and at the very moment I expected to see it reappear with something drinkable in which I could have confidence, what does the man do but bring out a good-looking printed circular, headed, 'Confidential Circular to the Trade,' and hand it to me. I have this document now in my possession; and by way of showing what style of argument Biggs makes use of, I will give it entire, without charging for the advertisement:—

'The undersigned would call the attention of manufacturers of liquors and wines to his very large stock of cognac oils, extracts of brandy, Holland and London gin, essences of rum, peach and cherry-brandy, oils of rye for producing a superior Monongahela or Bourbon whisky from common corn spirit, and his invaluable preparations for neutralizing and giving age and body to new liquors. He has determined to reduce considerable (*sic*) the price of all his goods; yet he warrants his oils to be superior to any other in this country. He warrants to produce six barrels of good merchantable brandy from one ounce of his best cognac oil.

'Cherry juice and malva colouring for the manufacture of port wine, flavourings for ginger, claret, Madeira, and Malaga wines.

'Ceanthie, acetic, and nitrous

ethers, essential oils of almond, juniper, carraway, rose, angelica, calamus, anise, absenthe, apple, pear, vanilla, raspberry, strawberry, pine-apple, and banana of the best quality; and the price will be made satisfactory by addressing ———.

'Price Current.

'Best cognac oil, 1 oz. to 6 bbls., at 8 dollars¹ per oz., 100 dollars² per lb.

'Second quality cognac oil, 1 oz. to 4 bbls., at 6 dollars³ per oz., 50 dollars⁴ per lb.

'Third quality cognac oil, 1 oz. to 2 bbls., 3 dollars⁵ per oz., 25 dollars⁶ per lb.

'Extract cognac, 1 lb. to 5 bbls., 10 dollars⁷ per lb.

'Extract Hollands and London gin, one gallon for half a pipe, 5 dollars⁸ per gallon.

'Oil of rye, for Monongahela and Bourbon whisky, 5 dollars⁹ per lb.

'Flavourings of every descriptions, 5 dollars per gallon; and essences, 5 dollars per lb.

'Neutralizing, or age and body preparations, 1 gallon for 20 bbls., 10 dollars per gallon.

'Cherry and other juices, from 1½ dollar to 2 dollars per gallon.¹⁰

There is the document entire. I make no profit on it; and I never will believe that the man who published it has any customers. I put it to every man who has a favourite house where occasionally he takes a drink, whether for one moment he can believe that the very gentlemanly proprietor of that house, or the whole-souled bar-keeper, would buy or use any of these poisonous oils and essences? I think I can speak for the Nonsuch House. Though, having the curiosity to inquire, I found the issuer of that circular has quite a large manufactory, and is said to be getting rich. There is something odd in this, if he has no customers; but I do not put myself forward to explain all the mysteries of New York.

To go back to Biggs, who, while I was reading the circular, had emptied the glass that stood before him, in utter disgust, as I suppose, of the contents. I would say nothing more to Biggs in

¹ 32s. ² £20. ³ 24s. ⁴ £10.
⁵ 12s. ⁶ £5. ⁷ £2. ⁸ £1. ⁹ £1.

¹⁰ The dollar may be reckoned at 4s. English currency.

defence of the brandy either of the Nonsuch House, or elsewhere; but as a natural result, seeing his glass empty, I cast about in my mind what I should suggest for him to drink. I do not use the article myself, but I had always heard that rum was accounted the healthiest of all liquors, it being a simple distillation of the sugar-cane, a promoter of perspiration, and a sure cure for coughs, colds, and all diseases incidental to exposure. With this in mind, I said to Biggs—

'Try a little Jamaica or Santa Cruz, hot with spice?'

This kindly proposition of mine had a singular effect upon Biggs. He is a man naturally florid in complexion, and much of this floridity has settled in his nose. At the moment of my mentioning rum, a purple hue suffused that member, and he stared steadily at me for a moment. I saw I had done wrong, but before I could gather myself for defence, the storm burst.

'What,' said he, 'do you take me for? Did you ever know a man who understood himself to drink rum, and that hot spiced, too? Do not the makers spice and doctor enough but I must do it for myself? No, sir! I don't drink rum in any shape, either hot, cold, raw, or spiced!'

In a deprecating way, I suggested that many respectable old gentlemen of my acquaintance, principally retired sea-captains, believed in old Jamaica; and then I told him how they had frequently entertained me with anecdotes of the superstitions of the negroes on the rum estates of Jamaica and Porto Rico. How they watch the stars for signs while the distillation goes on, and how they will not allow a woman to approach the still, as they say it stops the process, and spoils the liquor; how some fine rums are made which are held by the makers above all price, ten pounds being sometimes given for a gallon of some particular age. All this seemed to mollify Briggs somewhat, but yet he said—

'No, sir! Rum is not a gentleman's drink; it may be that in the spots you speak of rum may be made fit to drink when nothing else can be had; but, sir, that is only an additional reason why I should abjure the fluid. None of that precious liquid of which you speak ever comes to this country. The rum of commerce, sir, is a spirit distilled from the refuse of the sugar

plantations—the squeezed cane and trash generally, including, no doubt, the dead donkeys, rats, and darkies. Who knows? If it lacks strength when it reaches the hands of the retailer to suit the fiery palates of Yankee drinkers, that is easily managed. A little cayenne, a touch of cocculus indicus, will do that. If it wants colour, a dab of burned sugar is the thing, or, more economically, a dash of molasses, West Indian, of course. With this, should it lack spirit, the alcohol must embrace it. No, sir! no rum; I don't drink rum.'

I mildly said, 'Gin?' Biggs smiled.

'Gin,' he went on to say, 'if pure, should consist of rectified spirits of barley or corn, properly flavoured with the essence of the juniper berry. The town of Scheidam, in Holland, is the proper place for gin to emanate from. How much of it does come from that locality, or any other in Holland, is a question of extreme doubt. We have only of late become a gin-drinking people; this is partly attributable to its cheapness, and perhaps more to the fact that, within a few years, different compounds have been largely advertised as 'gin for medical purposes,' and sold as such. The public taste is about divided between the Holland and what is termed the London gin, both being essentially the same; the flavour of the latter being made up by different distillers, according to their taste, with coriander-seed, cardamom, or anise-seed.'

While Biggs was saying all this, our glasses were again being filled. Gin it was this time.

'One of these "advertising gin men,"' said he, 'once showed me through his manufacturing shop. He had confidence in me, and showed me how they did it. It was quite amusing, d'ye see, to find out how they sold a dozen quart bottles, or three gallons of gin, including bottles, labelling, boxes, &c., to say nothing of advertising, for about three dollars, when good gin was worth one dollar and forty to one dollar sixty per gallon in the market. Well, sir, they take in the gin, and as a first step, introduce it to Croton Water, Esq. He soon brings down Master Gin's strength one half. This loss of strength would be a serious affair; but it is easy to repair that. The gin has got a turbid, milky, muddy look in consequence of the precipitation

tion of the oily matter. What must be done? We'll soon fix that. A few pounds of alum, and a few pounds of subcarbonate of potash, well shaken up in the liquor, restores all the transparency. All right; but the water has drowned out that blue tint that belongs to the genuine. Bless your heart, that's nothing; a handful of acetate of lead brings back the blue; and now we shall shake it up well, and let it stand twenty-four hours. There you have your gin again, but reduced one-half in strength, which won't suit American palates. Something more must be done. Easy! There are a dozen things to do that with. We use cayenne and capsicum-seed, and, for pungency, a proportionate quantity of grains of paradise seed. Nothing is wanted now but that the liquor shall bead, and cling to the side of the glass, as all good liquor should. To do this we use a little sulphuric acid and almond oil, dissolved in spirits of wine. There you have a gin that will do you good to look at. It has body, a fine complexion, a good head, strength, and pungency. What can you want more?

'I have in my pocket,' said he, 'a few recipes. I took them from a book published a short time since in London, and thought of sufficient consequence by Hassall to be quoted in his great work on adulteration. This little volume is called "Tricks of Trade." I will give you from it a recipe for making "London gin:"—"Take 700 gallons of second quality rectified spirits; add to this 70 pounds juniper-berries, 70 pounds coriander-seed, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds oil of almond cake, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound angelica root, 6 pounds liquorice, 8 pounds sulphuric acid." Nice, isn't it?'

I am free to confess all this time that I was spilling my gin under the table. However much a man may have confidence in what he eats and drinks, it certainly is a very awkward thing to have these objectionable ideas paraded before you at the very moment of raising the suspected article to your lips. Not so with Biggs; his glass always seemed to go down in a natural ratio, whether it was that he was making a martyr of himself as an experiment for scientific purposes, or whether he was like that waiter in "David Copperfield," who drank the strong ale that killed everybody else, because he was hardened to

it, and wished to save David from the terrible results.

I saw, therefore, that Biggs' tumbler was empty. I saw it with dismay; for, in spite of my prejudices in favour of the Nonsuch House, I feared to recommend any special drink, and most certainly I could not say to Biggs again, 'Gin!' I ran over in my mind all the vocabulary of fermented liquors, and at last stumbled blindfold at—

'What do you say now to a little Scotch whisky?'

Biggs looked inquiringly into the bottom of his glass. What he saw there I am unable to say; but in a few moments he looked up, and said, deliberately,

'No! Scotch whisky is a capacious thing, even if obtained in its purity, which in this country is next to an impossibility. When the whiskies of Scotland got their reputation they were the products of a thousand stills scattered through the hills and bogs of that land. Then the liquor was made by honest men, who disdained to do anything worse with it than cheat the gauger. They prided themselves on the skill of their brewing, and did not know the meaning of the word "doctoring." That day has gone by; the illicit stills are almost extirpated; and the making of Scotch and Irish whiskies is in the hands of the large distillers, who pay the chemist about as much money for "extracts" as they pay the farmer for grain. From their hauds it goes into that of the importers or jobbers, who make it to suit this market. The principle of "dressing," as it is termed, is about the same as that followed in gin, with the exception of getting that smoky taste, which is supposed to be a certain part of a good Scotch or Irish whisky. Of late years, however, a taste has arisen in this country for an Irish whisky without smoke. They give us, therefore, an article they are pleased to term a "sweet Irish malt whisky." As to that smoke, sir, it ought to be indicted, sir;' and Biggs rapped the table with his knuckles till the glasses danced. 'It is nothing but creosote, sir! deadly poison, sir! No, sir, I never drink Scotch whisky.'

'What do you say to a drop of Bourbon, or Monongahela, I suggested, quietly.

Biggs didn't say no, but stared vacantly at the ceiling for a few minutes, while

while the boy brought the Bourbon; and then he woke up, as it were, and looked into the glasses, as much as to say, 'How the deuce came this here?' Then he began:

'I don't know that there is any more objection to Bourbon whisky than there is to any other liquor, if it's only made right.'

With this prelude, he emptied his glass with one swallow, and continued:

'But the truth is, there's such an infamous system carried on with our native whiskies, that it gives one a double dose; for by the time they are drugged by the distillers, drugged by the jobbers, and drugged by the retailers, they become a pretty mess. Each of these individuals acts upon the idea that he alone is the "doctor," or, to illustrate it more fully, they go on the plan of the parishioners of a certain curé, in a French village, who determined to give the priest a barrel of wine. This was to be accomplished by each of them bringing a bottle, and emptying it in a barrel prepared and set up in front of the good man's house. The day came, and so came each parishioner with his bottle, which was speedily emptied in the barrel. When the job was done, the curé came, smacking his lips, to taste his wine, because, as a supposable case, each would bring a bottle of the best to the holy father. He tasted, and looked, and lo, and behold! the good father had only a barrel of water. Each parishioner believing, with commendable charity, that he was the only rogue in the community, brought a bottle of that fluid to empty into his neighbour's wine.

'This is precisely the case with our native whiskies. For a number of years the hogs through the western country that were fed on the slop of the distillers died at a ruinous rate. All the hog-doctors bothered their brains to know the cause. They christened it "Hog cholera." It was not uncommon for a fine apparently healthy porker to give up the ghost after an attack of one hour or less, independent of medical aid. About this time some wiseacre, who wished, as wiseacres will, you know, to meddle a little, undertook to analyze some of this swill, or distillery wash, and, lo! he detected strychnine in large quantities. At first the distillers were very indignant with Mr. Wiseacre; but now, the cat

being once out of the bag, they make no hesitation in declaring that they use the drug to aid them in obtaining more spirit out of the same quantity of corn. The physicians tell us, that since this *improvement* in the manufacture of whisky, delirium tremens is an incurable disease. By-the-by, some years ago, when the parliamentary inquiry arose upon the adulteration of food and liquors in England, it came out that M. Pelletier, the great chemical manufacturer of Paris, had the curiosity to inquire where the immense quantities of strychnine went for which he received orders. He thought he traced it to England, where it was supposed to be used for brewing purposes. Now, what do you say to the hypothesis that all this nice stuff came to the land of the free and the home of the brave for whisky manufacture? Eh, sir? One thing is a certain fact, that the importation of strychnine has increased to an enormous extent, while, ten years ago, the drug was scarcely known.'

By this time I confess to have become slightly disgusted with Biggs; but, like the young medical student, who, though he shudders with real horror upon first entering a dissecting-room, afterwards rather enjoys the disgusting detail. I think it must have been partially from this cause, and partially from my desire to show Biggs that I had something rather good at home, that I was induced to say to him, 'Come up to my house and drink a glass of wine,' which, of course, he acceded to directly. And I think it must have been wholly from this morbid idea that I gave way to the question while going up, 'What is your opinion now about porter and ale?'

'Porter and ale,' said Biggs, sententiously, 'may do well for very healthy men, who are too healthy to be affected by vitriol or prussic acid, or for old gentlemen who are case-hardened or anxious to depart from this sphere. What do I think of porter and ale, eh? Well, I'll tell you what I think. In the first place, porter and ale, if ever so honest, is a bilious way of a man taking his sustenance. But, independent of this fact, sir, I challenge the denial that all brewers use, more or less, foreign elements than malt and hops for the production of their beverages.

'In England, a few years since, public

public attention was called strongly to this, and the result was some terrible revelations as to what that intelligent British public had been swallowing. It was found that salt, molasses, sulphate of iron, gentian, quassia, camomile, ginger, coriander, paradise-seeds, liquorice, alum, sulphuric acid, capsicum, cocculus indicus, tobacco, opium, and strychnine were component parts of the different specimens of porter and ale obtained from various beer-shops through the city of London. In this free country we have no parliamentary committees of inquiry, therefore we don't know the exact nature of the dose; but I have the authority of a first-class drug-house in the city of Philadelphia that they sell to brewers large quantities of cocculus indicus, which is used as a substitute for malt and hops, and is considered by the brewers as making the beer keep, and prevents a re-fermentation after bottling. Therefore, in all ale or porter bottled for a warm climate it is used freely, saving the breakage of bottles, and adding at least forty per cent. to the intoxicating power: the same firm told me they sold alum, which was invariably used to give the ale a smack of age, which, by-the-by, puts me in mind that in Dr. Normanby's "Commercial Handbook of Chemical Analysis," he mentions the fact of seeing a druggist's cart, on which was painted, in large, staring letters, "Brewers' Druggist." Isn't that funny?

'Now, here's a recipe from the keeper of a first-class chop and ale-house for doctoring porter. When he gets in the barrel, he first draws off one-third of the liquor, which he replaces with the same quantity of water. To this he adds two quarts of molasses, and one pound of coopers' size dissolved. Then he dashes in a handful of common salt, as a cleanser. Then, to restore the bitter flavour, quassia in proper quantity; sulphate of ammonia, to bring the old colour again; a dash of sulphate of iron; and, if age is wanted, a piece of alum as big as a lump of chalk will do the business. "And then, sir," says Boniface, "you have a porter much superior to the original, because it makes drunk come quick." There's an English book in existence called "Brewing Malt Liquors," by Morris, which unblushingly recommends various articles for brewing malt liquors, and for *improving*

them after they are brewed. He styles it "colouring," and it is composed of cocculus indicus, flag-root, capsicum, paradise-seed, beans, oyster-shells, and pulverized alum. "The colouring," he says, "gives a good face to the beer, and enables you to gratify the sight of your different customers." Mind you, he says "sight." And again, says Morris, "Beans tend to mellow malt liquor, and from their properties add much to the inebriating qualities; but they must not be used in too large a quantity." Now, sir, do you know why the considerate Morris does not wish to give his customers too much beans? It is because the ale in such case would become a purgative and an emetic. If you doubt it, sir, chew raw beans as an experiment.'

I respectfully declined the test.

'I have a friend,' Biggs went on, 'who always drinks the ale of a certain well-known brewer, and will never touch any other; not because he thinks it more pure, but because the effects on him are the same as "cannabis indicus" or "hasheesh," one quart of the deadly mixture sending him into the seventh heaven of insensibility. I give that man twelve months more to live, sir—twelve months, mind you. It is no argument, sir, that the same ale should not have the same effect on others: all men are not affected alike by medicine.'

By this time we had arrived at my domicile. I had inwardly determined on a masterstroke of policy with Biggs; I would leave him to the selection of his own wine, by which I flattered myself his taste would be filled, and his power of analysis cut off. With this view, I said to Biggs, 'Now, what say you, champagne, port, sherry, Rhine wine, Burgundy, claret, muscat, whatever you like?'

With his usual way of eluding a question, or answering it by another, Biggs only said, as he threw himself into my very easiest of easy chairs: 'Ah! now this is the sensible way of drinking. If one is forced to go through with this custom, let it be done at home. There is far more respectability, sir, in getting drunk in the bosom of one's family than travelling from bar-room to bar-room, swallowing every villanous compound. This reminds me of a certain dramatic friend of mine, an Englishman, who, when Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Charles Kean, first

first came to this country, was anxious to be introduced to his talented countrywoman. As I knew her well, I presented him one evening, on the stage, when the curtain was down, between the acts. The lady had a charming manner, and the actor was delighted. As a matter of course, the lady asked him how long he had been in this country.

"About a matter of four year, mem," answered the professional, rubbing his hands with undisguised joy at the complaisance of the great star.

"And how do you like the country, Mr. F——?"

"Ah! very tol'able country, mem, very. There's only one thing I object to in this country, that's the confounded system, mem, of perpendicular drinking, mem."

'Poor F—— never got rid of that "perpendicular drinking," by which, of course, he meant this American custom of standing up at a bar and swallowing endless drinks in rapid succession. I think so, too, sir, "perpendicular drinking" is an ungentelemanly practice. Good wine, sir, is a thing that should not be abused. Somewhere I have met with an account of a Mr. Van Horn, who had in his life consumed 35,688 bottles of port. Think of it! Why, if this man had been drinking thirty-five years, this would have been an average of three bottles per day. Such a man, sir, should be debarred from drinking for ever. Some old sage says, "A two-bottle-port man is only a wine-funnel." That's true. If we are obliged to drink, sir, let us drink humanly—drink to quench thirst. Now, what is thirst? Magendie says, Thirst is supposed to be the effect of evaporation, the mouth and throat being constantly exposed to the atmosphere. When there is sufficient fluidity of the blood, the secretion is so much more copious than the evaporation that a constant moisture is preserved." Now, this is just equivalent to saying that nature really demands very little fluid; therefore a man who swallows three bottles of any liquid substance, be it only water, is flying directly in the face of nature. A true gentleman wine-drinker is no braggart, like Darius, who declared he could drink much wine, and bear it nobly. The man who boasts of his power to drink large quantities, only boasts of his own vulgarity. Bacon, or somebody else, says,

"Of all who take wine, the moderate only enjoy it." The chemical composition of wine is——'

'Oh! bother the chemical compositions; the question is, "What'll you drink?"' said I to Biggs.

Biggs looked me straight in the eye, and repeating his last sentence with strong emphasis, went on. 'The chemical—composition—of—wine—is—mind you, I mean real wine—I'll take a little sherry: thank you—is sugar, acid, water, tannin, ceanthie ether, carbonic acid, acetic acid, chloride of sodium, and potassium, gum, gluten, aroma, tartrate potash, sulphate potash, bi-tartrate potash, extractive matter, and colouring matter. There, now! to think of the presumption of human wisdom, after having found out, by the prying of chemistry, all these things, that it should dare to go to work to make wine by mixing them together.'

I brought the bottle of sherry to Biggs just as it was in the cellar, without offering to decant it. I was rather anxious he should see the dust on the bottle.

'Ah! ah! my boy,' said Biggs, as I came into the room, 'don't disturb the bottle, don't stand it upright, if you love me. Easy, now; let me take it: so—there, now. Sherry is a noble wine, the prince of Andalusian wines, if it be good; but, bless you, they never bring it good to this country. When it isn't made entirely from a white wine body, touched up with brandy, bitter almonds, molasses, sugar-candy, and scalding water, it is always "doctored" at home, more or less, notwithstanding it is the most delicate wine to meddle with in the world.'

Biggs by this time had drawn the cork, and filled our glasses brimming.

'Bumpers,' said he, 'in respect for ancient customs. Did you ever hear of Liebig's analyzation of twenty-four samples of champagne? He found them to contain one volume of carbonic acid gas, and two of protoxide of nitrogen (or laughing gas). These gases are hurtful in the highest degree to the healthy, but to such as are inclined to consumption, they are fatal. In all cases they tend directly to apoplexy. There is no wine so much drunk as champagne, and consequently none so extensively counterfeited. Under any circumstances, it is not a natural wine. The great champagne-makers—who, having got a reputation,

putation, are supposed to grow all the wine they export themselves — are simply the fixers and doctors of the wines of other people. Just as in the case of the brandy districts, the growers of white wine through the land of the champagne bring it in the crude still state to the great wine proprietor, who buys it at a stated low rate. It then goes through a long process of refining, sugaring, shaking, fermenting, brandying, and various other methods of manufacturing, until the original vine might look it full in the face, and never recognize the child. And this is the so-called genuine wine! Of this genuine wine, there is about one bottle made to every twenty of so-called champagne drunk throughout the world. The real wine cannot be bought upon the spot of its manufacture for less than five francs (or four shillings) per bottle; and yet, sir, we have offered daily, in the New York market, an article of champagne for eight dollars (thirty-two shillings) per dozen, so closely resembling it, that some very nice judges have been rather bothered to tell the difference. We have some fine manufactories of champagne, sir, in New York, which are a credit to our domestic industry. At one of these, which boasts of doing a business of nearly 60,000 dollars per annum, I happened, some year or so ago, to get behind the scenes. Here is the recipe for making.

Biggs fumbled away in his pockets a few minutes, and then brought forth a small piece of dirty paper, and read:

“White wine, one barrel (worth about half a crown per gallon); white sugar, 20 pounds; colouring matter for the yellow tint, 17 pounds light brown sugar; 1½ oz. tartaric acid; 2 gallons brandy; 4 gallons alcohol. Boil this and skim it well. When cool, by adding 4 pounds of bruised strawberries, or other accessible fruit, the mixture is much improved.”

‘Now, this I consider a very fine article, and comparatively harmless. If all our domestic manufacture of champagne is equally so, I shall declare in its favour rather than the European article, in which are such nice substances as gypsum, arsenite of copper, sugar of lead—a delightful thing to inoculate one with the painter’s colic—essences of celery and sage. They make it in large quantities for the American market at Certe, Marseilles, and Lyons; one house at the latter

place shipping 80,000 bottles per annum. It is this stuff that Brande and Henderson analyzed and exposed, declaring that its use created sickness, permanent derangement, nausea, headache, dyspepsia, and paralysis. Now, sir, I ask any sensible person—Hullo! are you asleep?’

I am afraid I was, for I started in a very ridiculous way, and said, in a stupid sort of a tone—

‘What’ll you drink? A little port?’ ‘No.’ ‘Claret?’ ‘No.’ ‘Rhine wine?’ ‘No.’ ‘Burgundy?’

‘Ah, Burgundy! Burgundy is not so bad; red as a ruby, fragrant as a flower; truly a gentleman’s wine. Let it be Burgundy. I don’t drink port. I lack confidence. It is too easily made. That rich fruity bouquet has brought forth the skill of the chemists and doctors in wine. There is no wine to which more attention has been paid in the manufacture of first-class imitations than port. This comes from the large quantities consumed in England, and formerly in this country. But we are beginning to lose confidence in our port. The day has gone by for the manufacture of a superior port from logwood. Science, my dear fellow, has been at work. First they make us a fine decoction of elderberry juice, which they have christened *Ilrupiga*; to this we will introduce a certain quantity of water, or, if we wish to be extravagant, cheap white wine. Good! Now, we will put in a little unfermented grape juice, and brandy enough to give the mixture strength. Now we must set the colour; alum will do that, and give it clearness. Why, a dash of gypsum, of course. Then, for astringency, what is better than tannin?—a touch of the wood oak sawdust? And now comes the delicate bouquet: extract sweetbriar, orris-root, cherry laurel water, seeds of the grape, salts of tartar. Carefully, carefully, my dear boy! slip them in gently, and taste. Ah! there’s a wine; what do you want better than that? Why, sir, that wine, if mixed by a skilful hand, will be smacked by connoisseurs with a real gusto. Now we must put it in casks or bottles. We must make a hot solution of cream of tartar and Brazil wood, which must be poured into the cask or the bottles; and the cork must be dipped on the end that goes in the bottle. Good! only one thing wanting before corking; we must boil the full bottles of wine in water

water not reaching to their necks. This for the crust, my boy! There, you have a splendid old port, fit for a king! If your taste is for a cheaper article, it can be gratified by mixing forty-five gallons of cider with six of brandy, two extract sloes, eight of real port (allowing it is to be had), Sanders wood for colour, powdered catechu for astringency, and you have it.

'And even the noble Burgundy suffers in the same way, though it is something to be thankful for that they have not reached the same skill as in port. We have a very pretty article of Burgundy got up now on a Medoc body, or perhaps on the white Rhine wine, treated much the same as port, with the slightest touch in the world of green vitriol and arsenite of copper, and a dash of litharge, or some preparation of lead, to keep it from turning. In a very few years, my dear boy, there will not be the slightest occasion for vineyards, or the cultivation of the grape: science will do it much better. We improve every day; I have no prejudices, I assure you. There may be some real wines—may be; but I must be excused, you see, if I have my preferences. This is the reason, my boy, that I never drink claret. It is an easy article of manufacture, cheap, and consequently in large demand. Under these circumstances, many good intellects have been brought to bear upon it, until the secret is wrung away; and it is a matter of deep question, whether the vineyards in the obscure lofts and cellars of New York are not equalling those of Medoc, Montiquan, and Graves. In one of my pockets, my boy, I have a pleasant little volume, made up from the manuscript of M. Paquirre, of Bourdeaux, who wrote in 1825, after spending a lifetime in the study of wines.'

I had given up being astonished at Biggs, as I am confident, had the occasion demanded, he would have pulled the Astor Library from his pocket in support of his assertions. I therefore contented myself with saying, as I looked at the empty Burgundy bottle, 'I don't object to betting you a nice little spread—say a dinner for six—that I have a claret, genuine, and of fine bouquet, colour, and answering all the requirements for a stout, fine wine.'

'Why don't you bring it out, my boy, then?' says Biggs.

By this time he had produced a

dingy-looking 16mo. from his pocket, and began to read, while I produced the wine, uncorked, and poured it out. I noticed, as rather a singular mode of testing, that Biggs filled his glass twice, and drank it absently, while hunting up the required paragraphs. I mention this fact because I knew to a certainty that all great wine-tasters, or liquor-judges, do not at first drink it when they are about to pass judgment. The most celebrated I ever knew would put only one spoonful in a half-tumbler of water, and rinse his mouth; after which he would pronounce an opinion, from which there was no use of appeal. Men who appreciate good wines, or would be capable of telling what they are drinking, do not spoil their mouths and palates by great gulps, or rapid refilling and emptying of glasses; nor yet by eating cheese, nuts, olives, or any article of foreign flavour, to create an appetite.

'Now,' said he, 'hear what M. Paquirre says of claret. "The wine, if it has succeeded, ought to be clear, transparent, of a fine soft colour, a lively smell, and balsamic taste, slightly piquant, but agreeable, inclining to that of raspberry, violet, or mignonette; filling the mouth, and passing without irritating the throat, giving a gentle heat to the stomach, and not getting too quickly into the head." Well, sir! how does this answer to your ideas of claret?' says this disagreeable Biggs, detecting me in the very act of smelling and tasting my wine. Biggs went on.

'Hear what M. Paquirre says about "doctoring" the real wine. "But in order to give the Bourdeaux wines some resemblance to those wines of Spain and Portugal which are used in England (and this will suit the locality of the United States also), to render them to the taste preferred, they are obliged to work them; that is, to mix them by means of a particular operation, so that those wines which are shipped can no longer be known as the same wines that are produced in the Department of the Gironde, or that remain at Bourdeaux." This particular operation, M. Paquirre describes. "It is achieved by using orrisroot for restoring the bouquet, touching up with raspberry brandy; using mineral crystal (which simply means alum), and isinglass." All this is done to the genuine wine. But what further it gets, when it has once crossed the Atlantic, would be beyond telling

Now,

Now, let us see how we shall make a splendid article of claret that shall possess colour, flavour, body, and strength; and which we must sell for from ten to twelve shillings per dozen, the usual price, bottles, boxes, and straw included. We will take thirty gallons of water, two of alcohol, logwood sufficient for colouring, a little bitartrate of potash, a small quantity of gypsum, powdered catechu, a trifle of cocculus indicus, and we have a very good article at a very low price. If we are extravagant, we will improve this by colouring by elderberries or mulberries instead of logwood, or we will add the red beet well crushed; we will improve it with a gallon or two of raspberry juice, possibly a little brandy. We must not, however, be too lavish, or we shall convert our claret into a Burgundy or a dry port. And here I have in my pocket a little vial, with which I shall work wonders.

'Now, my boy,' said he, 'perceive what I am about to do. This vial contains a solution of caustic potash. I shall drop a single grain of it in this claret. If the wine is pure, it will not be affected; if it is coloured with logwood, it will turn reddish purple; if elderberries, dark purple; if with mulberries, light purple; if with beet-root, clear red; if with Brazil wood, muddy red; if with litmus, light violet. Now, look out!'

Of all the impudent things I ever knew mortal man to be guilty of, I think this beat all. To test a man's wine in his own house, chemically, right under his nose, and that after finishing several bottles! I emphatically refuse to state what colour my wine turned. I shall only say that I have lost to Biggs that dinner for six; and Biggs is not a man to forget it. He coolly corked his vial again, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket.

'There, sir, what I have said about claret applies equally well to all the

German and Rhine wines. The cheaper the wine, the more poisonous. I defy contradiction, sir; I defy it, sir; I defy all the world, sir; I defy you, sir!'

I shall never lose the idea that at this special moment I saved the life of Biggs (though why I did it I cannot imagine) by seizing the glass containing the balance of the claret to which he had administered a dose of caustic potash, and which, in his forgetfulness and excitement, he was raising to his lips.

'Give us,' said Biggs, 'pure liquors; make it death to adulterate, or make it death to drink.'

'It is,' I ventured to remark.

'Hold your tongue, sir,' responded Biggs. 'Let this Government, sir, appoint an Envoy Extra-or-di-nary, and a Minister Plen-i-po-pen-i-tentia-ry, sir, to go to the wine districts, sir, and see, sir, that the wines come to us, sir, pure and un-a-dul-ter-a-ted, sir. Then, sir, throw open your ports—"free trade and sailors' rights"—and admit 'em, sir, without duty. For, said the great patriot, Jefferson, "Gentleman," says he, "I rejoice as a moralist on the prospect of the reduction of duties on wine by our National Legislature. It is an error to have a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling classes of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of spirits, which is desolating their homes. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober where the dearth of wine substitutes—ardent—spirits—as the—common beverage."

'That's it, sir. How—do—like—it, sir?'

Biggs was showing evident signs of sleep. 'John, John! Here, bring a carriage for Mr. Biggs.'

'Steady, now; there, take my arm.—So.'

'Good-by, ol—fel—a—'

ART. VII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

WHATEVER may be the difficulties, which the aspect of foreign affairs and the new complications of our relations in the East appear likely to introduce into our political discussions, the ensuing month will not be barren of events interesting to friends

of social reform. By the time this brief sketch of the quarter's progress will be in the press, the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen will have taken place, and science will have derived some real or fancied advantage from the patronage of a Prince Consort.

Consort. As the discussions of the various sections have not any very direct relation to social reform, it will hardly form part of our duty to record them: but of late years a section has been added in which our readers will have an interest, and of which, as we know, several important papers will be presented, we shall hope to offer some account in our next quarter's summary.

The great event of the future, however, will be the assembly of the Social Science Congress at Bradford on the 10th October. It will be presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The various sections are well represented in their officers; and as it is reported that Lord Brougham, now permanent President of the Council, has devoted especial attention to his inaugural address, and that he will express his judgment on many debateable points which we have introduced to the notice of our readers, we anticipate a very successful and very useful meeting.

It may appear strange that we should gossip about future events, when we profess to be recording the transactions of the past quarter; but the truth is that we have little to record. The only arena upon which questions of social reform have been discussed has been the floor of the various courts of assize, and the chief orators have been judges upon circuit. During the past few months, as upon all previous occasions when criminal law has been administered, one continual cry of lamentation for the results of intemperance has been raised over the land. In one calendar murders, in another robbery, in a third nearly all the offences of every kind, turn out, when the circumstances attending the crime come to be investigated, to have been associated with strong drink. We have never been more struck than when running through the history of the last quarter of a year for the purposes of this sketch, with the all-absorbing importance of this question of national drunkenness. It appears to have been almost the one question before the country. And yet indifference still prevails, and we are declared, even by some of our own readers, to be fanatical, because so vital a discussion occupies a prominent space in our pages. It is much to be regretted that some full and accurate statistics of the connec-

tion of crime with drunkenness are not within reach; but probably this connection can never be set forth in all its appalling accuracy. The records of crime contain a register only of the crime for which the prisoner is indicted. The circumstances horrify a court, but are then forgotten; and the man who carries the stain of blood upon his hand stands condemned as a man-slayer, while the agent which excited his passion or nerved his arm remains concealed.

Men of thought and influence have, however, been aroused, and the magistrates of the country have been awakened to a sense of their duty. No circumstance appears to us more hopeful than the presentment of the grand jury of the county of Lancaster, at Liverpool. Our readers well know that our views as to the remedy for the mischiefs complained of are very definite, and not entirely in accordance with those set forth in the presentment; but without entering upon the ungracious task of criticism or objection, we reprint the document as being itself a fact in the history of social reform during the past three months. It runs as follows:—

‘GRAND JURY—LIVERPOOL CROWN COURT, AUG. 1859.

(Before Mr. Baron Watson.)

‘Sir James Philip Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., foreman—John Bibby, Esq., Hart Hill, Allerton—John Ireland Blackburne, Esq., jun., Hale, Warrington—Thomas Brocklebank, Esq., Liverpool—David Bromilow, Esq., Haresfinch House, St. Helens—John Campbell, Esq., South Hill Grove, Liverpool—Frederic William Earle, Esq., Edenhurst, Prescott—Nathaniel Eckersley, Esq., Shelley Grove, Wigan—Josiah Evans, Esq., The Heys, Haydock—Frederic Sewalis Gerard, Esq., Liverpool—Sir Thomas George Hesketh, Bart., Rufford Hall—Arthur Henry Heywood, Esq., Claremont, Manchester—Samuel Holme, Esq., Holmestead, Liverpool—Duncan M’Vicar, Esq., Liverpool—John Myers, Esq., Crosby House, Liverpool—William Preston, Esq., Rock House, West Derby—Albert Hudson Royds, Esq., Mount Falinge, Rochdale—Henry Royds, Esq., Elm House, Wavertree—Samuel Taylor, Esq., Ibbotsholme, Windermere—Charles Turner,

Turner, Esq., Dingle Head, Liverpool
—Robert Theakstone, Esq., Booth—
James Hardy Wrigley, Esq., South-
port—Edward Gibbon, Esq.

‘My Lord Judge,—The grand jury of this assize for the county palatine of Lancaster desire to make the following presentment to your lordship:—In the charge, with which your lordship opened this assize, you directed the attention of the grand jury to those acts of violence which occupy a prominent place in the calendar. You informed them that it contained “thirty-five cases of cutting, stabbing, and wounding, by which eight persons had come to their deaths.” Your lordship concluded your charge by directing the attention of the jury to those means of prevention which might be wisely adopted to check the growth of crime. The grand jury have carefully borne in mind both parts of your lordship’s charge. They find that the acts of violence to which your lordship directed their attention have been of an aggravated description. A large proportion resulted from quarrels commenced within the walls of licensed public-houses, after drinking prolonged for hours, and indeed until it had produced a brutal frenzy. After savage blows struck in the house—sometimes producing severe injury—the combat has been renewed in the yard, or the adjoining road, or the street, and in some cases an unmanly use has been made of knives—stabs with dangerous bleeding or immediate loss of life, or blows and kicks have been given with such barbarity as to cause death. In cases where the grand jury had not before them evidence of the commencement of the quarrel in a particular public-house, it has been clear that the parties had been infuriated with drink. The grand jury desire emphatically to express their opinion that, apart from the moral mischief which the excessive use of intoxicating drinks occasions in families and in society, *all the poisons sold to malefactors, or wantonly or carelessly used, cause far fewer deaths than the unregulated sale of beer or spirits.* The chaplains of our gaols have for many years called the attention of the magistrates of this county to drunkenness as the chief source of crime. But the magistrates have only a very limited power over beer-houses, inasmuch as they cannot limit the number of licenses; and their

discretion as to the suspension or removal of the license of public-houses is subjected to embarrassing restrictions. It is especially to be regretted that the law does not enable the magistrates to secure the personal residence of the licensed victualler in his public-house. The grand jury nevertheless suggest that in all cases of intoxication causing any breach of the peace, the police should be directed to ascertain, and report to the justices in petty sessions, what were the houses in which the several parties had been permitted to obtain drink in excess. They would urge that the justices should pursue these inquiries, so as to impress on all who are entrusted with the sale of intoxicating liquors that they become parties to disorder, to much moral mischief, to breaches of the peace and acts of brutal violence ending in homicide, by permitting drink to be taken in excess. They therefore frustrate the intentions of the Legislature—that the license should be held on condition of co-operation with the justices of the peace to prevent the abuse of intoxicating drinks, and should be withdrawn if this condition were not fulfilled. The grand jury conceive that the justices in petty sessions may be strengthened in the discharge of such duties if, from this assize, their attention be called to all those cases of violence caused by intoxication, and commencing in public-houses, which have been sent for trial by your lordship, and that they be requested to consider whether they should take such measures with respect to the licenses of such publicans as may issue in their suspension or removal. Some such immediate exercise of the authority of the justices, followed by a vigorous and persevering administration of the law, *has become indispensable.* The grand jury, however, feel that if these efforts were successful they would leave untouched the mischievous influences of beer-houses, kept by a ruder class of persons than the licensed victuallers. Either, on the one hand, the sale of beer and spirituous liquors may be safely made an open trade, both without reference to the character of the dealers or to any guarantee for their good conduct; or, if such a trade cannot be suffered without control, then the security which the Legislature has required from the licensed victuallers should be rendered thoroughly effectual,

tual, and extended to beer-houses. Such security should be sought, not only in the provisions of the statute, but also by an administration of the law, prompt, earnest, and free from personal or party favour or interest. The present law neither effectually promotes wholesome restraint, nor is it consistent with an unfettered trade. It is administered by two classes of functionaries, on two conflicting and ill-defined principles, so as to cause a confusion most injurious to those who are supported by manual labour, and to become a fruitful source of crime. The grand jury are of opinion that the laws as to the sale of intoxicating drinks in beer-houses and public-houses should be assimilated, and that authority administering the law should be made uniform, and should be such as to secure a prompt, pure, and faithful enforcement of the intention of the Legislature. *The grand jury venture to say that no graver question of domestic legislation awaits the action of the executive government.* The grand jury cannot conclude this presentment without expressing their earnest concurrence with your lordship as to the supreme importance which you attached to all the moral means for the prevention of crime afforded by the religious bringing up of our youth, by private example, and in efficient schools. They likewise desire to rejoice with your lordship in the marked success which has hitherto attended the institutions, of late created, for the reformation especially of females and of juvenile offenders. They would further urge that the associations of "patronage," which aid the reformed adult prisoner, on his discharge, to obtain an honest livelihood by work, deserve confidence, and that an immediate extension of such societies is rendered desirable by the practical abolition of the punishment of transportation.

'J. P. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH,

Foreman.'

We must not terminate this hasty summary without one word in relation to the Royal Commission which has been occupied in Scotland in an inquiry into the license system of that country, and especially into the operation of

Lord Kennaird's, or Forbes McKenzie's Act. The inquiry itself was originated by the publicans, and for some time resisted by friends of the Act; but eventually the fears entertained of the partiality of a parliamentary committee were removed by the appointment of a Royal Commission, who should take evidence on the spot. From the reports which have reached us we fear the change will not be much better than the original suggestion. The commissioners have apparently arrived at foregone conclusions, and we shall not be at all surprised if their report turn out unsatisfactory. The integrity of the law will not be maintained by the strict adherence of its supporters, for the inquiry has presented the strange anomaly of leading temperance men *recommending* a relaxation of its provisions. It is curious how the fear of some small defeat leads to a sacrifice of principle—insuring future loss for some problematic present gain. It would surely have been better to lay before the commissioners some distinct and definite suggestions involving a principle upon which those advancing the suggestions believed legislation in regard to the trade in strong drink should always proceed.

The great case which has almost entirely concentrated popular interest, that of Dr. Smethurst, is not without its suggestive points. It is very doubtful whether 'scientific evidence' has not been pushed to the utmost verge of safety, and it is a grave question for legal and social reformers how far a man's life should be perilled upon the speculations of a chemist or the theories of a physiologist. Actual facts alone should constitute the basis upon which a criminal conviction should rest. But the still more important question is suggested by the case alluded to, 'Ought not provision to be made to allow the possibility of a new trial in criminal cases? No doubt many considerations may be advanced on either side of the argument, but it does appear anomalous that while in a civil case errors on the part of a jury may be corrected, that a verdict in a criminal trial must be final and conclusive, whatever its circumstances or obvious impropriety.

Meliora.

- ART. I.—1. *Memoirs of Libraries.* By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. 1859. Trübner and Co., Paternoster Row.
2. *Report of the House of Commons on Public Libraries.* 1849.
3. *Free Public Libraries and Museums.* A Paper read at the Birmingham Meeting of the National Association, by David Chadwick, Esq. 1857.
4. *Act of Parliament for the Establishment of Free Libraries and Museums.* 1855.
5. *Annual Reports of the Committees of the Free Public Libraries in Liverpool, Birkenhead, Manchester, Salford, Cambridge, and Norwich, for 1858-9.*
6. *Report of the Pure Literature Society.* 1859.

THE time is past when it was needful to demonstrate the expediency, safety, or propriety of intellectual development for all classes of society; and the transition state in which our country now finds herself, in passing from an uneducated to an educated condition, leaves us no alternative but to throw our influence for good into the advancing current, promoting, to the utmost of our power, every direct and indirect agency for the right education of the masses.

In reviewing our national history, it is impossible not to be struck with the glaring neglect, the criminal indifference to the improvement of the people which characterized the successive administrations of our government, till within no very distant period; and it is a singular fact, that while the continental system of centralization is utterly inconsistent with the education of a people to freedom, yet in some respects it secures to the nation so governed, advantages which in our happy country, we even yet possess but imperfectly.

The radical cause of these deficiencies in Great Britain, we trace to the very defective state of education for the upper and middle classes of society which has prevailed, and which has been ill calculated to give enlarged views of the requirements of national progress: thus the executive and legislative bodies, being composed of persons who have had inadequate and indistinct ideas of the benefits to be conferred, by the wide diffusion of scientific and other useful knowledge, have viewed with indifference the absence

of appliances for such purposes, and have made no attempt to remedy such deficiency.

Among the most valuable agencies for the intellectual development of a great nation, must be placed, as of the highest importance, the free circulation of a sound and healthful literature; and the question of the means by which this great end is to be obtained, is one of the most interesting of the present day. If 'books,' as Milton has said in his '*Areopagitica*,' 'contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are,' surely it behoves us to see that that life shall be widely diffused. 'I know,' continues the poet of '*Paradise Lost*,' 'that they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.'

It is obvious that to supply the intellectual wants of the inhabitants of large cities and towns, and those of scattered, thinly-populated districts, distinct appliances and machinery will be required. The public library will, in a great measure, answer the demands of the first class, and colportage, and other agencies of a similar character, the second. It may well be asked, with regard to the first part of our subject, how far are the existing provisions and present utility of our public libraries proportionate to the position, wealth, and literary renown of Great Britain among the nations of Europe? Have these 'mind armouries' been estimated at their proper value; or is it a fact that, notwithstanding their acknowledged utility, we have been behind other countries in establishing and providing them for the people?

A full answer to these questions is to be found in two valuable volumes lately published, called '*Memoirs of Libraries*,' copies of which, we hope, may find a place in every public library of our country. The rise and progress of collections of books is a subject intimately connected with the history of ancient and modern civilization; and the information given by Mr. Edwards, which has been collected by him with the greatest care and labour, we consider an important contribution to the past and present history of mankind. Distinctive as are the civilizations of the pagan nations of antiquity, and those of modern Christendom, we may learn not a few lessons of wisdom from the ancient, mediæval, and present history of these storehouses of the intellect.

In the volumes which lie before us, Mr. Edwards first gives a view of the principal facts that are known respecting the libraries of the ancient world, then notices of the most important book 'collections of the middle ages,' concluding the first part of his subject by full historical notes on modern libraries. The second division of his subject, which might well have formed a separate volume, relates to the economy of libraries; and Mr. Edwards divides it into—I. Book Collecting; II. Buildings; III. Classification

cation and Catalogues; IV. Internal Administration and Public Service.

We must confine ourselves, in our notice of this valuable work, to the first part, viz.—The History of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Libraries.

Among the most interesting facts that are known respecting the libraries of the ancient world, must be ranked the identification of the well-known palace temple near Thebes, popularly known as the ‘Memnonium’ with the library described by Diodorus as ‘The Dispensary of the Mind,’ and which is ascribed to the fourteenth century B.C. Inscriptions which record the appropriation of plots of land to libraries, occur on the walls of Egyptian tombs, one of which is close to the great pyramid of Cheops, and has been rendered ‘the land of the library of Suphis’ (or Cheops).

In any survey of ancient libraries, must not be omitted the discoveries of Layard and Botta, of those inscribed tablets or bricks in Assyria and Babylon, to which a French savant, M. Jules Oppert, has given the very appropriate term of ‘libraries of clay.’ As the Chaldean priests kept their astronomical observations on bricks baked in the furnace, so M. Jules Oppert believes, after the careful study of the Assyrian inscriptions, that there is a large class of them expressly prepared for purposes of public instruction. The first public library in Greece is alleged to have been founded by Pisistratus, in Athens (B.C. 537—527). Aristotle, according to Strabo, was the first known collector of a library; and the honour was also due to him of having suggested to the Ptolemies the formation of the celebrated Alexandrian library, founded by Ptolemy Soter. The most conflicting accounts are given of the extent of this library, Seneca telling us it contained 400,000 volumes, while Eusebius says that at the death of Philadelphus (B.C. 247) the number was 100,000.

The Pergamus library, founded by Attalus I. (B.C. 241—197), became a formidable rival to that of Alexandria, in spite of the jealousy of the Ptolemies, who even prohibited the exportation of papyrus, in the hope of obstructing its progress. When sent by Antony to Cleopatra, as a gift and trophy of successful war, to supply its rival’s place at Alexandria, Plutarch affirms that it contained 200,000 volumes. Pliny asserts that C. Asinius Pollio was the first who established a public library in Rome; but as we know from Suetonius, that Julius Cæsar directed one to be formed for public use under the care of Varro, it is most probable that Pollio assisted in carrying out Cæsar’s plan.

The private library of Lucullus was not only remarkable for its extent, but for the generous use made of it by the owner. It was open to all, Plutarch tells us. ‘The Greeks who were at Rome resorted thither as it were to the retreat of the Muses.’ Under

the Roman emperors arose distinct libraries of Greek and Latin authors, and the famous Ulpian library, founded by Trajan, was added, by way of adornment, to the baths of Diocletian. At one time great hopes were entertained that the libraries discovered in the long-buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, would have yielded important additions to classical learning; but while their bibliographical interest must always be great, the results of research have been too fragmentary for any important discovery. When Constantine the Great gave a new metropolis to the Roman empire, he is said to have bestowed special pains on the collection of a library, and the work was continued by his successors. Notwithstanding repeated disasters by fire and conquest, the great libraries of Europe owe to Constantinople their greatest treasures collected by the Greek emperors. 'For many generations, foreign ambassadors, learned academicians, sent for special research, and even private travellers, have brought thence many precious manuscripts.'

The rise and progress of monastic libraries form a most important feature in the history of the middle ages. The book collections of that period were either monastic or palatial, though the former were the most important, and it was within monastic walls that learning found its safest asylum during the flood-tide of barbaric invasion. The services rendered by monks either to ancient or modern literature, by the preservation and diffusion of books, are vividly portrayed by the author of '*Memoirs of Libraries.*' Nearly all the great monastic institutions possessed libraries more or less famous in their day; and the labour of transcription was carried on so vigorously, that one scriptorium furnished in the course of years no small collection of books.

St. Augustine is said to have brought with him on his mission to England nine precious volumes sent by Gregory the Great, viz.—1. The Holy Bible, in two volumes; 2. The Psalter; 3. The Gospels; 4. Another Psalter; 5. Another copy of the Gospels; 6. The (Apocryphal) Lives of the Apostles; 7. The Lives of the Martyrs; 8. An Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles. Thus, according to the Canterbury chartulary preserved in Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was the first English library founded. A catalogue is still preserved of the valuable library contained in St. Augustine's Monastery at Canterbury, the fame of which was rivalled ere long by that at York, founded by Archbishop Egbert, and from which Alcuin acquired his love for literature. Perhaps of all orders, the Benedictine was the one to which Europe is most indebted for its literary labours, and the libraries and remains still extant belonging to the German, Italian, and French Benedictines attest this fact. Even the mendicant friars formed in many cases large and noble libraries, and
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complaint was on one occasion made to the pope that they evinced such eagerness in the acquisition of books, that scarcely could other ecclesiastics purchase any. The decline of learning in English monasteries, which preceded their dissolution, was a natural consequence of the luxury and corruption which had crept into them; yet it is a stigma upon those who were engaged in their suppression, that while the instructions given to the Royal Commissioners demanded full inquiry into the temporalities of each community, even extending to the state of the bedding and number of utensils, no curiosity was manifested respecting the collections of books, or the learning of the fraternity. The appropriation of the spoil was often so reckless that we cannot wonder that the monastic libraries were dispersed and wantonly plundered; and even 'ardent Reformers agree with sturdy Romanists in lamenting the gross neglect which suffered them, for the most part, to perish.' It is satisfactory to know that through the labours of Leland, many precious volumes saved by him from monastic ruins, are to be found in different collections in England, as in the Bodleian and the British Museum.

Until nearly the close of the middle ages, we find few records of private collections of books, though the names of royal, noble, and plebeian collectors occasionally meet us, to be entirely eclipsed by those of the three illustrious princes, Lorenzo de' Medici, Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and Frederick Duke of Urbino, whose splendid collections comprised many of the treasures formerly belonging to Constantinople.

On the modern libraries of Great Britain and Ireland, Mr. Edwards gives us much valuable information: thus he traces the formation and growth of the several collections which eventually became the library of the British Museum, the Royal, Cottonian, Harleian, and Sloanian, and collectively were the nucleus around which other valuable libraries were successively brought together, to form ultimately an aggregate that may bear comparison with the largest library in the world.

The history of the formation of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, of the Public University Library of Cambridge, and of the minor libraries of the two universities, are full of interest to the scholar, and we regret that our space does not allow us to do more than refer our reader to Mr. Edwards's work. It is gratifying to know that there is a general desire among the University authorities to render many of these libraries much more generally useful. The English archiepiscopal and cathedral libraries possess large and varied literary wealth, in many cases including remnants of very ancient collections, and it is to be regretted that they are not rendered more accessible to the public.

The management or rather mismanagement of the older libraries
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of English towns by municipal corporations, is a subject on which Mr. Edwards dilates with righteous indignation. That of Bristol, with the consent of the corporation, was diverted from its original public foundation to a private society, and is but one instance out of many such abuses. The first foundation of the parochial libraries of England was laid when, in 1537, the published injunction was issued, that Bibles should be placed in all churches, in some convenient place, for the parishioners to resort to read them. Other books were occasionally added by the same authority, and at a later period these small collections of books, in many cases, formed the nucleus of parochial libraries of no small value, which have too often been dispersed, or permitted to fall into neglect and dilapidation.

Before referring to the efforts recently made in England to remedy the great deficiency which has prevailed with regard to public libraries free of access to all classes, we will take a hasty glance at the advantages bestowed by other countries, and we shall find that in nearly all the capitals of Europe, large and important public libraries are accessible, in most instances, not only to the student and the scholar, but to the general public; showing that, with our immense resources, we have allowed ourselves to be surpassed by other countries, in institutions fitted to supply the intellectual demands of the people. The Imperial Library at Paris, which in 1858 numbered 858,000 printed books, besides manuscripts, charts, &c., has been freely opened to the public, the only restrictions to this national library being, that children under fifteen years of age must produce a card, signed and delivered by a relative, or by the head of an establishment of public instruction, guaranteeing that books may be intrusted to the bearer. An Englishman, who resided in Paris at the commencement of the imperial epoch, is loud in praise of the liberality of the regulations respecting public admission:—‘I have been more particular,’ he adds, ‘in describing these minute proceedings, because they form a striking contrast to the confined and illiberal plans of similar institutions among us;’ and Mr. Edwards remarks, that a subsidiary illustration of this phase of international contrast may be afforded by the fact, that long before the opening of any English private library to students of all ranks, we find several such instances of liberality co-existing in Paris: the libraries, whose owners liberally opened their doors in early days, were the beginnings of those fine collections which in recent times call every well-conducted visitor their master, whether he be Frenchman or foreigner. The provincial libraries of France are on the same liberal basis as those of the capital, the admission generally being entirely free, and unattended by any preliminary formalities. Various regulations exist with re-
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gard to the lending of books. In Norway and Sweden, Belgium, Bavaria, Switzerland, Austria, Hanover, Greece, Prussia, Sardinia, Tuscany, and other parts of Italy, the same freedom of access prevails, while in many states books are also lent.

Even in Brazil, and other states of South America, national free libraries have preceded the establishment of such institutions in our country. Thus at Rio de Janeiro 'all decently-clad persons are admitted, and are allowed the perusal of such books as they choose to call for;' and similar regulations exist at Maranhão, and in the public libraries of Mexico.

The provision of college and state libraries in the United States is an honourable one, but their usefulness being limited, led to a movement in 1848, by which town or city libraries should be provided in the Union, to be entirely free and enjoyable by all the townspeople. Thus, while such a library was first founded in Boston, in 1848, no such library existed in the United Kingdom till after the passing of the Libraries Act in 1850. 'Whilst,' writes Mr. Edwards, 'the Old Bay State was beginning to form town libraries, by wise and foreseeing legislation, aided by the munificence of merchants who may, without any flattery, be said to be "as princes in the earth," that munificence unaided was providing, in the chief city of the "Empire State," a library on the largest scale and of the widest accessibility.' On the 1st of February, 1854, the Astor Free Library of New York, containing 80,000 volumes, was opened, the 'noblest contribution towards the dispelling of popular ignorance, and the facilitating of mental culture, which any American citizen has yet left behind him.' The school and district libraries of the United States are more or less completely organized, and form free public libraries of great value. Even in the newer States of Indiana and Michigan, express legislative enactment has led to the formation of township libraries. Thus, in Michigan there are upwards of 300 libraries in the 425 townships of the State, and these libraries circulate over 1,349 districts, very gratifying evidence being constantly afforded of their usefulness.

A conviction of the great necessity that existed in Great Britain for some new machinery that should remedy the deficiencies of the past, and popularize the advantages of public libraries, had long been felt by enlightened men, and ultimately led to an important measure, which, although as yet but a short time in operation, has greatly accelerated the formation and growth of public libraries. Private individuals had in vain attempted to found such institutions, but, as Mr. Edwards remarks, 'Without some assured provision of the means of continued increase, as well as of simple preservation, no man ever secured to posterity the true advantages of a public library.'

Two principles of primary importance were laid down by the originators of this movement. First, that free libraries must be formed in a catholic spirit, and that these new institutions should have nothing to do with party influences. Second, that they should not be dependent for their support on gifts or current subscriptions, but that a rate levied on the whole tax-paying community should provide for their maintenance. In these principles was involved a third obvious and inevitable conclusion.

‘The new libraries must know nothing of *classes* in the community. Supported alike by the taxation of the wealthiest capitalist, and of the humblest ten-pound householder, they must be so formed, so augmented, and so governed as to be useful to both. They must be in no sense “Professional Libraries,” or “Tradesmen’s Libraries,” or “Working Men’s Libraries,” but Town Libraries. To that end, they must contain, in fair proportions, the books that are attractive to the uneducated and half-educated as well as those which subserve the studies and assist the pursuits of the clergyman, the merchant, the politician, and the professional scholar. They must be unrestrictedly open to every visitor. They must offer to all men not only the practical science, the temporal excitements, and the prevalent opinions of the passing day, but the wisdom of preceding generations, the treasures of a remote antiquity, the hopes and the evidences of the world to come.’

In 1848, this important subject was at last brought under the notice of parliament by William Ewart, Esq., Member for the Dumfries Burghs, who gave notice of a select committee for the coming session. Mr. Ewart’s attention had been drawn to the libraries question by a paper printed in the Journal of the London Statistical Society, in March, 1848, called ‘A Statistical View of Public Libraries in Europe and America.’ A view of our national deficiencies was given in this article, and the statistics given could not but arouse the attention of all into whose hands it fell. Shortly afterwards further information on the subject of public libraries was laid before Mr. Ewart’s committee.

The original proposition of Mr. Ewart was ‘that a select committee be appointed on existing public libraries in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the best means of extending the establishment of libraries freely open to the public, especially in large towns;’ but objection was made by Sir George Grey to the words ‘existing public libraries in Great Britain and Ireland,’ as including some which ought not to come within the scope of the present inquiry, among which were specified the deanery and parochial libraries. That the management of these required investigation, Mr. Edwards shows in the following quotation:—

“About seven years ago,” wrote a correspondent to the Editor of “Notes and Queries,” “I found the collection of books at Swaffham, in Norfolk, in a most disgraceful state, covered with dust and the dung of mice and bats: many of the books were torn from their bindings.” “About ten years since,” writes another correspondent, “several works with the inscription ‘Reepham Church Library’ were sold indiscriminately with the rector’s books.” Speaking of the parochial library at Boston, in Lincolnshire: “I have been informed,” says the Rev. Thomas Collis, “by a gentleman, that he remembers two or more cart-loads of books

books being sold by the churchwardens . . . at waste paper price." . . . Finally, Dr. Maitland, who had taken unusual pains to make himself acquainted with the contents and condition of church libraries, said in 1849 : "There are (or were) books up and down the country . . . thousands of books which . . . have been lying rotting, and have been destroyed and made away with, in a great many instances, by those who did not know their value."*

With modified terms of reference to existing public libraries, Mr. Ewart's committee was appointed. The evidence was voluminous and interesting, and in their abstract of the principal points of the evidence the committee reported that—

'We have, it is stated, only one library in Great Britain equally accessible with these numerous libraries abroad. . . Nor is this contrast displayed by the European continent alone. Our younger brethren, the people of the United States of America, have already anticipated us in the formation of libraries. . . Entirely open to the public. . . Every witness examined on the subject has given an opinion favourable to the grant of assistance on certain strict conditions, by the government, for the formation of public libraries. This is one of those cases in which a comparatively small aid may accomplish a large portion of public good. . . The principle is recognized in our votes for school-houses and for schools of design. . . Your committee further recommend that a power be given by parliament, enabling town councils to levy a small rate for the creation and support of town libraries. . . Your committee feel convinced that the people of a country like our own, abounding in capital, in energy, and in an honest desire, not only to imitate, but to imitate whatsoever is good and useful, will not long linger behind the people of other countries, in the acquisition of such valuable institutions as freely accessible public libraries. Our present inferior position is unworthy of the power, the liberality, and the literature of the country.†

In 1850, on the 14th of February, Mr. Ewart moved the House for leave to bring in a Bill for enabling town councils to establish public libraries and museums, by a rate not exceeding one halfpenny in the pound. The Bill reached its second reading on the 13th of March, when a debate, which afforded no slight amusement to intelligent lookers-on occurred, Colonel Sibthorp beginning the opposition by the expression of his conviction that 'However excellent food for the mind might be, food for the body was now most wanted for the people. I do not like reading at all,' said the speaker, 'and hated it when I was at Oxford.' After moving the rejection of the Bill, this enlightened member was seconded by Mr. Buck, who informed the House that 'the additional taxation which the Bill proposes at a time when the nation is so generally impoverished, is considered a great grievance by the manufacturing as well as the landed interest of the country.'

Mr. Spooner feared that 'by the institution of lectures, hereafter these libraries might be converted into normal schools of agitation ;' and after other brilliant displays of like eloquence a division being taken, the Ayes were 118, the Noes 101. On the 10th of April, in a further debate, Mr. Buck announced that if the Bill

* Minutes of Evidence taken before the Commissioners on the British Museum, (1849), 502. Q. 7826.

† Report of the Select Committee.

proceeded, he should 'certainly demand the exemption of the agricultural interest from the liabilities it created,' and with such opposition at every stage, the Bill did not pass the House of Commons till July. In all respects it was a simple permissive Bill, the initiative being left in the hands of town councils, who, after proper notice, could poll the burgesses on the question whether they would adopt the Libraries Act. In 1854, Mr. Ewart moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend and extend the Act for enabling town councils to establish free libraries and museums; but delays prevented the measure being prosecuted till the next session, when a great change had taken place in the opinions of some who had previously opposed the Bill. In 1855, the new Act received the royal assent. It is called 'An Act for further promoting the establishment of Free Public Libraries and Museums in municipal towns, and for extending it to towns governed under Local Improvement Acts, and to Parishes.' While this Act repeals the Act of 1850, it enacts that all libraries founded under that Act shall be maintained under the provisions of the present Act. The former Act had been restricted in its operation to such corporate towns as contained 10,000 inhabitants. A great improvement in the Act of 1855 made it apply to municipal boroughs of more than 5,000 inhabitants, to all districts of like population, possessing a Board of Improvement Commissioners, to any parish having such a population, or any two or more neighbouring parishes having such an aggregate number of inhabitants, who may unite to establish a public library.

After suitable notice, a meeting having been convened by the mayor, commissioners, or overseers of the poor, the proposition for the adoption of the Act must be voted for, by at least two-thirds of the persons present. The Act comes into operation immediately after such a vote. If negatived, a year must elapse before the question be again brought before a meeting. When the Act is adopted in a borough or district, the expenses may be defrayed either by the borough or improvement rate, or a separate rate may be levied, called the library rate, not to exceed one penny in the pound on the rateable value of the property assessed. The library accounts are to be kept separately, and to be accessible to the public. When adopted in a parish, the vestry must appoint not less than three, or more than nine ratepayers as commissioners; one-third of such commissioners to go out of office yearly by ballot; but to be re-eligible.

We will now say a few words on the reception of the Act in English towns.

Even while the Bill was still pending, Sir John Potter had set on foot a subscription in Manchester for the foundation of a free library; and this city has the honour of being the first in which a
library

library under the new Act was established in 1850. At Warrington and Salford small collections of books had previously been formed in connection with museums maintained under the 'Museum Act' of 1845. In Liverpool, the example of Manchester was quickly followed, and a subscription raised to open a library under the Act of 1850; but the bequest, meantime, by the Earl of Derby, of a museum, rendered larger powers desirable, and in 1852 a local Act, known as the 'Liverpool Library and Museum Act,' was obtained, and the library was formally opened in October of the same year. The city of Norwich was the first out of Lancashire in which the Act was adopted, the votes for its adoption being 150, and 7 against it. In Exeter, where a similar attempt was made a few months afterwards, out of 971 votes, 853 were against the adoption of the Act, but 118 in its favour. Up to the present time the Act has been adopted in 17 towns, and negatived in 8.

Our two ancient universities, our largest inland city, and our greatest seaport, have been foremost to avail themselves of the advantages it bestows; and the libraries established under it in Manchester, Salford, and Liverpool are considerable enough to warrant some special details. How the infant libraries of other towns have worked thus far may be briefly indicated in a few sentences, chiefly from returns recently laid before the House of Commons. At Cambridge, the 'Committee of the Town Council have every reason to be satisfied with the general results which have been obtained. They contemplate the formation of a lending library in addition to the present library of reference.' At Oxford, the chairman of the Committee, Mr. Alderman Sadler, says:—'I have pleasure in declaring that the establishment of the free public library has, in my judgment, proved of more real benefit, and has rendered more solid advantages, than any other measure which has been adopted during the forty years of my public life.' 'We need in Oxford,' writes also a distinguished member of the university, Dr. Acland (Radcliffe Librarian), 'nothing more at present, in this respect, except increased space for the city library, and the further development of its resources.' 'The general results of the establishment of the library,' says the Corporation of Bolton, 'have been most satisfactory, and the increased provision lately made by the legislature will be of great advantage.' And that of Sheffield: 'The results hitherto have been most cheering and satisfactory.' And again, that of Hertford: 'The results have been favourable, the attendance in the reading-room large, and the demand for books very general. It is proposed, as soon as possible, to construct a suite of rooms for the purposes of the library.'

In Manchester, the public subscription for the foundation of the
Free

Free City Library amounted to 12,823*l.*, of which sum nearly 5,000*l.* was raised by Sir John Potter's personal exertions. On the subscription list were found the names of persons of all classes, while the amount of their subscriptions varied from 500*l.* to one shilling. The building purchased for the library was one raised also by a large subscription by the adherents of Robert Owen. The latter had himself laid the foundation stone; but his scheme of social regeneration had but a short existence, and the building having fallen into bad hands, and being applied to improper purposes, had become a public nuisance. The expense of purchase and adaptation of this edifice to the purposes of a public library was 7,013*l.*, while the cost of volumes purchased as the nucleus of the future collection was 4,156*l.* The number of books presented to the library was 3,200; five hundred of these were valuable gifts from public boards, or learned societies, while the remainder were of very small value. 'The whole experience,' remarks Mr. Edwards, 'of this library, in that respect, as of so many more, tends to confirm the opinion elsewhere expressed, that casual donations is a totally untrustworthy source for the formation of public libraries, under any circumstances.'

The Manchester library was the first institution in Great Britain, under Ewart's Act, which combined a free library of reference and a free library of circulation. It is most gratifying to know that a large number of those who borrow books from this institution are youths and boys, and even at this early stage of their existence the lending libraries have done much good. From the day on which this library was opened, September 6th, 1852, to 31st December, 1857, the aggregate of books issued to readers and borrowers was 864,104, or an average of 523 volumes for each day the library is open to the public.

The free library of Salford now possesses 20,503 volumes, and in their last report, the Committee mention the increased appreciation of the institution evinced by the public. The total issues in the reference and reading department up to 31st October, 1857, amounted to 579,788 volumes.

In 1852, the free library of Liverpool was opened with about 12,000 volumes; and one year later two branch lending libraries were established in other parts of the town. The aggregate issues from 18th October, 1852, to 31st August, 1857, have amounted to 1,382,609 volumes. The rapid increase of the library having rendered a new building necessary, William Brown, Esq., late M.P. for South Lancashire, is munificently erecting a building at a cost of 25,000*l.* as a free library and museum, the site being provided by the corporation.

With one important observation by Mr. Edwards, which is, we consider, eminently suggestive to our public men, and those interested

terested in the intellectual progress of their country, we conclude a subject to which we may have occasion to return:—

‘Amongst the means of improving existing libraries which have been indicated, is that of thorough inquiry into their history, condition, and capability. This one measure more or less underlies all the others, enwraps within itself an indefinite latent force, and is immediately available. Inquiry involves publicity. If every library in this country, on which the public has any fair claim, could be brought distinctly under public view by a precise and periodical statement, comprising three particulars:—1. What is it—2. What it has, and 3. What it does—a long train of improvements would inevitably follow. But the systematic inspection of public libraries to be effective must be national.’

But were free libraries provided for all the cities, towns, and parishes of our country, there would still be a large amount of existing ignorance which can only be combated by aggressive agencies, such as are found in a well-organized system of colportage, or book-hawking societies. Even in towns there will be many who are too indifferent to the advantages offered by the public library to make use of them, and in country districts and isolated dwellings an intellectual famine must prevail unless a different machinery be employed to that we have just sketched. The different circumstances in which our urban and rural populations are placed require certain adaptations to accomplish a given purpose for each, and while we view the free public library as an appliance of the highest value for aiding the mental progress of the people, we cannot help earnestly desiring to see coincident with this movement a wide extension of colportage in Great Britain. In a future article we propose to introduce this subject to our readers.

ART. II.—1. *Woman and Work*. By Barbara Leigh Smith. London: Bosworth and Harrison.

2. *Ragged Homes and How to Mend them*. By Mrs. Bayly. London: Nisbett.

3. *Social and Industrial Position of Women*. London: John Chapman.

WE have no intention of adding to the countless volumes which have been written on woman's ‘mission,’ and the grandeur of her ‘vocation.’ We dislike counterfeits of sacred things, and cannot bear to see domestic virtues hawked about the world like bad pictures. In an age when books are so multiplied that people will hardly take the trouble to understand what they read, let us entreat the literary spoilers to leave some sentiment untouched, and not to drag all that is good and beautiful from its natural hiding-place. Most pernicious are perpetual arguments concerning undefinable boundaries of duty, or attempts to meddle with that mysterious

mysterious paradox which adduces dignity from submission, strength from weakness, and exalted happiness from conscious dependence. The pedant would do well to leave such things untouched, for they are beyond his philosophy, and to speak of them is only to involve him in a maze of riddles.

The middle-class women of England never occupied a more honourable or a more judiciously selected position than they hold at present.

In all stages of civilization, from the politeness of the Greeks to the chivalric devotion of the Middle Ages, the Utopian theories of the modern Germans, and the astounding innovations of the Americans, there has always been one or more type upheld, as the natural and most perfect position for the sex. When has this ideal of ease and happiness been more nearly realized than at present amongst us?

The Englishwoman is nurtured like a garden plant in the genial atmosphere of home. She is no longer superficially taught, nor required to concentrate all her energies on the acquirement of superficial accomplishments. She is not levelled to the rank of a clothes-horse, nor obliged to be mentally gyved and fettered by the opinions of others; but she is allowed to use her own faculties like a reasonable creature. Comparatively free, on the one hand, from that flattery which would nourish her vanity and egotism, and not subjected to a long course of that selfish excitement which is the sure pioneer of ennui and hysteria; on the other, she is allowed that domestic seclusion which is most favourable to her moral vigour, and entitled to that respect and esteem which defend her from suffering and pain.

She is not impelled, like the Italian recluse, to find her only rest and happiness in luxurious self-renunciation. She has no reason to envy the Frenchwoman in her promiscuous association with the *beau monde*, nor the American in her vehement struggle for power; but is able to feel that happiness which is the constant 'reflex of unimpeded energy,' having influence enough to make her responsible, though it be without noise, and having agencies not the less mighty because they are silent and latent.

So far, so well. As long as our women are in their normal state, and surrounded by all the blessings of life, they are treated with a wisdom and gentleness which might call forth the admiration of a Howard, or meet with the approbation of Solomon. Arguing from analogy, a stranger visiting this country might feel confident that the same benevolence would be extended tenfold to those who were deprived of their natural protectors, and dependent on their own efforts for the necessities of existence.

By no means. It is as if the decree were inevitable that from her that hath not, 'must be taken away even that which she seemeth

seemeth to have.' The chivalry of England lends every assistance to those women who are lapped in luxury, and have no more than their natural work to perform; whilst it scarcely recognizes those who stand alone in their weakness, and, with all the secret and keen sensitiveness of their natures, have to endure a lifelong struggle with poverty.

The fine gentlemen who can pay soft compliments in fashionable drawing-rooms are not troubled by the thought of the 'strange, dark spots of inextinguishable red' on the very clothes they are wearing; and whilst they delight in the superficial graces of some ball-room belle, they do not see other faces as young and delicate rising before them, pale with the dews of death, and their beauty prematurely filched away by night watches, close atmosphere, and cruel oppression. The mother whose benevolent heart is set on the well-being of her daughter, though the pauses in her night-dreams are filled with prayers for her children,* has forgotten the orphan beneath her roof, who longs in vain for some word of sympathy to make her office of governess more endurable.

Many benevolent people are anxiously looking for some opportunity of ameliorating the sad condition of these suffering women. But in order to discover a specific for their improvement, we must first investigate the nature of their misfortunes. In doing this, our thoughts will naturally divide themselves under three heads—The present condition of the countless women in England who, either from choice or necessity, are their own 'bread-winners;' the causes of the difficulties with which they have to contend; and the remedies which may be provided for those difficulties.

The present condition of women who work for their maintenance.—Statistics are stubborn facts, which the sentimentalist cannot gainsay or the utilitarian deny. Theoretically, the proper condition of woman is in domestic life. Her natural sphere is home. But, practically, this country contains two millions of unmarried females who are compelled to work for their subsistence. In a paper written by Mr. Hastings on the industrial employment of women, we read: 'Few people have any adequate sense of the extent to which the female sex has been already admitted to industry. Three-fourths of the adult unmarried women of Great Britain, two-thirds of the widowed, and about one-seventh of the married are returned by our census as earning their bread by independent labour; and besides these, there is a large multitude that, as wives and daughters, share in the ordinary industrial avocations of their relations.'

* 'In a mother undefiled,
Prayer goeth on in sleep, as true
And pauseless as the pulses do.'

Mrs. Browning's 'Lay of the Broune Rosarie.'

Of these occupations, those which are most overstocked are teaching, working with the needle, washing, and domestic service. To these, therefore, we will give our first consideration. There are 150,000 women in London whose wages are no higher than a shilling a day; often they are thankful to earn sixpence. The last census acquainted us with the fact that there are 267,791 milliners and dressmakers, 73,068 seamstresses and shirtmakers in England alone.

One-third of the adult female population maintain themselves by independent work; but this work is usually inadequately remunerated.

The means of livelihood open to the middle classes are remarkably few. Those who engage in literature, painting, designing, or singing in public, form the exceptional cases; whilst book-keeping, and superintendence of workhouses or hospitals, are too seldom undertaken as a means of earning money.

Where there is a large family with an insufficient income, the daughters of clergymen and of professional men are almost invariably compelled to be 'governesses.' This is an evil which reacts on the children of the rich.

Teaching should not be a *pis aller*, undertaken without a decided vocation. Young girls are forced into an employment for which they have a distaste, and which they sometimes regard contemptuously as a degradation. Nurslings of tender mothers, with characters enervated by luxury, they go out into the world to find themselves pariahs of society, excluded by prejudices of caste from many social amusements. Hysteria and ennui often gradually take the place of strong emotions and passionate hopes; for in delicate constitutions there is an intimate connexion between the mind and the body. Mental depression is sometimes increased by organic derangement, and the governess sinks into a querulous invalid. Often her salary is inadequate to provide for her declining years, so that in old age she becomes a helpless dependent upon charity, or dies unregarded in a hospital. Fortunately there are many exceptional cases, in which the mind is strong enough to endure an isolated life, or in which there is a relaxation of those conventionalities which separate the employer and the employed. But too often the whole existence of a governess might be described in Carlyle's words, 'To work sore, and gain nothing, to be heartworn, weary, isolated, girt round with a cold universal *laissez faire*—it is to die slowly all our life long.'

Liberty and knowledge may satisfy the wants of self-sufficing manhood; but few women can live without an atmosphere of kindness. If we want an extreme instance of the misery endured in such situations by women of refined sensibilities and luxurious tastes, we may instance three sisters—the unfortunate Brontës.

Amongst

Amongst the philanthropic institutions for the benefit of this class, we may mention the asylum which provides a temporary home for those who are unable to find occupation, and the establishment of female colleges for the purpose of supplying teachers with an inexpensive and efficient education. But why should our young women be expected to be proficient in every conceivable branch of knowledge? It is a moral impossibility that any governess should be competent to teach all branches of English learning, *plus* foreign languages and every imaginable accomplishment. Such a system of dull cramming and endless drudgery is more likely to engender idiocy than to develop the intellect of the teacher.

The miseries of dressmakers and milliners (the 'white slaves of English society') are too well known to need repeating. Yet they are nearly as widely and as deeply spread as they ever have been. This Juggernaut of labour which grinds the bodies of the poor is driven by delicate hands.

Fashionable ladies do not loathe their finery though it be stained with the life-blood of poverty-stricken sempstresses. The price of work is beaten down by barbarous purchasers. The sedentary position of these operatives, their deprivation of fresh air and exercise, the close atmosphere in which they work, and the necessity of toiling long hours through Sundays or through the nights, because women in the higher classes thoughtlessly enforce a premature accomplishment of their orders, are all well-known facts. The constant recurrence of consumption and other fatal diseases is also well known. An act of sudden suicide is condemned by the laws of our land, but the gradual suicide which is caused by over-taxed strength and exposure to bad air is systematically encouraged. An act of violence on the part of the employer is also illegal, but not the murderous exaction of double labour which causes many lives to be sacrificed. The occasional loss of sight in those who are constantly engaged in making mourning is well known to oculists. The advance of civilization has renounced the cruelty of punishing the greatest crimes by destroying the sight of the delinquent, but this system of oppression remains untouched by any interference of legislation.

The wages of women are depressed to a much lower minimum than those of men. The minimum (as Mr. Mill remarks), in the case of single women, is the pittance absolutely necessary to support existence. The *ne plus ultra* of the lowest wages to which men can be reduced allows some margin for the maintenance of others. But in the case of women there is no such surplus. In the ordinary state of things, a single woman is condemned to sickening drudgery for the whole of her existence. On the conclusion of her day's work, the sempstress is scarcely able to provide herself with a miserable lodging in the vitiated air of some unhealthy alley,

whilst decent clothing is almost beyond her reach. No provision can be made for sickness. In old age there is the workhouse—

‘A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Tolled hastily for the pauper’s funeral.’

But there are two classes of needlewomen who experience the consequences of this evil in its most aggravated form. We refer to those who have others dependent on them for support, and to those cases of utter and sudden destitution in which unskilled young women are reduced suddenly to this employment, and unable to support themselves by it.

In the first case, women who have sick husbands, or children depending on them for subsistence, have been known to work themselves to death. ‘A little extra pay will keep them toiling all night.’ There are no labourers like these women, who are more uncomplaining than the Spartans. Is it not a disgrace to humanity that employers should be found to take advantage of this spirit of self-sacrifice, and with diabolical calculation to fill their money-bags, and compute their profits quietly under such circumstances as these?

Well may Victor Hugo exclaim—

‘Dieu pourquoi l’orphelin, dans ses langes funèbres,
Dit-il, “J’ai faim.” L’enfant n’est-ce pas un oiseau ?
Pourquoi le nid a-t-il ce qui manque au berceau ?’

The four-footed creatures in our stables have their wants satisfied, whilst the children of the poor are dying of inanition. There are few men in England so utterly hardened that they do not feel some reverence for the holy bond which exists between mother and child. Our artistic taste for Raphaels and Correggios shows that, in theory, we recognize the poetry of the sentiment; but, in reality, we solace our consciences for our indifference to the predominant wretchedness of children by the doctrine of the criminality of ‘improvident marriages,’ and by prudential considerations as to the necessity of proportioning population to the existing means of subsistence. Were this doctrine always to be carried out into its furthest consequences, it would condemn the greater proportion of our working men to ‘hopeless celibacy for life.’

On the death of many a poor woman’s husband begins that wearing struggle, that life-long slavery, which she has entailed upon herself by a few years of happiness. We cannot describe it as we have seen it, or our heart would rise up in too strong indignation against the refined cruelty of this nineteenth century, which binds its heaviest burdens upon the weakest shoulders, and causes the tender children to pass through the fire to Moloch.

The picture is dark enough without drawing aside the curtain which veils the blackest shadows. What shall we say of the
tendency

tendency to madness, of the terrible prevalence of infanticide, or of the diseases engendered by unhealthy food, which often cause these children to die off, one by one, till the 'unencumbered' mother is enabled to re-enter some comfortable place of service? Nor are the occupations of charing and washing more advantageous. A woman cannot undertake washing on her own account, unless she have some capital to commence with. Convenient drying-grounds are not to be found in London, whilst the distance of the suburbs makes the carrier's aid indispensable. The labour of the hired ironers and washers is therefore attended with an extra difficulty, for the profits of the laundress have to be deducted from their meagre earnings.

But there are individual cases in which the uncertainty of employment is felt in its worst form. Hundreds of beautiful girls, through the improvidence or the death of their parents, or through other adventitious circumstances, are suddenly thrown friendless upon the world. This is a subject of great mournfulness, which causes some of the 'deepest blots upon human civilization.' Alone and uncared for, ignorant and without education (in some cases never having entered a church in their lives), these helpless beings have no one to counsel them or to suggest means of employment. Temptations abound in great cities. 'Despair is the most effectual slave-driver to crime;' and these unfortunate creatures often fall into irremediable drunkenness or worse forms of depravity.

Girls of eight or ten years of age creep about our London streets, with no smiles on their young faces, gnawed by perpetual hunger or devoured by fever, sleeping in the vilest hovels, and exposed to the most terrible mental contamination. Day has scarcely dawned for them, and yet they are weary of life. They are condemned to work like perpetual machines, and are rewarded by cruel words and hard blows.

Here is one who finds herself alone at the age of sixteen, without parents and without friends. Never mind: she has a brave heart, and knows the use of a needle. By working all day and part of the night she can earn a little, and she is happy. But winter comes, cold and bleak, and wages are no higher. She has pawned her mother's Bible, and everything she possesses. Poor child! she works and struggles still, but misery is a demon who has many temptations to whisper. One day there is no work to be had. Must she die?

Civilization cannot be expected to provide against such contingencies, or to supply the necessities of excessive want; but civilization must treat its consequences with the utmost severity. It must 'break down the bridge behind the repentant sinner.' Drink in such cases is the only balm. Maddening recollections and unbearable despair can only be relieved by unconsciousness.

Then that miserable shadow, which we shudder to gaze upon (as if it were Satan's burlesque upon the glory of womanhood), that wretched creature who staggers from our gin-palaces, must at last be supported at the expense of government in our prisons.

The prudent way to secure our own interest as a nation would be to show charity in the outset. That is a miserable, short-sighted policy which allows the children of the poor to grow up in want and ignorance, for thus we are preparing future lazzaroni to live at our expense; whilst we are incurring as great a danger as the Spartans feared from their helots and the Americans dread from their slaves. Prevention is better than cure. Prisons are more expensive than refuges and lodging-houses.

Perhaps of all the ordinary occupations which are open to unmarried females, that of domestic service is the most agreeable, and the least open to objection.

A great deal of mischief amongst the higher classes is doubtless attributable to the encouragement which is extended to 'livery servants.' The effeminate indolence of these lazy flunkies has been satirized in vain by Thackeray, Dickens, and many of our best writers. Their profanity and insolence are public nuisances; whilst they are degraded by smart apparel, and encouraged in the worst forms of idleness. Yet the superfluous wages of these fellows must be deducted from the earnings of a more defenceless class; and whilst they are lounging in ease, the female domestics are often injured by lifting heavy weights, and toiling beyond their strength.

Domestics, when good, may be said to form the 'cement of society.' But the complaints which we often hear of 'bad servants' (a theme of endless vituperation) suggest the reflection whether some of their disqualifications may not be owing to the faulty habits of their employers. 'To treat persons like things is to reduce them to the level of slaves, and to produce the most frightful social anomalies.'

To treat them with indifference, as 'necessary evils,' is also productive of endless mischief. The mistress of a family should inquire into the characters of her servants, and consider herself responsible for the evil which transpires in her kitchen. In the higher circles and larger establishments this might be intrusted to conscientious housekeepers. Much of the mischief might also be averted by parochial and industrial schools, where the servant should be properly qualified for her duties, instead of her teaching being left to chance.

Amongst the less common occupations in which women still hold a more uncertain footing, we may mention trading, or otherwise serving in shops, working in mines or mills, aiding in manufactures (such as watchmaking, bookbinding, and boot-making),

making), and occupying subordinate positions in theatrical exhibitions.

Of those who are engaged in commercial occupations, there are two classes: 1. Those who have capital enough to trade on their own account; 2. Those who are paid for the produce of the day's industry.

The first class is necessarily very small. The keeping of toy warehouses, Berlin wool repositories, trading in confectionery, millinery, and such branches, are the only sources which women can hope will yield them increasing profit. Even here an enormous stake depends on the speculation upon which they risk their all. The mischievous principle of advertising, and under-selling the profits of others, is fortunately little understood by women. But there is usually a painful struggle to keep up appearances, which involves the necessity of sacrificing the just remuneration of those who are still poorer; and yet often sooner or later the shop is closed, and the hopeless effort is abandoned.

The second class is much larger, and, we may hope, will be larger still. As a question of political economy, it is a waste of useful energy to condemn our able-bodied men to the humiliating occupation of measuring out yards of ribbon and carrying bales of calico. It was an evil which required to be spoken of gravely and sternly in such a crisis as the late Indian war, when a little handful of heroes was contending unassisted against fearful odds. Is there nothing better for our men to do, that they must spend their lives talking of the newest fashions, and waiting on the nods and becks of fashionable ladies, whilst hundreds of their fellow-creatures are thus excluded from a useful employment? It has been urged that the health of women is injured by long standing behind counters. But thousands of girls are found strong enough to overcome this obstacle, and a sedentary life is often far more injurious. It has also been declared that women are too languid to engage the interest of customers; but this defect might be remedied (and is remedied in many instances) by effective training to develop their instinctive 'acuteness and superior address.' There remains another difficulty, connected with the lifting of heavy weights, which threatens to impair the efficacy of female service in large establishments, but possibly this might be obviated by the assistance of porters.

It has been said that it is too late to throw discouragement on the threatened change of admitting women to industrial labour. 'The revolution is already irrevocably effected.' It is reasonably deplored that the movement has been developed by no fostering care which might have mollified the evils attending it.

There is not that tendency to surplus in the skilled departments of trade and manufacture which is productive of such disastrous consequences

consequences in the unskilled departments of labour. Still, the women engaged in factories are necessarily 'absorbed into that great industrial system' which takes no account of their weakness, and their wants, but 'subjects all to the great law of supply and demand.'

The attention of the public has already been drawn to the crying evils of the factory system, and much has been done to alleviate these causes of sorrow. The more equitable apportioning of time, which renders the confinement less trying, the attention which has been given to the question of ventilation, and other attempts to neutralize the enfeebling effect of too great physical exertion, have not been without their beneficial influence. The fatal demoralization which was consequent on the inattention and culpable carelessness of employers, is now often remedied by a conscientious system of careful surveillance. The shortening of human life which was formerly caused by the premature labour of boys and girls, has called forth the indignation of mankind, and legislation has interposed to prohibit these criminal excesses.

Still much remains to be done. There are evils which appear to be inevitably connected with the association of female labour under the existing factory system—evils which will probably be diminished when a greater amount of thought is brought to bear on the subject by those reflecting men who are the real though the 'unrecognized rulers' of the land. It would be easy to state many of these evils. In his paper on the Birmingham Factories,* Mr. Wright laments that the labour of very young girls is still available from the ages of seven to ten. Young women thus learn to rely upon their own efforts, and, leaving home at an early age, contract imprudent marriages. The morals of a manufactory are too entirely dependent on the influence and habits of the employers. The habit of delaying the payment of wages till late on Saturday nights, and the absence of any week-day half-holidays are errors which are seriously felt. Also (as it has been remarked) the factory system makes a home impossible, and undermines social ties. The work which is necessary for mere 'bread-getting' should never interfere with that work which is more particularly the province of women.

Prejudice still keeps back many women of the better class from these means of livelihood. Degradation to those employed results from the fact that women engaged in industrial work are often regarded as outcasts and oppressed.

The labour of women is now available in many classes of manufactory. Button, steel pen, jewellery, tin, japan, screw, brass foundry, and papier maché works are already open to them. In

* Transactions of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science for 1857.
Birmingham

Birmingham alone from 1100 to 1200 girls work at steel pens, 600 at tin work, and 300 at pin making. Here the competition is free. Men and women work at the same employments, and are paid according to their respective physical power, with equal advantages. Occupations like weaving, which bring efficiency to the test, are paid by the piece, without any reference to the worker. Very different this (as Mr. Mill remarks) from those other employments open to both sexes, in which the efficiency is equal but the pay unequal, and where, from a custom of society, grounded on prejudice, men are systematically given the lion's share.

The prospects of the unfortunate class engaged in mining avocations are far less hopeful than those of the women working at factories.

The frightful revelations which were made some years ago of the suffering and degradation endured by the wives and families of miners, who were often immersed for life in the 'untold horrors of these subterranean hells,' were appalling beyond description. The drunkenness and profligacy which were fostered in these gloomy abodes (excluded from the air of heaven and the light of day) have been since then somewhat abated by the efforts of humane proprietors, who, it is to be hoped, were formerly ignorant of the extent of these atrocities.

Yet the evils connected with this system had so long existed in full vigour that it will be long before their demoralizing effects can be cured by the approaching amelioration, and, meanwhile, the employment of women in these departments of labour can be regarded only as an unmitigated evil which humanity is bound to resent.

For if the ordinary occupation in coal mines is necessarily of such a description as to exhaust the strength of the most vigorous men, we can scarcely imagine how terrible must be the exertion to delicate women. The indignity of chaining English maidens and matrons to the horrible slavery of the corve; the cruelty of heaping heavy coal-baskets upon their weak backs, which must be bent double to endure the protracted exertion; and the barbarity of leaving young children to shiver with cold and terror for twelve or fourteen hours in the darkness of trapping, should necessarily exclude even the poorest class of women from an occupation which would be too severe a punishment for felons.

There is no lack of employment in home manufacture. Women may work at home at any such occupations as stitching books preparatory for binding, aiding in the making of shoes, or (as Mr. Bennett has proposed) in assisting watchmakers. But another difficulty occurs here from the fact that those trades are usually worst paid in which the wives and families assist the men. It has
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been remarked that in such cases the collective earnings of the family often make a smaller sum total than the earnings of the man alone in other departments of trade. Mr. Mill is of opinion that the advantage of independence to women may be considered as more than equivalent to this misfortune. But the income often remains little improved. When there is a second source upon which women can depend for their actual maintenance, it is well to take up these employments as a means of earning a little extra wages. Women in Switzerland do not earn their livelihood by making watches. They work in the fields in summer, and are only employed in putting watches together in the winter months. There is a division of labour connected with watch-making into which Mr. Bennett proposes to associate women. He remarks: 'No factory system is necessary for the successful manufacture of that beautiful little machine, the watch. The father has but to teach his own daughters, wife, and female relations at his own home, and then, just as leisure suits, each can perform her part, without necessarily interfering with the most indispensable of domestic duties.' This is well as far as it goes. But when the question is extended, it becomes much less simple. There is not a tenth part of the watches made in England which are made in Switzerland, and there is consequently less demand for fresh hands. The apprentices at Coventry are paid 7*s.* a week, while the steady workmen earn 25*s.* But there is no regular opening for women: the men are opposed to the innovation.

Far more encouraging is the fact, that, in consequence of a popular movement in their favour, many women are now permitted to find employment in telegraphic offices; whilst other occupations, such as bookkeeping, the superintendence of work-houses and hospitals, designing, and assisting in literature, are gradually being thrown open to the middle classes.

Hitherto we have been pointing out evils rather than suggesting remedies for their cure. But the due appreciation of the extent of any evil must be the proximate step to its reform, whereas the investigation of particular errors prepares the way for their improvement. What we want in such cases is no false rhetoric, and no violent outbursts of passion, but clear statements of that vivid truth which contains the intrinsic elements of reformation amongst mankind. The true philanthropist is the man whose judgment is on a par with his feeling, and who recognizes the fact that there is some positive meaning in every particle of suffering around us. Some of this wretchedness is remediable, the result of actual causes which may be altered, though much is beyond human control. In an age like this, however we may toil to overtake the urgent needs of our own time, the difficulty

is, at the same time, calmly and deliberately to satisfy the fresh wants which may daily arise—keeping pace with them. With the heavy defalcations from past years weighing upon them, our statesmen and economists are often bewildered at the magnitude of their engagements. The best and wisest amongst us are crushed and appalled by the new and giant evils which are constantly being brought to light: so that we are forced to work by jerks and spasms, appeasing only the most pressing calls, and looking hardly beyond the surface of things, having little means or opportunity to investigate the causes which bring those things into perpetual operation.

Excitement and enthusiasm will only lead to unsteady work, but earnest thought is the true incentive to action.

Amongst the causes in the case before us, which appear to us susceptible of alleviation, we may distinguish, 1. The money-getting and money-spending spirit of the age. 2. The imprudence and drunkenness of parents. 3. The vicious social arrangements, which prejudices induce us to retain. 4. The want of good feeling between the employer and employed.

1. Unfortunately the mammon worship, which is the peculiar characteristic of this age, is one of those general and universally recognized evils for which no individual considers himself responsible. Earnest-minded men like Dr. Arnold, have sometimes been overwhelmed by it with the deepest despondency. ‘Too late,’ he writes, ‘are the words I should be inclined to affix to every plan for reforming society in England; we are engulfed, I believe, inevitably, and must go down the cataract.’ ‘Unsteady work undertaken for mere profit,’ writes another philanthropist, ‘is a disease which has its root in a habit of mind communicated from the upper to the lower classes.’ ‘A gross materialism, a habit of estimating things for their immediate money value,’ complains Ernest Renan, ‘is taking more and more the direction of humanity, and losing the substance in the shadow.’ And Carlyle wildly laments, ‘England is full of wealth and multifarious produce; yet England is dying of inanition. The terror of not succeeding and of not making money is the modern hell.’

While our consciences must allow the truth of many of these remarks, we protest against that spirit of despondency which is likely to relax the power of healthy action. Every vice is a virtue overstepped, and we must not forget that the love of succeeding, which occasions so much suffering to the weak, is in itself praiseworthy. But let us see the evils of its exaggeration in this case.

The first evil consists in that rage for getting money which occasions a large accumulation of wealth and increase of capital
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amongst the higher classes, whilst the privations and distress amongst operatives increase to a corresponding extent. This is a great social disease, which pervades the whole body politic, and turns 'growth into plethora,' instead of useful abundance. The second evil is caused by the false and extravagant state of society. That love of show, which is called 'style,' induces a large proportion of the families in the middle classes to live beyond the limits of their proper income. In order to maintain this position, it is necessary to beat down the wages of dependents, and prices are consequently lowered between the consumers and producers. The daughters of these families are educated in habits of idleness and unnatural parade, whilst at any moment some unlooked-for contingency may throw them helpless on the world. Flirting is gradually taking the place of marriage. The sons must look out for fortunes, and the daughters must obtain 'advantageous [settlements:]' these double interests clash with each other.

The evil of example infects the servant girls, who, from some inexplicable necessity, are constrained to spend all their wages on bonnets and crinoline, thus leaving no provision for their old age. The poor women of our days dress as queens did formerly; but England has gained little by replacing her simple peasant beauties with a race of vulgar underbred ladies. Yet such is the excitement caused by this anomalous mode of life, that hundreds of women would rather starve in London than live in plenty in what they consider the dull monotony of the country. Extravagance is a fashion which infects the poor through the rich. 'It is,' as Mr. Hazlitt remarks, 'a continual struggle between the great vulgar and the small, to get the start of, or keep up with each other in the race of appearances.' Who can wonder that the paltry shifts and fastidious pretensions of this restless vanity should result in much misery?

2. But it must be remembered that the poorer classes are responsible for much of the evil. Poverty is in many cases the result of idleness, and the descendants of the improvident must suffer for the sins of their ancestors. As long as the world exists, there must be some barter for industrious energy; and could we pauperize ourselves to restore the indolent to their former position, the result would be to annul the acts of an omnipotent agent. These sufferings are often entailed upon the wives and daughters of a family through the drunkenness or selfishness of that man who should have been their natural protector, but who, through drink or idleness, descends from one grade to another, till he becomes a helpless 'downdraft' upon all the efforts of his wife and children.

It is impossible to interfere with the results of such causes; for these results must subserve in some mysterious way to the steady governance

governance of mankind. Nor are we likely to effect reformation, by urging impracticable theories for their cure to their utmost tether, the result of which is often an obstinate revulsion on the other side. Our principal hope lies in steady effort to abate the growth of these causes, but this can only be effectual by a slow and gradual process.

3. We have already referred to many of the social arrangements which cramp and fetter the efforts of starving women to help themselves. We are like Pharaoh's taskmasters, crying, 'Ye are idle, ye are idle,' whilst we withhold the materials without which the bricks cannot be made.

Certain causes co-operate to increase this bondage, and to depress the wages of women. The laws can impose no restrictions upon free competition. It is a struggle of strength in which the more vigorous must depress the weaker.

A third source of depression has been noticed, which affects the wages of women—a want of organization in their ranks. But sudden remedies will not meet this difficulty. 'Christian socialism' and 'joint-stock companies' are easier in theory than in practice. 'It will not do for small sections of the community to organize separate class interests, in antagonism to the general body of labourers.' Union in parts increases disunion as a whole. What we want is to prevent the monopoly of certain classes of labourers against the rest.

4. Much has been said of the ill-feeling between the employers and employed. We believe this is often over-stated, and is more often the result of indifference and carelessness than of deliberate cruelty.

There is a sort of moral vertigo in prosperity, which is often calculated to nourish vanity in all its narrow disguises, and to cause us in cold selfishness to shut our hearts against inferiors. An unhealthy longing for pre-eminence and self-indulgence on the one side, with the exasperation caused by an irritating sense of injustice on the other, loosen the bonds of fellowship between the upper and lower classes. But to look upon human society as a conspiracy divided against itself, its noblest instincts withered, and its best feelings dried up, is a very shallow and unfair conclusion. Most masters and mistresses mean well, but, accustomed themselves to all the excitements of an active life, they do not consider the deadness of heart which may be caused in others by a few unkind words.

We cannot be so bold as to hope that we shall remedy these evils at once. Still less should we sit down in hopeless despair, forgetting that when we fall behind the obvious religious and social necessities of our age, we may still hope to overtake these necessities by combined and vigorous effort. Perfection is the attainment

attainment of all conceivable excellence, which cannot be reached upon earth. The old poets expressed a deep truth when they introduced the goddess of discord into the garden of the Hesperides. For even whilst we are congratulating ourselves on the perfection of our political arrangements, things are spontaneously changing for the worse, and evils are growing up where we least expect them.

We felicitate ourselves, when we contrast the present condition of Englishwomen with their physical and moral degradation in ancient times; but even here arises fresh wretchedness which it is our duty to remedy. We shift our personal responsibility to the government, forgetting that the 'nation' is an aggregate of human beings, each of whom can act in his individual capacity. It is a mistake to look after 'political novelties,' and to seek for uncommon things, forgetting the opportunities which lie at our feet, and the truisms which should be acted out in our daily lives. We do not want any new theories about the state of women, but merely to develop the kindly feeling which is already in the world, and which teaches us that the promise to honour and succour the weaker sex is not to be narrowed only to the marriage service, but has a more extended and a wider meaning. It is better to reiterate hackneyed truths than to bring forth false specifics, and 'remedies of a partial nature' to attract the multitude, just because they are new. Many of these ordinary improvements will sometimes flash for the first time with full force upon the mind of that man who makes his observations from real life, and to him they will not appear common. We enumerate a few.

1. The courage that is needful to oppose the extravagance of society.

2. The necessity of placing existing employments for women upon a better basis, and of widening the circles of labour.

3. The necessity of special training to fit women for special employments.

4. The assistance which may be rendered by the organization of philanthropic societies.

5. The strengthening of the bonds of sympathy between the upper and lower classes.

1. The miseries of private life are amongst the ills that 'laws or kings cannot cure.' Every nation and every family has an hour of temptation in its history, when some seducer has enticed it with worldly prosperity, and said, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' He is a brave and stalwart man whose moral standard is never lowered by contact with the world, whose feelings are never hardened by the love of making money, and who never hesitates to consider whether this is profitable or that expedient. Giving entertainments, or dressing beyond

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our means, is always a species of cheating. Dignified simplicity is better than showy splendour; and unhealthily longing for admiration and show lead us into the darkest depths of cruelty.

It is the principle of selfishness which distorts our judgment. We need to exchange our benevolent dilettantism for sincerity. Mere justice demands that we should not profit by the work of others without paying their fair wages. Half the ready-made linen shops in London are not supported by a legitimate business, but by false competition. If each customer were fairly to inquire into the system, and steadily to resolve never to buy the exactions of toil at the lowest possible rate, a reformation might easily be effected. But customers too seldom think of those whose ill-paid toil made their linen so cheap, and that—

‘Tis not linen they are wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives.’

2. The remedies which can be applied to the present condition of needlewomen must necessarily be partial, but the society for their assistance does much. Householders may aid effectually by making it a plan to give out all plain needlework, having only the mending done at home. It is possible to increase the usefulness of Dorcas societies, by employing a certain number of poor women in every parish, who are properly paid for making the garments, which can afterwards be used for clothing clubs, or otherwise distributed to the poor. The improvement in sanitary arrangements, and in the wretched lanes and courts in which these creatures sleep, should also be regulated. It has been suggested that other women should be employed as readers, in apartments where large numbers work together, and if this improvement could be effected it would do away with many of the evils which result from indiscriminate gossip.

The early shop-closing movement has already removed a great wrong. It is satisfactory to see that many shopkeepers can act ‘as if the gains of trade are not worth the sacrifice of souls and bodies.’ We hope the time will come when sons of professional men will be no longer driven to monopolize the counter, but will be successfully replaced by active women. High stools might be more frequently used for the necessity of resting; and girls might be instructed in arithmetic and fitted to keep accounts. The condition of domestic servants might be greatly improved by the encouragement of industrial schools. Girls of this class are too often forgotten between the ages of fourteen and twenty, when their characters are forming, and when they need most attention. To meet this want, we propose the establishment of adult Sunday-schools, which may be attended by those in their first situations.

By throwing open fresh professions to the middle classes, we shall

shall best widen the circle of labour for the poorer women. When all ranks have occupations fitted to their status, their rivalry will cease with each other.

The late Lady Morgan was accustomed to say (with emphatic flourishes of her green fan) that no young woman should be allowed to grow up in England without being properly skilled in some bread-getting employment. This statement should not only affect those women who are prepared to help themselves, but those fashionable idlers, the 'vacuums' of whose minds soon become 'plenums' full of weariness and dismal ennui.

'The latest gospel in this world' is to know our work and to do it. 'Labour is life,' whether we work for money, or from a simple wish to do our duty to others.

It has been well remarked that the strength of man belongs to production, and that of woman to economizing and finishing this raw material. For the two sexes to fulfil their rightful callings each must act as the complement of the other. Their difference in intellect and character sufficiently proves the advantages which would result from successful combination. Women might help men in literature and in art.

The suggestions proposed by Mr. Scott in his work on Domestic Architecture, include many improvements, such as painting on plaster or on walls, on wooden doors or ceilings, the ornamentation of mantelpieces or fireplaces, the staining of glass, and the modelling of figures, in which it appears to us that women of taste and skill might be successfully associated. In other forms of designing, such as wall paper and chintz, their services have been already admitted. In engraving and in photography (which when made permanent, and able to render the true relations of colour, will probably supersede engraving) they have been found useful. The annual exhibitions of female art sufficiently prove that anatomical difficulties are almost insuperable to women. But it is well known that such painters as Rubens, Raffaele, and Da Vinci admitted the assistance of pupils in the production of their most vigorous works. And in the growing demand for paintings from our colonies, or for original water-colour drawings to ornament the rooms of the middle class (and as a certain amount of mediocrity is inseparable from the low market price), we do not see why masters of their art should not avail themselves of female assistance for the less important parts of their work. This principle might be extended to the painting of panoramas and frescoes. The admission of women to the superintendence of hospitals and workhouses is a movement so decided, that in its present state it only requires organization. The indisposition of Miss Nightingale is greatly to be deplored, though her published pamphlet has furnished us with important hints.

3. The call for the interposition of female interest, and the necessity for careful education, continue urgent. There is a want of system and method in the employments open to women, and an unsteadiness amongst the workers which must bring its own punishment. There is a special education needed by those who compete for higher employments, whilst those who are engaged in trade should become more familiar with the ways of business. The sisters of charity in foreign countries become novices, and go through regular training. Without such a knowledge of the value of method, Miss Nightingale would not have proved so invaluable in the hour of need. And without much drudgery to insure proficiency, our popular band of female writers (Mrs. Browning, Miss Proctor, Miss Muloch, Miss Yonge, and Miss Evans) could never have reached the exalted position which they fill. As it has been remarked, female population must be supported in some way, and that arrangement is most economical which makes their labour available to the community.

Supposing a farmer to have an increase of labourers at harvest-time, he will be too wise to allow a few covetous men to monopolize all the employment. Rather he will find out fresh fields to be drained, fresh crops to be raised, and as he advances his tried hands to the more onerous posts, he will fill up the vacancies by those who are beginners in the work, thus enlarging his outlay, whilst he doubly increases his profits. England, as Ruskin has reminded us, is a farm on a gigantic scale. There is occupation enough for all hands, if we know how to economize it with method.

4. At this crisis we find it advisable to avail ourselves of the assistance rendered by organized societies. Perpetual innovation is far less advantageous than that noble conservatism which is willing to work out the plans of others.

We do not want fresh societies when there are so many within our reach that their machinery only needs fresh hands to set them going.

It is impossible to refer to more than a few of these social schemes. The Refuges which have lately been established in some of the worst parts of London for the admission and training of young girls (who have hitherto been left to wander about our lanes and alleys, totally unassisted, and hopeless for the future) are institutions which need special encouragement. The number of girls who are thus rescued from misery and sin, and at a proper age drafted off, as respectable members of society, to commence a new life in our foreign colonies, is by no means small. Most of them turn out well.

Mr. Maurice's classes in Great Ormond Street, for the instruction of working women, and the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge, are also hopeful features in the

the times. The establishment of institutions for the training of pupil teachers, and the nurses of children, have fulfilled our utmost expectations.

The plan of introducing Bible-women, to act as female missionaries in some of the parishes of London, is already working well; and it appears advisable that such women should organize lodging-houses, to provide respectable and inexpensive maintenance for those of their own grade in life.

A new society has lately been organized 'for promoting the employment of women.' It is its intention to establish a large school for girls and young women, where they may be specially trained to wait in shops, and where they may be thoroughly instructed in book-keeping. 'Girls educated in this school will be capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket-sellers at railway stations.'

It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connexion with schools, where girls might be taught other trades, now almost exclusively in the hands of men, such as printing and hairdressing. Those who apply to this society are expected to bring certificates of good character, and certificates of health from medical men. Its present resources will not extend far, but the Institution is decidedly a step in the right direction, which in due time must meet with assistance and support.

5. When such spontaneous local effort and organized association can be brought to bear upon the question, we shall hear no more of a want of sympathy between the rich and the poor. Men will no longer work together in 'strife, rivalry, and hate,' and women will cease to be treated with degradation, as if they were mere 'wages-receiving animals.' Those complex varieties of fraud, which betray the 'cunning selfishness of the savage' in the midst of civilization, will be ashamed to manifest themselves in their grosser forms. The different orders of society will be bound together by 'links of gratitude and esteem.' The poor will be emancipated from the tyranny of wealth, and we shall learn to show proper reverence for that which is beneath us. Then our gallantry will not be that false flattery which seeks to raise one woman above another. It will be a feeling proving the origin of man, who was made in the image of his Maker, and testifying that generosity by which the stronger protects the weaker, which finds the greatest pleasure in giving to those who have not, and which covers as a thick cloud the deficiencies of the erring. Then our charity (to use an old comparison) will be as a river which gathers as it flows onward, and depends not on the quality of the soil through which it passes; and our government will be, as it professes, 'the executive fulfilment, by formal human methods, of the will of the Father of mankind respecting His children.'

ART. III.—1. *La Légende des Siècles.* By Victor Hugo. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. M. Levy.

2. *Essais sur le Génie de Pindare et sur la Poésie Lyrique.* By M. Villemain. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. Firmin Didot.

THIS last work of Villemain's is in many respects a curious one. It is curious from its subject, from its writer, and from the period of its publication as from the country in which it is published. It is in prose the panegyric of poetry, the homage rendered to inspiration by intelligence, and to original composition, by perhaps (since Goethe's death) the foremost æsthetician of the age. It is a hymn to whatever is most immaterial in this most seemingly material epoch, and the deliberate recognition of the superiority of the beautiful and heroic over the useful in the most calculating country on the face of the globe. Scarcely a sentiment or rule of conduct can we point to whereby modern France has shaped her course which is not reproved in these eloquent pages; and scarcely an example of intellectual dignity do they hold up to admiration which has not been repudiated by the acts of the nation in whose language such examples are recorded. M. Villemain has, we believe, said himself—and if so, has said with perfect truth—that his Essay on Lyrical Poetry might be denominated 'a History of Enthusiasm in its Influence on the Human Race.'

It is not impossible that the very lowness of the level to which the public pre-occupations of France have sunk (what we would fain term the inferiority of the national thought), has acted upon a mind of natural nobility, and forced it beyond even its wonted worship of mere beauty. 'There comes a time,' says one of the greatest prose-poets of this or any age—the author of 'Eöthien,'—'there comes a time for thinking that Shakspeare and Shelley, and other mere dead people were greater in death than the first living lord of the treasury;' and we sincerely believe nothing conduces so much towards the preference given to the ideal over the real by certain minds as the base tendencies of the crowd by whom they are every day surrounded. It is when the 'living lords of the treasury' are more than usually corrupt that the offended sense of the generous few ardently reverts to the Shaksperes, Shelleys, and 'other mere dead people,' and finds a sort of passionate satisfaction in the utter disinterestedness of its admiration. Opposition is so much one of our most natural instincts that between the elevation of spirit and tone of the men, who in an age of grandeur think and write grandly, and those who, in a lesser epoch, PROTEST by every thought and written line against the narrowness of their age, there can be but slight room for com-

parison : the latter are incomparably superior to the former ; and they are so by all the superiority of indignation over acquiescence.

‘Is the age of enthusiasm for ever gone by for the nations of our earth?’ exclaims Villemain, ‘or are the treasures of imagination exhausted? Is that divine light which the Beautiful has shed over Europe for upwards of five centuries—is that about for ever to hide its rays and become extinct?’

We will note at once that Villemain throughout this ‘Treatise on Enthusiasm,’ as he himself styles it, takes his stand by Cato’s side, determinedly espousing the ‘cause of the vanquished,’ accounting immeasurably higher than all others those who protest against no matter what injustice, no matter what oppression ; raising the mere fact of protestation into a virtue, and rather, perhaps, inclining to regard the bare accident of success as a crime. This we at once admit to be the failing—if such it can be called—of the Protestant few in a corrupt and servile country. This is the point upon which they are exposed to the attacks of the majority of their contemporaries, who, because they are passionless, declare themselves impartial, and proclaim ‘well regulated’ such minds only as never aspire to the unattainably impossibly sublime. This is an old struggle, and none the less fierce for being ancient. It is no use to quarrel with those whom mere success can neither subjugate nor convince. Their indignation is their virtue, and it is because they are indignant that they are strong. They must even be accepted as they are. There will for the honour of mankind, we imagine, always be found a small number of indocile, unpractical spirits, to sympathize with these preverse contemnors of brute force, these scornors of positive prosperity, who—whether they are the purest or the proudest of their species (which is a question we will not attempt to solve)—have at all events this one merit, that they soar where others are content to serve.

But whatever their vital principle—purity or pride, simplicity or overweening self-respect—let them be accepted, we say, as they are, and tenderly dealt with, these generous Protestant few who in France rescue an entire race and an age from the opprobrium of being perfectly fitted for serfdom. If amongst our nearest neighbours the conduct of millions has been such as to induce in us the belief that they had hearts and heads ‘vacant of our glorious gains,’ it would be unjust not to say that the higher classes of society have furnished an amount of resistance to despotic power that it would be difficult to extol too highly. The natural result of the situation is of course to circumscribe somewhat the domain of lyrical poetry, and to deprive, for instance, the purely descriptive style of half its value. It is only necessary to cast a glance at Villemain’s *Essay*, to see what he means by that ‘ardeur de l’âme,’ as he very finely calls enthusiasm, whence, according

according to him, all poetic effusions, worthy of the name, exclusively spring.

'The kind of self-complacent materialism,' he exclaims, 'in which the idolaters of a despotic rule would have us believe that a portion of the human race enveloped itself under the equality of oppression of ancient Rome, never really existed. That slumber of the soul in undisturbed servitude never was, never will be. Setting aside often-recurring revolutions, and the other various accidents which more than compensate the advantages of absolute power to its possessor, there existed, during the entire period which it is sought to present to us as "safe from any agitation," a permanently active rebellion of the collective moral sense against tyranny. Under different forms, this was, let it be remarked, an epoch of enthusiasm in action, and of faith carried to heroism. Nor was there ever, in reality, a condition or state of human society established, in which all instinct of generous disquietude was extinct, in which dependency in all its shapes was calmly submitted to, or in which a community shut out from every nobler conquest deemed itself content because its daily subsistence was insured. From over study of the laws and proclamations of the Cæsars, you come to ignore the few who protested against their empire, you wilfully forget the outcries of the oppressed, their hymns and odes, the lyrical outpourings of their indignation. The apparent external repose wherewith despotism and servility together tried to wrap round ancient Rome was therefore not complete. Enthusiasm lived on still, and its flame burnt purely as ever This help from above, this immaterial support which was not denied to the pagan world, at the period of its great transformation, shall it then fail us, Christians of the world of this day? Devoted to positive interests, ready for submission to brute force as we are supposed to be, who is there yet among us who will dare assert that the loss of enthusiasm would be a gain? that the recognition of the uselessness of poetry would be a progress? and that to the recognition of that uselessness we must inevitably be led by the successive developments attained to by whatsoever is tangible, material in our life? No! this is not so—never can be so: whatever increases the amount of man's power over the exterior world, whatever contributes to double the sum of time that he has to dispose of, or to diminish the obstacle of space, will—must—in the end serve to bring the soul back upon itself, and, by delivering the human being from what were hitherto so many external trammels, isolate him more and more, and oblige him to self-communion. Man, in reality, is only great by those conceptions that spring from his own original thought, and that are born of the strong pulsation of his own inmost heart. Mankind cannot be and enthusiasm die away.'

Now, in examining what the condition and tendencies of lyrical poetry are at this present moment in France, it has seemed to us more important even to invoke this testimony of M. Villemain's than to have recourse to any mere poet for our examples. This eminent critic, this 'learned judge' of literary excellence, whose life has been employed in calmly pointing out the beauties and defects of the literatures of all countries and ages, and who, suddenly, in the full maturity of years and judgment, gives his vote in favour of inspiration, and proclaims man superior only in proportion as he possesses the faculty, the 'flame' of enthusiasm—this occurring too, as it does, under the debasing despotism of the second empire, and at a moment when gold-worship is the avowed religion of France, seems to us to teach far more than could be possibly taught us by scores of volumes filled with the mere verses of scores of so-called lyrical poets.

Of the latter, as the world appreciates them, and, in its frivolity,

applies to them the term 'lyrical,' there are but too many in France—poets whose capacity for word-painting is something deplorable, whose mere 'talent' is of the very first order, and who, if they had but anything to say, could say it in any way you might choose to set down for them. They know every secret of the language, but their fault is that they have nothing to say, that they feel nothing, that in them the flame of enthusiasm burns not. Of these, and such as these, it would be worse than loss of time to speak. The fact to remark upon is, that when a real poet—a man to whom his worst enemies cannot deny the perfect poetic temperament and genius—when a poet like Hugo gives to France a volume of lyrical poems, they are the complete exemplification of all that Villemain says—the practice of the theories he lays down. Victor Hugo's '*Châtiments*,' his '*Contemplations*,' and his present work, '*La Légende des Siècles*,' are one and all the produce of a brain genuinely fired by enthusiasm. That '*ardeur de l'âme*' spoken of by Villemain glows in every line. There are, in all the three last works of the author of '*Hernani*' (and of so many other dramas, that we should be sorry to have to praise); there are defects by hundreds, glaring defects, chiefly to be traced to certain literary crotchets obstinately held to by the writer; but there is scarcely a page whence is absent that sacred flame of enthusiasm without which no poet is.

The illustrious author of the '*Essay on Lyrical Poetry*' does not stand alone in his opinion that nothing great is ever produced save from the communings of man with his own soul. St. Augustine—than whose no temperament more essentially, more grandly poetical was ever vouchsafed to a created being—St. Augustine in his '*Confessions*,' magnificently imposes upon mankind this duty of the steadfast, incessant research of their own souls.

Whatever his other faults, here is another of Hugo's merits. Out of the two volumes lying before us there is nothing that does not spring from the writer's own original thought; and throughout you feel the 'strong pulsation of the heart,' or at least of that portion of the heart which true poets place in their imagination only.

We again repeat it: let the host of unknown 'highly talented' (alas!) lyrical poets of modern France string words together as they will—denominating the performance 'poetry,' and 'lyrical' to boot—when a real poet steps forward, he is 'lyrical' precisely according to the loftily classical definition of lyrism given by such a lofty-minded æsthetician as Villemain.

We are not prepared to say that this new work of Victor Hugo's is, as to talent, the most important that he has published since his exile in 1851; but it is in some respects, and especially in its tendencies, most remarkable. We take '*Les Châtiments*' to be upon the whole its author's finest work, *his* finest production incontestably,

contestably, and one of the finest of any age or country. But then it is monotonous, because there is but one source of inspiration; and however splendid in itself each verse may be, upwards of six thousand verses born of violent indignation are too much. 'Les Châtiments' was inspired by the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, and is only the outpouring of irrepressible wrath; magnificent because really irrepressible, springing from the soul's very inmost depths. We again say monotonous, and necessarily so. 'Les Contemplations' were of a gentler order, and decidedly inferior in genuine talent and inspiration. The predominant character of the poems contained in 'Les Contemplations' was, we should say, gracefulness. When they have all been read over and over, we feel that what the memory clings to delightedly is, above all, the tender effusions addressed to the poet's children. Hugo's prematurely lost daughter appears to us as the muse of 'Les Contemplations.'

With the 'Légende des Siècles' the case is different. We look upon them as the direct counterpart of the 'Châtiments:' we say the counterpart rather than the completion, for a reason we will explain later. These poems may be divided into two distinct classes: one, in which the purely descriptive element predominates; the other, in which a moral is aimed at, a lesson or a reproach conveyed. The 'Mariage de Roland,' the 'Rose de l'Infante,' 'Les Raisons du Momotombo,' and 'Bivar,' belong to the first category; 'Le Parricide,' 'Eviradnus,' and 'Le Régiment du Baron Madruce' are exclusively of the second species. The four first poems we allude to are the evident product of what it is customary to call imagination, namely, of that faculty in us which is as strongly impressed by something which is *not* as by something which really *is*. In each one of these four pieces, an image has struck the poet's sense, and he has forcedly described and painted what his mental vision saw. He has not subjected ideas to a preconceived plan of his own, and pressed images into his service in order to make this or that argument victorious.

In the 'Parricide,' in 'Eviradnus,' and in the 'Baron Madruce,' on the contrary, it is Hugo the historical philosopher, Hugo the moralist, Hugo the exile, who stands foremost, and obliges Hugo the poet to interpret his ideas. Most magnificently he does so; but the purely imaginative faculties are not those principally resorted to in this case. The imagination is subordinate to the moral conviction.

Two of the finest compositions in Victor Hugo's new work are of a mixed character, and derived from the two sources we have pointed out. 'Aymerillot' and 'Ratbert' (the most important as to quantity of the volumes just published) owe as much to the irresistible inspiration by which the pure lyrical poet is temporarily
compelled

compelled as they do to the preconception of the thinker who always seeks to overrule expression, or to the indignation of the patriot. It would not be difficult to select passages from either of these two fine creations, in which the influence of the two sources of inspiration so curiously and almost equally mingle, that which predominates becomes a question. Sometimes, from the mere description of an image that has impressed his fancy, the writer suddenly ascends to the highest spheres of thought, and what imagination commenced philosophy concludes. Sometimes it is just the reverse, and the fiery words of the patriotic enthusiast lead imperceptibly, and by the very seductive beauty of expression, into what is the domain of the descriptive poet only.

But the character of the entire work is one eminently deserving of notice. We have said that it seems to us to be the counterpart of '*Les Châtiments*,' and we will now explain our meaning.

The capacity of indignation is only so very fine, so very rare a quality, because it presupposes another finer and loftier still—the capacity of admiration. Upon the genuine sentiment of revolt against wrong is based the faculty of absolute devotion to right. Those minds only really abhor the base, the unjust, and the untrue, who are capable of every sacrifice to what is noblest—to justice and to truth. We take this to be the true test of a soul's nobility. No generous nature abides by indignation. The veriest misanthropists in the universe are they who form so exalted an abstract notion of what are the duties of mankind that they hesitate to believe in the perfect performance of them by this or that man in particular. To be obliged to permanent indignation strains too strongly the human faculties, would warp them in the end. To find an object for boundless admiration is a relief upon which minds of any refinement eagerly seize.

In the '*Châtiments*,' Victor Hugo was, as we have said, inspired only by indignation. The whole book was a fierce protest against what he regarded as one of the foulest deeds in history. Every force within him strengthened the feeling of revolt. But he would not have been the great, the real poet he is, if that feeling could have endured. He has turned both in mournfulness and in wrath from the miserable present, and, looking down through the depths of ages—ages darker and harder, if you will, but simpler and truer than ours—he has at last found relief in the possibility of admiration. Chivalry we take to be the muse of '*La Légende des Siècles*.'

Now this is a progress amongst our neighbours. We place Hugo pre-eminently in the ranks of the Protestant few who go against the spirit of the age in France. But the public who reads, admires, and buys, does in some measure go with him. '*La*

Légende

Légende des Siècles has achieved an immense popularity, and it is the first book of contemporary France the tendencies whereof are purely, unmistakably chivalrous.

These few lines, taken amongst a hundred others expressive of the same sentiment, show what the ideal of the poet is—what his conception of genuine, heroic worth:

‘Il est toujours en marche attendu qu’on moleste
Bien des infortunés sous la voûte céleste.

Malheur à l'action mauvaise qui s'approche
Trop près d'Eviradnus, le champion d'acier!
La mort tombe de lui comme l'eau du glacier.
Il est héros!

This, be it observed, proclaims an ideal totally different from any ‘ideal’ hitherto admitted by French poetry of any kind or age. You may remount the course of years, neither in the sixteenth nor the seventeenth centuries, which are foremost in the literary history of France, will you find any chivalrous ideal. Racine is not chivalrous, nor Marot, nor Ronsard: there is no trace in any of them of the force that is gentle, or of the gentleness that is strong. There is wit, grace—what they themselves term ‘de la galanterie;’ there is even every now and then a species of sentiment verging upon romance, as in Racine’s ‘*Bérénice*,’ but of chivalry there is not, we repeat it, a trace; Corneille, being the loftiest, simplest of his countrymen, and of his contemporaries, approaching the nearest to the fulfilment of that condition laid down by Macaulay as indispensable to a poet, namely, the assumption of the primitive or child-like nature.* Corneille is, of all French poets, the one who has most of the chivalric spirit in his works. But pure chivalry in Corneille is crossed by the preoccupation of the antique, and the Christian knight is fettered by the folds of the Roman citizen’s toga. Even the Cid of the great French dramatic poet (and his greatness is undeniable) is spoilt by this, and what is not classical about him is affected. None of Corneille’s heroes have the purity and child-like simplicity that is one of the essentials of the heroes of chivalrous times. They are all too Roman, too declamatory, too pagan, to be able to say of them,

‘De sa vie il n’a fait d’action qui ne fût
Sainte, blanche et loyale.’

They are not Christian knights, which, in his ‘*Légende des Siècles*,’ every one of Hugo’s heroes really are.

The lines we have quoted are taken from one of the longest of the poems of the first volume from ‘*Eviradnus*.’

The subject is simply this:—

A markgraf of Lusatia is dead, leaving his throne to his daugh-

* Essay on Milton.

ter, the beautiful Lady Maud. An ancient custom of the land requires that every sovereign of Lusatia, upon his advent to power, shall take his first repast at midnight in the Castle of Corbus, in the middle of the equestrian statues of the ancestors of his house. With only the attendants requisite to wait upon him at table, the new lord of Lusatia must pass his first night of new authority in the gloomiest hall of the gloomiest residence the imagination ever conceived. Maud repairs, according to custom, to the Castle of Corbus, attended by two henchmen, who are no other than the Emperor Sigismund and King Ladislas of Poland, in disguise. When supper is at an end, the eyes of the margravine close heavily, and she sinks into a slumber, occasioned by a narcotic administered by her traitorous attendants. She is laid upon the stone pavement in her brilliant robes, and the emperor and king, who equally sigh for the land of Lusatia and for its lovely mistress, cast dice as to which of the two shall be lord of the land and which lord of the lady. Fate assigns Lusatia to Sigismund, and Maud to Ladislas. But the latter proposes a more tragical termination, namely, to divide the territory, and kill the princess, whom, he says, they both love too violently for either to allow the other to possess her.

But the whole scene has had a witness.

Eviradnus, of whom it has been said that he lives only to protect the weak against the strong, had overheard some days before the plot of the two princes to betray Maud, and he was beforehand with them in the gloomy hall of ancestors at the Castle of Corbus. When the margravine entered that dark vaulted chamber, all the plated corslets and mailed vestments of all the mounted horsemen were not empty. Upon the marble steed that headed the long right-hand line of phantom cavaliers sat a living knight, and the eyes of Eviradnus glare upon the felon princes from the barred helmet of a Lusatian markgraf long since dead. Just as the king and the emperor are preparing to raise up the inanimate form of their victim and carry it to a trap that opens upon the mountain chasm below, they see what they take for a spectre :

‘Tous deux peuvent voir, là sous un cintre obscur,
Un des grands chevaliers rangés le long du mur,
Qui se lève et descend de cheval ; ce fantôme,
Tranquille sous le masque horrible de son heaume,
Vient vers eux. . . .’

Of course the alarm of the miscreants, as is always the case with such base natures, is abject in the extreme. They let the lifeless margravine drop upon the pavement, and cower before the majestic figure of Eviradnus, who stands with uplifted sword between them and the yawning pit into which they were about to precipitate their prey. Naturally, the whole terminates by the death of the two felons, but the details of the punishment ultimately dealt

dealt upon them by the knight errant are of singular beauty and grandeur. No words are wasted ; not a line is written that might be spared ; and the action marches onwards as straightly, as simply, as inevitably to its end as it would in the dry hard terms of a judicial *procès verbal*.

‘ L’heure où vous existiez est une heure sonnée,
Rien ne peut plus bouger dans votre destinée,’

says the avenger to the two cowards who tremble and quiver at his feet, taking him, as they have done all along, for the habitant of another sphere. At this, however, the loyal chevalier is offended, and superbly disdainful. He exclaims—

Princes, votre façon d’être lâches me gêne.
Je suis homme, et non spectre. Allons ! debout ! mon bras
Est le bras d’un vivant. Il ne me convient pas
De faire une autre peur que celle où j’ai coutume.
Je suis Eviradnus !

The entire scene is one of marvellous power, and we unfeignedly regret to be forced by want of space merely to point out its most remarkable passages. As the action progresses you feel it could not be otherwise told—the narration is a true one ; the words in which it is told are necessary, every one of them, and could not be other than what they are. You recognize pre-eminently the merit marked out by Shelley of ‘ that, being presented in verse which could not be presented in prose.’ The verse is no obstacle either to the writer or to you who read. On the contrary, all is grand and natural, and so natural because so very grand.

We spoke just now of Corneille’s *Cid*. There is in Hugo’s first volume a *Rodrigues de Bivar*, which is incomparably finer in simplicity of conception than any part of the great tragic poet’s *chef d’œuvre*.

It is early morning. To the ancient castle of Bivar comes a Moorish prince on horseback as a visitor. These few lines describe the whole.

‘ Bivar était au fond d’un bois sombre, un manoir
Carré flanqué de tours, fort vieux et d’aspect noir.
La cour était petite et la porte était laide
Quand le Scheik Jabias, depuis Roi de Tolède,
Vint visiter le Cid au retour de Cintra ;
Dans l’étroit *patio* le Prince Maure entra ;
Un homme qui tenait à la main une étrille,
Pensait une jument attachée à la grille ;

Ce Don Diègue, ce père, était encore vivant.

Le Scheik, sans ébaucher même un “ *buenos Dias* ”
Dit : “ Manant ! je viens voir le Seigneur Ruy Diaz,
Le grand *Campeador* des Castilles.”—Et l’homme
Se retournant lui dit : “ C’est moi ! ”

We think it impossible for narrative to be more rapid or simpler,

simpler, and, unless in the early Greeks, we should be at a loss to parallel this in straightforwardness of action by any example of mere poetic recital. The Moor, at finding before him in the exercise of a menial office the great hero of all Spain, is naturally moved to express his intense surprise. He does so chiefly by recalling to Rodrigues the very different state in which he appeared before him the only time they had met. "You were then proud enough," he exclaims. "*J'étais chez le Roi,*" is the answer of the Cid. "And now, engaged in so lowly an occupation!" continues the Moor. "*Je suis chez mon Père!*" says Rodrigues.

The whole tale does not occupy quite four pages, yet a sense of grandeur is left upon the mind that four times four pages of the finest 'description' in the world would fail to produce. Besides, everything in this beautiful little poem is true. The humility of the great warrior, and his filial subserviency is true; and with how much more truth brought home to the reader by the simple fact recounted of his attending to his father's favourite mare than by the traditional scene in Corneille.

'Rodrigue! as-tu du cœur?

Tout autre que mon père l'éprouverait sur l'heure!

Hugo's Cid is the genuine Spanish nobleman, proud as Lucifer with the powers that reign on earth, humble as a child with the representatives of holy rights. The impossibility, too, of the Moor understanding what he witnesses is admirably true to Oriental nature, and the contrast is striking between the follower of Mahomet, who loves to associate great deeds and glorious renown with external pomp and inflexible authority, and the simple follower of Christ, who never believes any amount of glory could release him from the scrupulous fulfilment of Christian duties. The purest spirit of chivalry, we maintain, breathes through every line of the short story entitled 'Bivar;' and once read, it remains in the memory, which loves to recur to it as to all things true: it is truly Christian and truly chivalrous.

'Ratbert' and 'Aymerillot,' the two principal poems of the whole collection, if length is to be taken into account, owe, as we have said, their existence to a double inspiration: they are the produce of the imagination and of the moral sense at the same time.

'Ratbert' is the story of the aggressions, frauds, and various other 'princely' crimes of an Italian prince, who 'calls himself Emperor, but is, in fact, only King of Arles.' The measure of his iniquities is pretty well full, when it suits him to devise the plan of an expedition against 'Final,' a small neighbouring state, ruled over by Fabrice, Marquis d'Albenga, whose sole heir is a young girl named Isora. The great potentate calls together all
his

his court, and invites every single eminent functionary—military, judicial, or ecclesiastical—to express his opinion upon the expedition. Of course all, in obedience to the sovereign's behest, give utterance to the echo only of his own thought, and the particular form alone of the general baseness is varied. When this discussion in the council-chamber is ended, we are fairly launched upon the ocean of pure imagination, with a descriptive poet at the helm. The picture of the frail, delicate Isora, born to a throne she is never to mount, and of her true-hearted, unsuspecting grandfather, the Marquis Fabrice, is drawn exclusively from the resources of fancy: there is no *parti-pris* in all this; neither is there any in the description of the confidence so loyally awarded by Fabrice, so unworthily betrayed by Ratbert. The expedition, too, of the latter, is as much a matter of imagination—of the faculty of producing outwardly what is inwardly witnessed—as is any scene in the ‘Orlando’ of Ariosto or the ‘Gerusalemme’ of Tasso. Only, when the description of the image that strikes him has led the poet to a certain height, he finds himself face to face with a great thought, and compelled, as it were, to teach a great lesson. Here the moralist, and, as we said in the beginning, the exile, suddenly springs to life, and in the concluding lines of ‘Ratbert’ we have the poet of the ‘Châtiments’ unmistakably. This conclusion is, however, one of his very finest achievements. Ratbert has invaded his neighbour's territory, sacked his towns, murdered his grandchild, and sits in judgment upon a vanquished foe. The proud head of the Marquis Fabrice—who, to the last, crushes the ‘emperor’ under the weight of his honest contempt—falls under the headsman's sword: but here is the miracle—the legendary act of Divine wrath. As the head of the victim is severed from his body, so is also the head of the tyrant by a viewless hand; and whilst it sinks into the earth, which opens a flaming mouth to receive it, the head of the just man soars upwards on silver wings, as the heads of the cherubim in the glories of ancient pictures. Who punished Ratbert, we are not told, but at that same hour a humble pious priest sees an archangel in the sky wiping blood from his sword upon a passing cloud.

We must not be unmindful of the fact that to the utterly pure-minded, thoroughly holy, man alone is made apparent the act of Divine justice, which to the multitude remains for ever an impenetrable mystery.

In ‘Ratbert,’ we are disposed to believe that mere description has led the poet on to contemplations of a higher order, whereas in ‘Aymerillot’ we incline to the directly reverse supposition. The latter seems to us commenced with a predetermination to parallel the campaign of 1814, and the general defection of the veteran

veteran marshals of Napoleon, and to suffer the imaginative faculty to divert it from its preconceived aim.

Charlemagne is returning home from a victorious campaign against the Moors of Spain, and passes by the town of Narbonne. He asks the name of the fair city haughtily seated on a sea-crowning height. His chief warriors answer evasively. The name, however, is wrung from them in the end, and the emperor says he 'must have' Narbonne, and asks which of those around him will take it. All hang back, one from this reason, one from that. In vain the glorious Cæsar talks to them of glory and fame, or even of riches—in vain he promises Narbonne itself to whomever will make it his own. There is no temptation sufficient for these chieftains, who are full of prosperity and weariness at once. The Duke of Bavaria suggests that the emperor should 'buy' Narbonne, not besiege it, for he says they have all had enough of that kind of work. The Comte de Dreux declares himself 'sick, and needful of repose,' Hugues de Cotentin affirms that his 'very saddle is falling to pieces,' that his accoutrements are out of order, and that he envies the day labourer in the fields. 'Donnez Narbonne à d'autres' is his answer; Richard of Normandy, and the Count of Ghent, and Eustace of Nancy, and Gerard of Roussillon, and Eudes of Burgundy, and Ozier of Denmark, and all his 'peers,' all, refuse Charlemagne to do any more work!

Scarcely has the great chief covered his followers with shame in a bitterly indignant harangue, than a beardless boy stands forth from the ranks of the gluttoned elders, and breathes a benison upon Charlemagne. 'Saint Denis guard the king!' says the lad, respectfully; at which the 'king and emperor' turns round, exclaiming 'Who and what art thou? and what is it thou seekest?' The boy looks him steadily in the face, answering, 'I wish to be he of whom it shall be said, that "he took Narbonne!"' The concluding lines of the poem are too remarkable for us to deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting them.

"Hé! c'est Aymerillot, le petit compagnon."

"Aymerillot reprit le Roi, dis-nous ton nom."

"Aymery! Je suis pauvre autant qu'un pauvre moine
J'ai vingt ans.

Deux liards couvriraient fort bien toutes mes terres
Mais tout le grand ciel bleu n'emplirait pas mon cœur.
J'entrerai dans Narbonne et je serai vainqueur,
Après, je châtierai les ricurs, s'il en reste."
Charles, plus rayonnant que l'archange céleste,
S'écria :

"Tu seras, pour ce propos hautain,
Aymery de Narbonne et Comte Palatin;
Et l'on te parlera d'une façon civile,
Va, fils!"

Le lendemain, Amery prit la ville."

Now

Now it is our belief that Victor Hugo began this beautiful poem chiefly with the intention, as we have said, of stigmatizing the conduct of Napoleon's marshals in 1814, and holding up to shame those who, when their personal interests have nothing more to demand, seek enjoyment and repose, and unchivalrously refuse to serve any longer or to deserve. But once fairly launched into his subject, mere imagination evidently takes the place of other faculties, and we have a poet only instead of a moralist or a patriot. Aymerillot springs, all armed and radiant, from the poet's brain with Minerva-like suddenness. The brave boy, with his purity and simplicity, his material poverty and boundless mental wealth, owes nothing to any preconceived plan, or any desire, whether to teach or preach: he is perfectly chivalrous, and exclusively poetical.

We wish our limits would permit of our speaking at equal length of several of the other poems contained in the two volumes before us. We should have much to say, especially of 'Le Parricide,' of 'Le Petit Roi de Galice,' of 'Le Regiment du Baron Madruce,' and of 'Les Raisons du Momotombo.' In 'Le Regiment du Baron Madruce,' occurs one of the finest apostrophes to Liberty that we know of in any tongue, not excepting Coleridge's glorious 'Ode to France,' or the perhaps even finer burst of patriotism entitled 'Fears in Solitude,' inspired by the invasion-panic of 1798.

But this name leads us back to Villemain, than whom no one of all our native critics has ever more truly appreciated the 'fine frenzy,' the Pindaric inspiration of Coleridge. Speaking of him from the point of view of the sources of his inspiration, Villemain calls him 'a bright witness of the past;' and says 'he is the image of a great moral influence exercised over the human mind,' and 'the example of a soul's rebound towards justice and truth, when crushed beneath the weight of the meannesses and iniquities attendant on conquest and the brutal rule of force.'

It is from this point of view precisely that we must judge Victor Hugo (who, be it noted *en passant*, has more of Coleridge than it is easy to conceive in a Frenchman), and it is this point of view also that forces us back to M. Villemain and his 'Treatise on Enthusiasm,' which, as we said in our opening pages, is of even greater importance to the cause of lyrical poetry itself than would be volumes upon volumes filled with the verses of lyrical poets. For Villemain, lyrical poetry in this present age of debasement in France, means 'the soul's best and surest escape from wrong,' and therefore, forasmuch as it does really represent this strong Protestant feeling is it well that we should register its manifestations.

The fact to be marked is this: whatever is proudest, freest, loftiest,

loftiest, *youngest*, is deliberately set down in the book we speak of as right. What the wise denominate foolish, and the weak, imprudent; what is too passionate for the cold-hearted, too generous for the calculating, too bold for the timid, too uncompromising for the worldly, too simple for the cautious, too true for the conventional—all this is proposed, held up to universal admiration by a man whom his worst enemies cannot call other than grave among the gravest. Had a dreamer of two-and-twenty ventured to say all that Villemain has said in his *Essay*—above all, if he said it in verse—it could easily be smiled down by that formidable phalanx of the ‘respectable,’ whose bond of union, formed by their moral and intellectual deficiencies, is perhaps the very strongest of any. But what is to be attempted against a work in prose, alarming even to some from its implacable erudition, and whose author, after fashioning the mind of the youth of his country for a quarter of a century, and taking a leading, active part in the councils of the state, forces society to acknowledge the triple authority of talent, experience, and character? That such a book by such a writer may fall unpleasantly upon that portion of the French public whose every thought and deed justify the most indignant protestations of the book, that is conceivable; but revolt against it is possible from no side. The mass of the enslaved and the corrupt have nothing for it but submission, for in this book are laid down intellectual laws. ‘*Dura lex*’ as much as you choose, ‘*sed lex*.’ Here are no hymns, or odes, or sudden outpourings of the heart which you condemn (!) by stigmatizing them as youthful—here are literary dogmas which you must obey or be content to pass for a literary heretic, even with the elders of your own faith. Yet here, in these pages, more than in ‘*La Légende des Siècles*,’ is laid down the usefulness of all that you have pronounced useless, the gravity of what you would fain believe to be futile—the usefulness of poetry, the advisability of enthusiasm!

This perfect concordance between a great poet and a great thinker, between two men so utterly different in all other respects as Victor Hugo and Villemain, appears to us a great fact, and one that it would be wrong not to notice seriously. The tendencies of both—the one from instinct the other from reflection—are heroic; and while the one almost unconsciously, and thanks to that ‘flame of enthusiasm’ that is burning within him sings of chivalrous and heroic deeds, the other calmly, and in the tone, we repeat, of a literary legislator, pronounces that ‘flame’ to be a good, wise, noble, useful thing.

There must be something wondrously compelling in the reaction of mind against matter, of spirit against clay, of the bright, the bold, the pure, against the groping, the base, and the mean, for here, in two countries which have not one thought or feeling alike, and

in the past, present, or future, nothing save only antagonism, making a very virtue of dislike, here in France and in England we have lyrical poetry manifesting the same identical tendencies, and Tennyson and Hugo going, as it were, hand in hand. Both turn in the same distaste from the materialism of our age, and equally aspire towards 'a period of heroic manners, heroic deeds, and heroic characters;*' and whilst the one finds what is prompted him by inspiration, laid down as precept by the greatest æsthetician of the day, the other meets his panegyrist in a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both have with equal earnestness striven to glorify 'that great name which,' as Mr. Gladstone said some months ago, 'the admiration of all ages has consecrated—the name of hero.'

This identity of purpose (shown so lately) between Victor Hugo and our own Tennyson is not a circumstance that should pass by unnoticed. We would advise all our readers to turn from the 'Idylls of the King' to the poems we have quoted in 'La Légende des Siècles.' They will find in one as in the other that 'flame of enthusiasm,' esteemed so highly by Villemain, that strong Protestant feeling which makes lyrical poetry 'the soul's escape from wrong.'

ART. IV.—1. *The People's Friend*. Amsterdam: 1859. Art. on Liberty: by H. J. Berlin.

2. *On Liberty*. By John Stuart Mill. London: 1859.

THAT the modern literature of Southern Europe should be tinged with despairing views of liberty and progress is not to be wondered at. This fact is the natural result and reflex of the later history of Italy—a history of short-lived triumphs, of inspiring hopes, and of sad and long reverses. A feeling of doubt and despondency is impressed upon the productions of its greatest writers, of which Leopardi may be cited as a fair example. How bitterly he felt the degradation of his native land—on whose glories he had mused, while a prodigy of learning at twelve, and to whose welfare and moral liberation he had devoted his genius until prematurely worn out at the age of thirty-two—may be gathered from his noble apostrophe to his 'Italia.'

'Why thus unarmed, with naked breast and brow?
What mean that deathly pallor, those shivering pains?
To heaven and earth I lift my voice, to know
What hand hath brought thee to this sad estate?
Who, worst of all, hath loaded thee with chains,
So that, unveil'd, and with dishevell'd hair,
Thou sittest on the ground, disconsolate,
A weeping statue of despair?'

* Mr. Gladstone's speech at Cambridge on the Gospel Missions to Africa.

It is a notable fact, however, that a comprehensive survey of Europe at large, and of the conditions of society both at home and abroad, has left a similar feeling of distrust and dissatisfaction in the minds of some of our own most eminent writers. Occasionally we hear it remarked that 'liberal institutions are upon their trial' in America, or at the antipodes; but if we revert honestly to the experiences of the last hundred years,—if we look at the revolutions in France and Germany, Spain and Greece; at the heroic struggles of the Pole, and of the 'uncrowned demigods' of Hungary; at the Crimean war in defence of the vitality and independence of Turkey,—and then survey the present aspect of all those kingdoms, we shall be led to conclude that there is some deeper and wider principle at the bottom of this condition of things than any one mere form or mechanism of government. It is a question of civilization, of morals, and of universal liberty which awaits solution. One or two terrible facts cannot be hidden: for, in spite of our talk of progress—in spite of press, platform, and pulpit,—in the face of the moral suasions of every kind, with which we have been deluged during the last seventy years,—standing armies and national debts have increased to a prodigious extent,—constitutional kingdoms have been blotted clean out, and at this moment Europe is dominated over by three imperial despotisms of gigantic dimensions; around whose dominions liberty resembles some small spots or oases on the borders of a mighty sahara.

In perfect correspondence with this outside manifestation of the state of Europe, is the interior character of its populations, the psychological condition of its individual minds and classes. The mental barometer is as low and threatening as the political. All things presage change and tempest, and warn us of danger and destruction. The acute and watchful Bunsen, in his 'Signs of the Times,' has drawn a parallel between the condition of Europe now, and that which existed when the Roman Cæsars ascended the throne of universal empire. 'The north is being invaded by those despairing views of the world prevailing in Southern Europe. . . The unimpeachable results of investigation are rejected as infidel, and that which has essentially proceeded from a deep moral and religious earnestness is stigmatized as godless. . . The pretensions to a divine right of the clerical office over conscience, and as far as may be over the whole mental culture of the human race, are everywhere the same. . . The incredible, in one form or other, appears to all parties and peoples credible; nay, the impossible, probable; few or none of the existing powers or faiths are held to be secure. . . The fears of one party are the hopes of the other. Selfishness and passion not only step boldly into the foreground, but bear unblushingly on their brow the sign of the highest and the holiest.' We need not allude to the illustrations derivable
from

from old superstitions, or to the new and fantastic forms of credulity exhibited in 'spirit manifestations' and similar epidemics. It is more to our purpose to refer to the rottenness of our political principles and the rapacity of our placemen—to the disgusting revelations of Wakefield and Gloucester; above all, to the unblushing apologies and monstrous sophistries put forth in our senate on behalf of such outrages against God and humanity as the traffic in rum and opium, by which heathen and Mahomedan nations, through the instrumentality of professed Christian merchants and statesmen, are made tenfold more the children of corruption than before; to the deliberate defences of opium-eating in our daily and weekly press, as well as in monthly magazines; and to the strange pleas to be found in our religious periodicals, for the habitual use of an agent which has ever been, to a still greater extent, the fatal foe of man, of missions, and of Christ.

We know not whether the old English spirit of independence, with its intense respect for individual rights, is being absorbed in the blood of the Celtic population, now gradually asserting its numerical supremacy—a calamity for which some new Saxon invasion or Norman conquest would be the fitting remedy—but certainly, both in the transactions of social life and the policies of governments, we have observed an indifference to moral and constitutional principles of the most alarming nature. There is, not so much an ignoble hero worship, as a mere clannish or party leadership, prevalent, combined with a tendency to rest on disgraceful compromises, which is a sure indication of the absence of high governing principles of any kind. We no longer recognize in a wrong inflicted upon a poor man, or a feeble state, the fact that Justice itself is struck at, and the body politic gives no responsive sympathy. Whatever may be the proximate or ulterior causes of this moral indifference, and want of faith in underlying spiritual realities, we trust that the miserable and disappointing issues of the political promises of the past, will serve to strengthen the growing conviction that social and individual reform are elements more nearly concerned in the working out of the great problems of national and political liberty, than any mere forms of government or schemes of representation.

A philosophical writer—in an age when men seem to hanker after political authorities who shall do their thinking for them—looks upon our boasted civilization as expiring from a dearth of intrinsic thought and vitality. We are perishing, thinks Mr. Mill, for want of energetic characters; our greatness is only collective, made up of small individualities; and, like China, we are in danger of sinking into a stagnant, lifeless uniformity. What we need is a quickening intellect and a fresh morality, which shall evermore rise above prescriptive custom, and mould and master mere forms and

rules by its own living spirit. On this principle Mr. Mill grounds his plea for more liberty and less legislation. Now, in broad terms, we concede that there is some reason for these views, though the truth is one-sided and exaggerated. Society has not progressed, in some directions, so much as we are apt to imagine; and it has often moved in a circle, returning, under some new form, to its old fallacies. Mr. Mill's doctrine of development, however, must have its limitations somewhere; and what, we think, he has failed to perceive and note is this—that there are possibly some powers and some liberties, the development of which would be only evil, and that continually. These, we hold, should be suppressed in order that other and higher developments might not be thwarted. The intellect and conscience of man are entitled to the freest possible play which is consistent with the existence and necessity of society; but we repudiate entirely the application of that doctrine to his lower propensities and baser passions, for these demand guidance, restriction, and in some abnormal cases, repression, total and absolute. As we would extirpate the roots of a cancer, so would we the roots of an unnatural appetite for alcohol, opium, or tobacco. We quite concur with what is observed by the philosopher of Malmesbury, in the preface to his 'Philosophical Rudiments,' as to the close connection between social opinions on this subject, and the actual condition of governments and peoples. 'If,' says he, 'the moral philosophers had as happily discharged their duties (as have the geometers), I know not what could have been added by human industry to the completion of that happiness which is consistent with human life. For were the nature of man's actions distinctly known, . . . the strength of avarice and ambition, sustained by the erroneous opinions of the vulgar as touching the nature of right and wrong, would presently faint and languish; and mankind should enjoy such an immortal peace, that, unless it were for habitation, on supposition that the earth should grow too narrow for her inhabitants, there would hardly be left any pretence for war.' Popular discussions on the principles of social rights, and the duties of the governing and governed classes, furnish in our time the sole possible check to the despotism alike of aristocracies and of democracies. As with the individual, only 'he is the free-man whom the truth makes free;' so with communities—true freedom must spring up from the inner fountains of intelligence and virtue, vivifying and sustaining the forms and organizations through which these elements are made to flow.

There is doubtless something very captivating in the doctrine of 'Liberty,' so eloquently propounded by Mr. Mill. We will not affirm that its advocates consciously mean 'license, when they cry liberty;' but there is no denying the fact, that it is a doctrine at once flattering to the pride and subservient to the pleasures

pleasures of men. To say the least of it, *à priori*, it excites suspicion and challenges rigid scrutiny. The origin of the notion of 'liberty,' and its hereditary associations, sufficiently explain the magic power of the word in alarming our prejudices or exciting our enthusiasm. The just liberties which we enjoy as English citizens were won by acts of self-denial and deeds of noble daring on the part of our Saxon forefathers—acts which shed an unfading splendour upon the pages of our history. Our patriot ancestors set limits to the encroachments of tyrants by perilling their life at the scaffold or shedding their blood on the battle-field; and they succeeded, first, in wringing from the ruler a recognition of rights; and, second, in securing a guarantee, through certain constitutional checks, against the aggression of future rulers. When we read of these heroic acts—and, in their issues, most comfortable and convenient deeds for ourselves—not merely do our nerves tingle with a sympathetic glow, but our self-love is at once enlisted in the theme. What wonder, then, that the magic name by which we designate these gains of power, should become a sacred watchword to us, whose sudden utterance has potency to excite a false alarm, as well as make us vigilant in the presence of a real danger; and sometimes, perhaps, lead us to shut our hearts against a true friend, and open our doors for the admission of a deadly enemy who had mastered the password? How much, for example, did the 'liberty to get drunk on the premises,' in the shape of the Beer Bill, contribute to debauch and pervert the liberty of voting for representatives, conceded shortly afterwards in the so-called Reform Bill?

In like manner, the idea of 'Christian liberty' carries with it a notion of deliverance from bondage. The Jewish law included a ritual and ceremonies of an exceedingly minute and burdensome description. Christ's law, on the contrary, radiating from a spiritual centre of light and love, made his 'yoke easy,' and his 'burden light.' In the period of transition from Judaism to Christianity, there was of necessity an occasional conflict; whence arose an emphatic association regarding 'Christian liberty' as conferring a new freedom and privilege of moral life; an association of ideas, unfortunately, which has so far outlasted its occasion, that in modern times we have the anomaly of men pleading their 'Christian liberty' for the doing of that which has neither the sanction of Scripture nor of reason. Let us see, then, if we can not extricate the conception of 'liberty' from those foreign and accidental elements with which it is vulgarly adulterated, and by exhibiting the essential idea in its universal and harmonious relations, contribute a portion, however small, to that sum of thought which, in the long run, will be found not only the safest pioneer of every just reform, but the firmest foundation of social

justice, the most potent agency of human progression, and the strongest bulwark amidst the dangers of unsettled dogmas and dissolving systems.

The author of the essay 'On Liberty' is characterized by a generally lucid style of composition, and always conveys his meaning clearly to the reader. He sometimes errs, however, in the subtler distinctions of language, and more frequently in the niceties of definition. We may take an example from his description of the first historical meaning of 'liberty.' 'The aim of patriots was to set limits to the power' of the ruler—'this limitation was what they meant by liberty.' Now, we take leave to say, this statement is not only absurd but impossible, if literally rendered. Not only is liberty a positive conception in logic, but we know, as a matter of practical life, that no party whatever would trouble itself with limiting another's power unless with the object of adding to its own. What our ancestors meant by 'liberty' was this additional power—the manner of its acquisition being a mere accident. Social self-government, in like manner, denotes the power of the social-self which governs. In fine, power and liberty are correlative terms which mark and measure each other.

Mr. Mill truly enough observes, that the people who rule are not always the same people with those ruled over; but this only signifies that the governed are destitute of liberty because they are destitute of power. So, if a majority decree to tyrannize over a minority, or a totality over themselves, in some particular direction, or by some particular mode, that too is a restriction of liberty, because it is a deprivation of power. The accident already noted, that many rights were acquired by battling against unjust governments, has, by an unhappy confusion of the circumstances with the essence of the symbol, led to the vulgar fallacy of putting liberty in antagonism with law, which is the expression and the medium of government. This is a most mischievous misconception, arising, like most others, from lax thinking; for it creates a hurtful prejudice against 'law' in the popular mind, where, specially, the wise statesman ought to aim at establishing the deepest respect for law, as the equal protector of all, and the best friend of the weak and poor. That which we should all dread and deprecate alike, in whatever disguise it may come, is the wilful, not the lawful, exercise of power; of that bare 'will' which may be carried out quite as much by a mob as a nobility, or by the ballot of a democracy as by the bullets of a despot. Coercion is but an incident of government—not its essence, but its shield; not its foundation, but its occasional instrument. Government, in the proper sense of the word, is moral power, and coercion but one of its strange relations. Coercion, in short, is the medicine of the state, applicable to abnormal parts of the body politic;

politic; but moral power is its diet, its 'daily bread.' Furthermore, government is the authoritative expression of law, which is but another word for 'rights:' and these, again, consist of such pre-existing powers in the subject as are necessary to the perfect development of his own highest nature, and the safety and well-being of the community. To deprecate law as adverse to liberty, is therefore to contradict the first principles of government, and to strike at the very heart of society and civilization. Freedom, however, is a wider term, and must not be accepted as the synonym of liberty. It carries with it, very palpably, the negative idea of being free from obligation. Liberty, conversely, is the state of a balanced and rational exercise of power, defined by the constitutional limits of the law. Freedom suggests lawlessness, and may be compatible with anarchy and confusion; while liberty is the adjustment of power and right, and is suggestive of harmony, beauty, and order. Freedom may be inconsistent with obligation; but liberty and morality must be coupled in their legal description, for where there are no rights there can be no duties. The terms, 'law, rights, liberty,' are the equal sides of a triangle. 'Liberty' and 'law' are mutually linked by a common term—or, to change the figure, they are the obverse and converse of a medal, right constituting the golden material whereon the impressions are stamped in the Divine mint. As the true liberty of the individual is to fulfil the highest law of his being, so true national liberty consists in fulfilling the just laws of the commonwealth. Moral law alone can give, and social law alone can preserve and guarantee, social liberty and well-being; just as law, throughout every department of the universe, is that divine *archè*, that systematizing, adhering principle of Order, which upholds all things and brings them to their destined development.

Let us here compare our description of liberty with that of Hobbes, who was undoubtedly the most perspicuous of philosophical writers. 'Liberty is the absence of all impediments to action not contained in the intrinsic nature of the agent. Water is said to have liberty to descend by the channel of the river, but we never say it wants the liberty to ascend, but the faculty or power.' It is quite easy to convert this definition from a negative to a positive form, and when we do so, it will be found to correspond with our own idea. 'Liberty is the power to work out the law of the agent's own nature. The law of water is to descend, and, therefore, where no impediments exist, water has the power (or liberty) of descending; but it has not the liberty (or power) to ascend, because it is contrary to the law of gravity by which its nature is governed.' A German writer, describing the conversation of the philosopher Kant, employs the terms 'liberty' and 'law' in the same harmonic sense: 'How often he elevated our thoughts

thoughts and feelings above the trammels of all selfish systems, to the higher consciousness of a pure liberty of will, to an unconditional obedience to the law of reason, and to the lofty sentiment (or law) of disinterested virtue.'

Mr. Mill and his school have striven hard to reduce the functions of government to those of a combined policeman and tax-collector. They would confine legislation to an attempt at protection from actual aggression, by the punishment of 'overt acts' alone. The doctrine of prevention, they argue, must be limited to this single method. Now here we are at issue. Man exists for the development of his higher powers, and society is justified in its existence and limitations solely by the consideration that its order, method, and machinery are essential to this end. If this be not so, then society is not merely a blunder, it is an usurpation and a tyranny. It starts into being by an attack upon the principle of individuality; nay, it is the weakness or waywardness of that principle which necessitates social combination at all. As social law extends, individual whim and freedom are narrowed. Instead of the will of each, society erects the throne of law, and to its decrees all individuality must yield obedience. Its first act is to limit locomotion and define ownership. In the institution of 'property,' it erects a principle of *meum* and *tuum* altogether different from that of individual will or wish; and it makes a law of trespass, which hedges and bounds our walking on every side. The common earth is no longer common; portions of the earth are made sacred and inviolable; and we have not the 'individual liberty' of intruding ourselves at will into an author's study or a gentleman's drawing-room. Society, too, creates a coinage for circulation, and decrees that no other shall be accepted as 'money' save that which comes from its mint, and bears Cæsar's impress. Granting the formula, that 'protection' is the end and scope of government, we must be protected to the extent required by the nature of things and the purposes of society. No abstract doctrine of 'individuality' can be suffered to override the actual necessities and facts of the case. It must be proved how and wherein the valuable faculties, and therefore liberties, of men are unduly stinted in their growth by law, before we can admit the soundness of the objection. Where else shall we stop? If liberty of locomotion, or of ownership, be denied in the very basis of society, why not the liberty of selling certain things which are demonstrated to be destructive of the great purposes of society? 'A right to the end,' as Hobbes puts the case, 'gives a right to the means.' This must be conceded by those who allow government in any form; since, as regards its matter, the dominion of government is coextensive with what the individuality resigns. Moreover, all governments, by necessity, take caution or guarantee for the future. In other words, without
waiting

waiting for overt acts, they assume tendencies and dangers, and establish against them the barriers of law, appealing to the fears and interests of men in the shape of prohibitions and their sanctions. Individuality, then, is futile as an abstract objection; to acquire force and validity it must be applied to a special case and to actual powers.

An article in a recent number of the '*Volks-vriend*,' a periodical published at Amsterdam by the advocates for the abolition of intoxicating liquor, contains an interesting application of the doctrine of liberty. The writer, Mr. Berlin, lays down the premiss that 'liberty is power,' of which he instances several sorts. We will enlarge his category, for the sake of illustration, to seven kinds. 1. Physical power (dynamical); 2. Intellectual (thought and skill); 3. Moral (Christian liberty and example); 4. Pecuniary (or power of purchase); 5. Social (as privileges, rank, title, &c.); 6. Political (the suffrage); 7. Spiritual power (that is, the Divine life, or indwelling spirit of goodness). Whenever, therefore, we desire to solve the question of more or less liberty, in relation to any measure, we have merely to propose the inquiry in another shape, viz.: Have we gained or lost power? For it must be now sufficiently evident, that whatsoever deprives us of power or faculty, so far likewise lessens liberty; and, conversely, whatsoever augments our power, in the same ratio broadens and enlarges our liberty. Again, if we give our own power to anybody else, whether individual or corporate, we simply transfer a portion of our own liberty; and if we recall that power, we are reassuming that liberty with which we had parted. It follows, that every good or beneficial law is intrinsically a transference of liberty from the individual, unequal holders of it, in order to augment and intensify power by the virtue of combination; and thus increase, and more effectually assure, a real beneficial liberty.* Mr. Berlin's application of the principle to the temperance question is ingenious. The use of intoxicating liquor, he argues, impairs all the divisions of our liberty enumerated, and gives us nothing valuable in return. In this respect, therefore, it is thoroughly anti-social, since society is a combination of capacities, whereby mutual profits are realized and exchanged; and every factory is a proof, on a small scale, of the power gained by a combination of talents and faculties. If society loses by any system, every individual loses also; and if society gains anything, every individual shares in the profit of the transaction, to a greater or lesser extent. Let us see, now, following the seven heads of power indicated, how far the facts in re-

* It is not meant that society embraces in its aggregate all that appertains to its members. Certain interests and relations are essentially private and personal, and with these society has no right to intermeddle, further than to see that they are respected. So the common government has powers which it is impossible for any individual to possess, powers which no individual can arrogate to himself.

lation to strong drink, and the traffic in it, will justify the strong statement of the Dutch philosopher.

1. Alcoholic stimulants, beyond all other known agents, lead to the waste of time, the loss of labour in the present, and by the premature exhaustion of the body to the loss of labour in the future. They induce new, and aggravate old diseases, and send thousands of the victims of their use to an early and dishonoured grave. The strength of the nation, thus poisoned at its core, is, however, but the aggregate of the physical power of the units composing it.

2. Alcoholic drinks, beyond all other agents, pervert the perceptions, and forestall the energies of the intellect. Alcohol is a brain poison, in a peculiar and emphatic sense; and Holy Writ has wisely ascribed to it qualities destructive of memory and judgment. It is the special enemy of skilled manual labour, and of all trades requiring coolness and a nice adjustment of parts in machinery. It is the bane of the artist as well as of the artizan, and seizes and paralyzes untold victims in all the higher professions and departments of life.

3. Alcoholics, beyond all other narcotics, lower the moral tone and aspirations of those who indulge in them; and their use as an article of luxury and an agent of pleasure sensibly diminishes the influence, lessens the power, and tarnishes the character of Christian men, but especially of Christian ministers.

4. Alcoholic liquors, more than all other things of the kind besides, absorb an enormous amount of pecuniary power, both from the pockets of the working and the wealthier classes—a power more than equal (in direct expenditure, not to reckon loss) to the entire expenses of government and the interest of the National Debt combined! Whether we place food under the first head of physical power (of which it is the source), or the saving of food under this head of pecuniary power, we shall reach the same inference. By reserving the corn and fruit now wasted in the production of a liquid which we now swallow with our liberties, we should greatly augment the pecuniary power of the labourer, and increase the reproductive capital of the country.

5. Alcoholic stimulants, beyond all other agents, lessen social power; for not only do they retard promotion towards honours, privileges, and titles; not only do they quench noble aspirations and defile pure ambitions, and thus subtract from the number of citizens who reach to professional and social eminence, but they darken the fame, cut short the days, and diminish the influence for good, of those who do arrive at the post of honour and distinction. The history of the past year furnishes many sad and solemn illustrations of this truth.

6. Alcoholics, far beyond all other agencies employed by political corrupters—those dark panders to a people's prostitution
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and a nation's ruin—render, not only the existing voters of the kingdom, but large masses of our population quite unfit to exercise the suffrage discreetly and conscientiously; a condition of things which naturally excites the mistrust of the wise and cautious amongst the privileged classes, who can alone confer the franchise upon the ranks beneath them. We confess to having small hopes of seeing any material improvement in the future, either with the present or an enlarged suffrage, apart from the destruction of the dram-shop and the beer-house. That which is inconsistent with intelligence and morality—that which creates pauperism and destroys self-respect, which engenders insanity, fosters disturbance and misrule, and excites to the horrible crimes which disgrace our age and country—is essentially incompatible with any political power that can be employed for purposes of good.

We come back, then, to the conclusion that a law which should at once, by the concurrence of government and the votes of the people, abolish the traffic in alcoholic drinks, would be a true enlargement of all our most valuable secular liberties; a limitation of freedom only in the direction of the lower and baser appetites of our being; a vast augmentation of real faculty, whereby the nation, as a consequence, would gain more power, without the expenditure of a single farthing, than any number of rifled cannon or men of war could possibly furnish to it. Let the friends of liberty ponder these facts.

7. Alcohol has equally a deadly hostility to the spiritual life in man. In the words of Professor Miller, the eminent surgeon, it has 'no power to strengthen the morals or the mind, but power to debase the one and pervert the other; power to produce crime and minister to vice, beyond what pen can write or tongue can tell—sensual, devilish.' Its strongest champions admit that it is 'a dangerous and tricky spirit.' In oriental phrase it is designated as *mater malorum*, 'the mother of sins;' and physiology has revealed the reasons of this. Alcoholic liquor stimulates the animal, and stupefies the moral nature of men who consume it. It quickens the lurking or torpid susceptibilities to sensuous pleasure, and at the same time puts reason asleep. Experience declares strong drink to be as much the cause of declension and backsliding in the Church, as of crime in the world; and, contrariwise, God has frequently made a temperance reformation, not only concomitant, but an occasion and an instrument of religious awakenings. As shown in a preceding article, page 259, the converts in the north of Ireland, notwithstanding the traditions and fallacies of a lifetime, feel with a Divine instinct the essential antagonism between the spirit of wine and the Spirit of holiness, and almost universally abandon the pollution and take the pledge.

It is evident, beyond all necessity of reasoning, that the practice
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of abstinence must greatly augment individual energy and independence by increasing *personal faculty* of every valuable kind; while in regard to the new political measure now fairly before the nation—the *Permissive Bill* for empowering the ratepayers to deal with the traffic in strong drink,—a plan which necessitates a preparatory discussion of the greatest interest and importance, as preliminary to absolute suppression,—nothing can be more in harmony with the best principles of constitutional government, or more favourable to the conservation and extension of true political liberty.

Science and experience, in this matter, but confirm the significant intimations of Scripture—intimations which, alas! the Church has been all too loath to understand. Was it not for such qualities as we have pointed out, that the Most High prohibited his priests from using intoxicating wine while engaged in his service? Did not the inspired moralist of the Hebrews declare this truth—‘Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging’? And when he commanded thus—‘Look not upon wine when it is red,’ did he not assign for reason, the probable and frequent consequence, ‘Thine eyes shall look upon strange women and thine heart shall utter perverse things’? Did he not affirm the propriety of judges and rulers abstaining from strong drink, ‘lest they forget the law and pervert judgment’? Did he not excuse, really or ironically, the use of it by persons in extremity, on the ground that it had the power to make them ‘forget and remember no more’? Does not the same book declare, also, the seductive influence of alcohol, and its power to abolish the moral will, by bringing it into captivity to the abnormal lust which the drink creates? ‘They have stricken me, but I felt it not,’ is the language ascribed to the drinker, who, while lamenting his miseries, nevertheless exclaims—‘I will seek it yet again!’ Now, if these are facts—if the whole tenor of Scripture and of experience is not misinterpreted—it will be very difficult to harmonize the use and sanction of such an agent as alcohol with the command—‘Quench not the Spirit;’ or with the truth—‘Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.’ If a poor Irish convert experiences a conscious antagonism between alcohol and Christ, how is it that, with such explicit teachings of the Word, in addition to experience, the professional interpreters of Holy Writ have failed to reach so obvious a conclusion? Abstinence and prohibition must, we think, from the very nature of the case, necessarily increase the power of true religion and enlarge Christian liberty.

There is another relation of the temperance question to liberty which must not be overlooked—viz., that which has reference to the internal power of independent individual action, whereon Mr. Mill places great stress, and which may be included partly under moral and partly under social power. Custom, says this author, may become a more terrible tyrant than any formal legislation; and

and he is certainly right. What, then, is the precise social danger to be dreaded, the precise counteracting virtue to be inculcated and fostered? It cannot be that we must either respect or tolerate all opinions and all practices, even if they be possibly genuine. No matter how fanatically devoted the Thug may be to his religion, or how sincere the Mormon may be in professing his patriarchal polygamy, or how thoroughly convinced the Carolinian divine may be of the scripturalness of his 'domestic institution,' no sane, moral community can agree to legalize or to tolerate such organized systems of theoretical homicide, pollution, and iniquity. Delusion may run into crime as easily and readily as into anything else; and cannot be suffered to plead 'individuality' as a reason for toleration. Every system and opinion must be brought to one final test—What are its fruits? If these antagonize the main purposes of social life, then society, by means and virtue of its appropriate powers, moral and legal, is bound either to abate or to abolish the system. Thought is free, no doubt; and the utmost encouragement ought to be given to the moral and rational expression of it. But this principle will by no means justify the preaching of sedition, the utterance of blasphemy, or the publication of obscene books and pictures. Limits must be put to the freedom of publication somewhere. Even if we had no legal prohibitions and penalties, the social ones would operate by inevitable natural law. Mr. Mill is virtually objecting to the moral constitution of human nature when he ought to be pointing out the line where a just principle and right transgresses the law of use. If we speak our minds of wickedness in high places, whether secular or ecclesiastic, the rulers are offended and frown. Why? Because they feel the moral power and truth of our denunciation; the utterance finds an echo and confirmation within their own breasts. If a large number of individuals so speak, then in time, Republican slaveries, British opium trades, Neapolitan atrocities, and Perugian massacres will cease to be—burnt up in the full blaze of the public opinion of the civilized world.* Can Mr. Mill mean to object to this salutary power? Does he claim that vice and infatuation shall be chartered with an exemption from social criticism and moral rebuke? Were this his meaning, he would not himself be so potently contributing to the formation of new opinions, and declaiming so eloquently against custom and convention. The logic of his head transcends the logic of his heart in this matter; for no sane person can possibly wish us not to disapprove of what is vile and mean; not to denounce what is perverse and pernicious;

* 'What is it else to praise,' asks Hobbes, 'but to say a thing is good? Good, I say, for me or for the State?' Now surely the liberty of each cannot demand from all a universal reticence in respect to characterizing either opinions or actions.

not to be indignant at cruelty and shameless wrong. Our instinctive desire is always for more not less power in this direction.

‘ O God! for a million tongues
Of thunder and of flame,
To utter a cry that shall pierce the sky—
The indignant cry of shame!’

Mr. Mill tritely remarks, indeed, that ‘there is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs as protection against political despotism.’ Now the fallacy consists in assuming that there is some special abstract law or limit in this matter, apart from the nature of the special case itself. Utility—the tendency of a system, and its actual results to society—must be the final test. Law and opinion have alike the right to pass condemnation upon that which is bad; and no individuality ought to be permitted to ‘fashion itself after a model of its own,’ if that model is found to be very dear and detrimental to society at large. The true law which should govern private and collective opinion, both in its formation and its publication, is the law of charity—by which we do not mean, however, the being blind to the evidence of evil, any more than we mean the being blind to the presence of the good. Let us honestly and fairly seek ‘the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.’ Let the logic of the reason guide and inspire the anger of the heart: in short, let our praise and blame be determined and directed by our intellect, earnestly exercised and conscientiously informed.

The evil of custom and convention is precisely this—that they are traditions, to which the many bow, and for which no plea of intelligence can be advanced by their worshippers, even when they are sound in themselves. But many customs and conventions must partake of the errors, or reflect the peculiarities, of the past; and to these, by a blind conservative instinct, we are apt to cling when their utility or their excuse has long vanished. Custom never revises its opinions; and hence its régime tends to stereotype the mistakes and perpetuate the oppressions of the past. Thus, for example, by the force of convention—*i. e.* by the fear of each for the opinion of all—duelling survived long after it had ceased to be approved by those who submitted to its dictation; and its neck was only finally broken by that legal action which disgraced it with the brand of felony. Drinking was in the same condition in Shakespeare’s day as in our own—felt to be ‘more honoured in the breach than the observance.’ But who shall ‘bell the cat,’ and set the custom at defiance? The reflecting few who most clearly perceive the folly and the mischief, and the well-meaning multitude who readily acknowledge the evil, are possibly the very last persons in the world fitted, by moral constitution, for a practical protest.

Shall

Shall we, then, not honour the reformers who first stepped out of the tyrannous routine, and who summoned a social band around them, expressly to resist and erase the disastrous dynasty of convention? Fashions and customs there must be; for beauty, truth, and conscience demand forms as much as spirit requires body; but in the new customs and the new fashions, let the outer form be no longer divorced from the inner philosophy.

The temperance movement is a reform instinct with vitality, with inspiration, and with mental freedom. Behold its weapons, its instruments, and its methods! For shield it has sincerity; for sword, the shining blade of evidence; for breastplate, faith, hope, and charity. It is a perpetual conflict of argument against opinion, of intelligence against ignorance, of spirit against flesh, of humanity against interest, of life and progress against fixity, torpor, and death. The amount of intellectual energy and discussion which it has enkindled has, in fact, been paralleled by no movement whatever since the epoch of the Reformation; while in the breadth and variety of its topics, physical, moral, and social, it has far exceeded that great awakening, and is still working at the basis of society, permeating the masses, and redeeming from slavery and debasement.

Glance back some twenty-five years, and we shall be able to estimate better the work which has been accomplished, and the kind of work which it is. Then, the temperance reformer had his armour to seek and his weapons to forge; now he is armed cap-à-pie, in panoply of proof. Then, the ranks consisted of raw recruits, led by mere boys; now, their army is composed of disciplined battalions, generalised by heroes of a hundred fights. Then, temperance had no statistics, no science, no criticism, no formal logic and literature; now, it has both facts and figures, both ancient and modern learning, a lethean logic and a fervid, manifold eloquence, which can maintain its own in the most learned assemblies of the world as a recognized branch of 'Social Science.' Look, too, at the number and power of the obstacles it had to overthrow, and measure the intensity of its force by its unquestioned achievements. The traditions of ages—the timidity of the weak—the ignorance of the strong—the avarice of the interested, the passions of the vile and vicious—above all, the indifference of the good. Its first apostles had to encounter ridicule from the unreasoning, jeers from snobbery, taunts from fast men, sneers from the fashionable, and even things much harder to be borne. Not only had they hurled against them sermons from the pulpit, but 'sermons in stones.' They were plentifully pelted with authorities—and putrid eggs; a most distasteful mixture it must be allowed. When the people began to side with the reformers, who ceased to be mobbed, publicans would hire ruffians to disturb the meetings. With 'legions of foes' they had few helpers. Newspapers, for
many

many years, dared not report the proceedings of Temperance Societies, for the political press was in shameful bondage to Bacchus. Caricatures and squibs were placarded on the walls; the daily and weekly press, the monthly magazines and quarterly reviews, were all opposed to the principles, and energetically strove to write them down. What incredible zeal, what noble and persistent self-denial, what undaunted courage, what Herculean power must those early standard-bearers—mostly young, poor, or obscure men—have put forth in this grim contest with the conventions, opinions, and passions of the world! Surely, they have been ‘living epistles’ of an illustrious individuality, worthy of being held in everlasting honour!

In its theoretical evolution, the temperance enterprise has been a ramified educational agency, a vast quickener of intellectual life. It had to argue its way upwards against the prejudices, the fashions, and the learning of the upper and professional classes. Medical men opposed it with ‘authority;’ ministers of the Gospel with ‘criticism;’ litterateurs with a pretentious ‘logic;’ reviewers with inaccurate views of ‘science;’ able editors with not-able leaders;—yet not only has it stood its ground, but has gone on steadily from one stage of development to another, gathering statistics, science, and criticism around it, until at last the most veteran statesman and most influential peer in all the kingdom, greets ‘the Grand Alliance’ with his frank and hearty recognition. Be sure, O libertarian! that this toil and task of twenty-five years has been a notable and providential work of social regeneration—a work which has evoked talent, inspired independence, vindicated free thought and out-spokenness, awakened and purified conscience, revived religion—a work which cannot fail to have broadened and deepened all the foundations of our mental, social, and political liberties.

Our pen fails to portray in fitting colours the glorious results of that final measure at which the movement aims—the legal suppression of the traffic in strong drink. Britannia, self-delivered from her reproach, her incubus, and her curse, will rise immeasurably in character and in power. Her people, rapidly increasing in comfort and in wealth, will eagerly qualify themselves for the exercise of their political privileges, and enter into the temple of the constitution. She will then be too powerful for fear on her own account, and too just to inspire it in others. Strong with a sober strength, strong with an enlightened strength, strong with a moral strength, who shall resist the prestige of her illustrious example?—or the expression of her just will in the councils of the kings? She will remain, not merely the ‘mistress of the seas,’ but stand forth to all the nations of the civilized world a bright and chivalrous example of loyalty to truth, to humanity, and to God.

ART. V.—1. *On the Political Economy of Strikes.* Paper read at Bradford Meeting of the National Association for Promotion of Social Science. 1859. By Mr. Fawcett.

2. *On Trades Unions.* Paper read at Bradford Meeting of the National Association for Promotion of Social Science. 1859. By Dr. John Watts.

THE events of the last few months have again directed special attention to trade societies, their constitutions, modes of operation, and results; and assuredly there is no more important economic question demanding settlement than that of the proper positions and modes of action of employers and employed.

What are trade societies and what are their objects? Generally they are combinations of workmen of the same trade, for the protection of wages; and the modes resorted to, are the adoption of rules as to the number of hours which shall constitute a day's work, and the amount of money which shall be accepted as wages for such labour. In the better class of trades, rules are also adopted to 'regulate' the proportion of apprentices to skilled workmen in any given shop, and to prevent the employment of men who have not passed through an apprenticeship to the trade. A breach of any of these rules by a workman subjects him to fine or exclusion from the society, and a breach by an employer subjects him to a strike. In order to secure these objects, funds are subscribed for the relief of men out of employ, and to enable them to travel from place to place in search of work.

In the best trade societies, funds are also subscribed for relief during sickness, and for the assistance of families in the event of the death of the parent, or of disability by accident or otherwise. Now we have first to inquire, Is it right to seek the accomplishment of these objects? and second, if desirable, are these objects possible?

Political economy says that the price of labour, like that of any other commodity, must be dependent on supply and demand, and we find practically, that although working men try to evade the operation of the law, their very evasion is confirmatory of its truth and power; for when a trade society supports men who are out of work rather than allow them to go to work for less wages, what do they but artificially lessen the supply of the commodity of labour, and thus keep up prices; just as a great capitalist occasionally buys up the whole and hoards the greater part of some given commodity for the same purpose. And who gain and who lose by this artifice? Let us inquire.

Here are a set of men kept by their fellow-workmen in idleness (presumably the worst workmen or the worst characters) who must otherwise

otherwise be doing something in exchange for their living, must be making a profit for somebody. Now the savings of the employer come out of his profits, the future wages fund comes out of profits, and the larger this fund the greater will be the future demand for labour, and the higher the wages given for it.*

The first losers by this enforced idleness are the public, for the lessened produce of commodities raises their price; the second losers are the best workmen, for whilst their wages are reduced by their subscriptions to keep the idlers, they have also to pay higher prices for commodities in the market; for although the journeyman machinist may not require to buy machinery, yet the wife must pay more for calico because the manufacturer has had to pay more for his machinery, by means of which his calico is produced. And the third losers are the idlers themselves, who never get so much allowed by the society as they would earn in wages even if paid at less than trade prices; for the society is obliged to protect itself against willing idlers by keeping its allowance low enough to prevent temptation.

The question here rises prominently before us, Ought wages to be protected? Time was when the government of this country tried to regulate the wages of various employments. If the regulation price was above the natural market price, that would be protection, and would, by lessening the demand for the article produced, injure the trade, and throw men out of employment; if it came below the natural price, it would inflict a manifest injustice upon the workmen, for the advantage of the employer.

The fact that all such laws fell into desuetude long before they were formally repealed, is proof that they neither suited the employers nor the workmen. Then why should workmen now try to do what the statute law was unable to accomplish?

The law from 1818 to 1846 attempted to protect profits in the case of the farmer, and what was the result? Corn was almost continually above its natural price, and agricultural distress was perennial.

But if wages are to be protected in one trade, why not in all trades? and if wages are to be kept up, the number of apprentices 'regulated,' and men who have not served an apprenticeship are to be kept out of all trades; then all commodities will be raised in price, and trade societies will be an expensive machinery for taking money out of one pocket to put into the other for each

* That this is so, is demonstrable, for when a man saves money out of profits or out of wages, what does he do with it? He invests it in his own trade, and thus employs more workmen; increases the demand for labour; or he invests it in the Bank, or in a building or loan society, whence other men borrow it, and by its use increase the demand for labour, and by rendering idlers scarce, enable good workmen to increase their earnings.

workman, and to regulate what would otherwise much better regulate itself. But what is then to become of the men who have not been allowed to be apprenticed, and who, therefore, have no trade? They must live as paupers upon taxes legally levied on wages and profits, or upon taxes illegally levied as beggars or thieves.

All such regulations have the laws of nature for opponents, and must eventually give way. Prudent workmen will seek to apprentice their sons to the best trades, and employers with troublesome workmen will seek to replace them by apprentices: men whose natural tastes have sufficed to enable them to work at a forbidden trade, will find means to fulfil their own desires; and men will always be found who for various reasons will prefer a greater share of liberty of action than the trade society will allow them; and these, together with excluded members, will keep up a competition where otherwise the trade society would rule paramount.

Workmen plead very truly, in defence of their societies, that a bargain between employer and employed should be for the equal advantage of both; but that singly the workman is no match for the great capitalist, and would be obliged to submit to every possible indignity; that although, in the main, demand and supply regulate the prices of labour, yet practically, whilst a very slight falling off in demand will cause a fall in wages, it requires a long run of good trade and a great and combined effort to effect a rise; and that whilst they recognize a strike as a great evil, they still look upon it as the only means of preventing a still greater evil; for that apart from such means the unprincipled employer would take every advantage, and that the others would for their own sakes be obliged to follow him.

Before reasoning this matter out, let us look at a strike practically. Four or five months ago the society men in the building trades in London desired to work nine hours per day instead of ten, and this object was sought to be effected by a strike commencing at Messrs. Trollope's. The reasons assigned were, that such an arrangement would bring the idlers into employ, and give more time to all for mental cultivation.

This, as Bastiat would say, was what was seen by the workmen. But there was a double economic error involved, which was not seen. The very fact of many men being out of employ ought to have been proof of the want of capital in the trade, and, therefore, proof of the impossibility of more employment; and proof, also, that, apart from very great restrictive influences, the vacated places would soon be filled by other men. Such an alteration as that proposed would also have been equivalent to a rise of ten per cent. in wages, and of not much less in the cost of building, which

by rendering other trades more profitable in comparison, would have lessened the demand for building, probably much more than ten per cent. ; and would, therefore, if conceded, have lessened instead of increasing the numbers in employment. This is what the workmen ought to have seen, but did not see. Of course men ought, either singly or in combination, to be at liberty to fix how many hours they will work, and what wages they will work for ; but it is doubtful if any society would be unanimous in such a demand, and if not, then the liberty of the minority is gone.

The strike at Messrs. Trollope's originated, therefore, in an economic error by the workmen, and the first duty of the employers was to meet the leaders of the workmen—show them where and how they were wrong ; and had this been clearly done, it is inconceivable that the strike could have gone on in the face of a demonstration that it could not succeed. But had this method failed to convince the leaders of the strike, there was still another and a perfectly natural course for the employers. They at least ought to have known that under the circumstances the strike against Messrs. Trollope could not succeed ; and having done their best by reasoning with the workmen, they might have let it alone, and have watched whilst the fire burnt out. Or if they looked on Messrs. Trollope as martyrs for the cause of the employers, they might have divided their pecuniary loss amongst themselves, and so have satisfied their consciences on that score.

But instead of standing calmly by, and minding each man his own business, conscious of the rectitude of their own cause, and confident of success, they grew ill-tempered and petulant : it was not to be endured that a conspiracy should exist against the great employers—that labour should dare to fight with ' money bags ;' and they ran to the government to learn if this great evil could not be ' put down.' It was as if they had said to Sir G. C. Lewis, ' What do we support a government for, if not to keep our workmen in order ? What are soldiers and police and magistrates for, but to enable us to get profits in peace ? Can't you point out, or make a law to help us out of this difficulty ?' But for once the modern Jupiter imitated him of old, and only looked out of his cloud, and said, ' Gentlemen waggoners, I see that your wheels are pretty deeply imbedded in the mud ; but it is useless to appeal to me. You must go and put your own shoulders to the wheel ; the laws of political economy exist for your guidance ; you are endowed with reason, and must needs make use of it.'

And then in their wrath, right or wrong, like the great Laurie, they were determined to ' put down ' this grievous nuisance, cost what it might ; so having denounced the societies of the workmen as illegal combinations, and the strike as a conspiracy to get a rise of ten per cent. at the cost of all other trades, and having threatened

threatened the workmen that this course of conduct would cost them the promised votes under the coming Reform Bill, and thus constituted themselves no longer simply employers seeking their own interests, but guardians of the public property, they came to a resolution to close their workshops, and to turn some thirty thousand workmen with their families into the streets, and never to reopen, until a *declaration* which would destroy all their trade societies was subscribed.

Thus the men who denounced the workmen's combination as illegal formed a combination of their own, and like Herod, who, when he could not lay hold on the young child caused all of two years and under to be slain, so they, unable to lay their hands on the leaders of the strike, not only sacrificed the majority who had decreed the strike, in revenge for the sacrifice of the minority by the society workmen, but they sacrificed all, majority and minority, society men and non-society men alike. These guardians of the public interests, at one stroke increased the number of pauper-cases by about thirty thousand men, who with their families numbered one hundred and thirty thousand souls.

And what was the consequence? The men who commenced the nine hours' agitation with doubting hearts now felt their manhood insulted; they were now struck in their most sensitive part, their wives and little ones; and, strong in the conviction of the goodness of their object (for conscientiousness in error is not less strong than conscientiousness in truth), they stood determined rather to die than to give way. Those who wavered before were true now; the labourers clung to the workmen, and the non-society men, punished as if they had been aggressors, were inclined to deserve the punishment inflicted on them, if any deserved it, by joining the society.

And the taxes which poor-law guardians refused to contribute, were sent in voluntarily by workmen of all trades, from all parts of the country, and were supplemented by shopkeepers and others, whose hearts beat for the workmen. And the men stood until famine and death came to the aid of the employers, and the bills of mortality began to tell what the tongues of the workmen refused to utter, that they were being vanquished by starvation, and that the hated document is only less objectionable than the grave.

And now in this month of December the document is being extensively signed; but whether the result will be, as with the amalgamated engineers, to make the societies stronger, instead of destroying them, remains to be seen. But, to show the effect of enforcing an engagement under pressure of starvation, it may as well be stated, that the rules of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society do not differ essentially in any respect from those in force before their strike in 1852, and which rules were sought to be destroyed

by the document under which work was recommenced ; yet that society is now fifty per cent. stronger than before the strike in members and in funds.

But now, with these sad results fresh upon the memory ; with the loss of half a million of money to the workmen in wages, with the loss of the profits on that amount by the employers ; with the loss of profit to shopkeepers, and the loss of wages to those who manufacture the shopkeepers' stocks ; and with the further loss by contributions to the strike fund ; and with the not very distant view of the great Preston strike, and the amalgamated engineers' strike, where the losses were fully as much in each as in this last case ; with the losses involved by many minor strikes in various parts of the country ; with the sickness, the famine, the permanent pauperism, and the death consequent thereon ; and the permanent lack of the wages paid for future employment, which would have been saved, and would have increased the demand for labour if these strikes had not intervened ;—the question rises with more serious aspect than ever : Is there no cure for this canker-worm, no preventive for this destroying mischief ?

Let us inquire. Some persons are so convinced of the injurious results of trade societies that they would endeavour to put them down by force of law, forgetting that, although quite illegal, Orange societies, Ribbon societies, Freemasons' and Oddfellows' societies, still exist, and some of them in greater force than at any previous period. The fact is, that the associative spirit is strongly implanted in man ; to suppress it is impossible ; to direct it properly, or suffer for our neglect, is the only choice before us.

It is important, therefore, to settle within what sphere a trade society may operate without doing mischief. That there are times when the demand for labour in the staple trades is so small that no possible reduction of wages would lead to the employment of all the workmen, will be readily acknowledged : for instance, an extensive failure in the cotton crop would so raise the price of the raw material that many manufactories must needs be closed.

At such a time every barrier between honest labourers and the workhouse is important ; for when men have once appeared at the Board of Guardians, once been sent to the stone yard, the oakum shop, or any other unproductive test employment, self-respect is gone, and a large per-centage of permanent pauperism remains when the panic is over. Extra sickness always accompanies bad trade, and on these occasions the prudential investments of trade societies, which often provide relief in sickness as well as during the absence of employment, are of immense service. The sufferers feel that the relief fund is their own, the result of their own industry ; they use it without scruple, they tide over the evil time, and are independent.

The contribution to a trade society, for relief in sickness and for a sum at death, has this advantage over that to a local sick club, that the member may remove to wherever his trade obtains without loss of membership, and without the many inconveniences which attach to all local clubs. Without the help of the trade society, workmen out of employ would often find it difficult to get a knowledge of the state of affairs in distant localities, and more difficult to get the means of removal, even when the change of place would be certain to afford employment.

We have already seen that societies cannot keep out of trouble whilst they demand the same amount of wages in good trade and in bad trade, for good workmen and for bad workmen. Either of these demands, if conceded, can only result in lessening the numbers in employment, and, by lessening the future wages fund, will extend the mischief to the future as well as the present time. So interference with the number of apprentices, or with competent workmen who have not been apprenticed, is an attack upon the liberty of the employer and of the public, and is certain to meet with resistance.*

But if the supporters of trade societies would endeavour to confine their efforts to the provision of aid in cases of sickness, of accident, of permanent disability, and of death; and, in addition to this, would operate as trade agencies to supply workmen where and when wanted, they might become unmixed social blessings, as worthy of the support of the employers as of the workmen themselves.

For this purpose it would be wise to keep the subscription for sickness and death separate from the regular trade contribution; and then each member could decide for himself what sum to assure for, always with the limitation that the sum receivable during sickness should not exceed one-half, or at most five-eighths of the weekly wages, so that there should be no temptation to remain longer than necessary chargeable upon the funds.

Then, also, each workman would make his own bargain for wages from time to time, and would join the society, and subscribe at his own option for a larger or smaller benefit per week when out of employ, of course with the same limitation as above, and with

* In the discussions on social economy at the late meeting at Bradford, a gentleman rose in the audience and stated that at the close of his apprenticeship he joined the trade society, and then learned that he must not work for less than twenty-four shillings per week. He and his employer both knew that he could not properly earn more than twenty shillings; but as he was not allowed to work for that sum, he had to leave the shop, and after wandering from place to place, was obliged to leave the society before he could get employment. Thus the society, whose rules were intended to secure high wages for inefficient as well as for efficient workmen, not only failed in its object, but injured itself by the loss of a member, and had to submit to his competition in wages just as if he had been allowed to make his own bargain, and to retain his membership.

the further condition that no person should be chargeable on both funds at the same time.

Past experience would in most of the principal trades be a sufficient guide for the construction of the trade relief table, and the best-established benefit societies would furnish rates of contribution for relief in sickness, &c. The only causes of exclusion from the society would then be non-payment of subscription and immoral conduct; and as the advantages would be very obvious, and liberty of action would still remain to every individual, non-society men could hardly exist.

But how, it will be asked, is this arrangement to operate for the prevention of strikes, unless the workmen submit to every offered indignity, to every exhibition of petty tyranny, to every attempted injustice?

In this way. Let each trade society recognize some particular daily newspaper as its organ, and let it be the duty of the secretary in each town to see that paper regularly. When a dispute arises in any place, let the facts be at once communicated to the local secretary, who, if advised by his committee that it is not prudent to wait upon the employer; or, after having waited upon the employer with an unsatisfactory result, shall at once advertise (in cipher) in a particular column of the organ of the society, and shall ask each secretary in other localities to communicate by first post to him on the state of trade, and the amount of wages for the particular class of hands involved in the dispute, and to say if there is any demand for additional hands. Within forty-eight hours the secretary would have upon his table materials for deciding on the course to be pursued, and would either say to the applicants, 'I can provide for such a number of you at such a place, at as good or better wages than you are now earning, and you can decide for yourselves who will go;' or he would say, 'My friends, there is no chance of anything better elsewhere than you are now offered at home; and as half a loaf is better than no bread, I advise you to pocket the affront and to go on with your work.' In the first case the employer would learn that he was in the wrong, and would for his own sake give way rather than lose his workmen; and in the latter case it is demonstrable that a strike would fail to secure the object sought, and it would be complete folly, under such circumstances, to go into it.

The high-principled employers would find it their interest to support the trade societies within these limits, for they suffer as much as the men from the attempts of the greedy to reduce wages, or to tamper with the clock, and so to gain a few minutes' work per day from a thousand hands; they are by these means undersold in a falling market, and obliged to effect a reduction to save themselves.

If it be objected that non-interference with the rate of wages would, by allowing employers to operate in detail with the men, cause frequent declensions, the reply is, that when capital is plentiful the demand for labour will be great, and wages cannot then fall; and the same operation which is effective through the secretary for a shop of workmen, would be equally acceptable to an individual who was being underpaid, and would secure his gratitude; besides the *esprit du corps* of a workshop will generally be sufficient, except in bad times, to keep up the price of the commodity, labour. And in bad times the only choice is a fall in wages or a dismissal of workmen.

If, in addition to the plan here sketched out, that of 'arbitration courts,' composed of half employers, half workmen, with a disinterested umpire, was also adopted, then every possible case of dispute would be provided for, and we should hear no more of those distressing occurrences, strikes and lock-outs, which so seriously lessen the working capital of the country, which stir up angry feelings, and set class against class, increase trouble and privation, pauperism and crime, sickness and untimely death.

ART. VI.—FOR LIFE.

PART I.—THE OUTER LIFE.

'Each man's life is all men's lesson.'

— OWEN MEREDITH.

I HOPE I was no worse, I know I was no better than the average of medical students of my time: but as my story does not principally concern myself, I need not enter into details of my student-life further than to say, what may be well known to the experienced of my readers, that there were some among us diligent, many idlers, and many, who though really hard-working, liked the reputation of follies they seldom absolutely yielded to. In the frank horror of being thought 'snobs' or 'shams,' they often became both; assumed a careless swagger and a reckless speech, lingered on the margin of the turbid stream of dissipation, dipping now and then their feet in its foam, and with a wild bravado air were rather pleased to be thought to have plunged fully into its impurities. Some such phase of youthful perversity possessed me twelve years ago, when I accepted an invitation to a supper at a celebrated 'wine shades' in the Haymarket. Two fellow-students were my immediate companions,

and we were to meet a set of 'choice spirits,' and make 'a night of it.' I remember being secretly much disappointed at the company and the amusements. My imagination had been either so much better or worse than the reality, that I found myself compelling hollow laughter and boisterous noise to do duty for real spontaneous mirth, and to hide absolute weariness.

Among our company was a young married man—a handsome fellow, with a frame my recent anatomical studies taught me to admire as a fine combination of strength and lightness. I did not like his face: there was nothing to find fault with in the features. The full blue eyes were so bright with natural spirits, they needed no artificial fires to add to their brilliancy. The massive clusters of brown curls fell over a sufficiently high broad white forehead; but the animal predominated in that visage, and what there was of mind looked insolently and defiantly out of the eyes, and gave a scornful curve to the full lips. His name was Warner. He had, as I learned, made a bargain or transfer of some property that afternoon with the oldest and

and gravest, and, I may add, the worst of our company, and finished the business by a drinking-bout. Not that Warner looked anything but sober. As I dallied with my glass, qualifying my drink with soda water, while dreading the railery of my companions, I saw with astonishment the way in which Warner drank; and some thoughts, even in that reckless time, of the abuse of his glorious gift of strength, crossed my mind. He was the only married man of our party, and a host of jests, noisy if not witty, were levelled at 'the Benedict.' As the wine circulated, and the night reached the small hours, one of our company, a clever mimic, delivered in a well-sustained female voice a lecture to Warner on his late hours, bad company, &c.; and wound up with representing 'Benedict's' contrition. I watched Warner's face narrowly while this scene was being enacted, and beneath his assumed good humour I saw annoyance. A red gleam, that gave his eyes a savage look, shot from them; his flexible upper lip curved from the white teeth, and putting, as I saw, a strong constraint upon himself, he laughingly offered a foolish wager, in words to the effect that none of the poor miserable bachelors among us, living in dread of waspish landladies or domineering spinster relatives, would go home, taking a friend with him, so certain of a pleasant reception as awaited 'Benedict the married man.' The wager was accepted: Warner looked round to choose a companion. 'I promise a supper—by Jove I'd better call it a breakfast,' he said, 'and smiles, gentlemen; not only no murmurs, but smiles.' As he spoke his gaze fell on me: I was the quietest, perhaps the soberest of the group, and so much of sense might be left in Warner, that he recognized these qualities.

I wished to decline, but I was overruled in the boisterous clamour; and without thinking very clearly, or it might be being able to think clearly of the intrusion I was to perpetrate, our party broke up, half, selecting each a companion to testify as to their reception, but saying, 'We promise no smiles; and yours, Warner, is an empty boast.'

How freshly blew the clear night air on our fevered temples, as Warner and myself walked briskly towards a western suburb. It was the end of

October, and a healthy breath of coming winter mingled in the breeze. I noticed that my companion, though well wrapped, shivered occasionally, even while he sang snatches of songs, and I had a suspicion that nature, even in that stalwart frame, was avenging the transgression of her laws. Ah! how wise we are for others! How clear often is the justice of the sentence that we read in another's case!

I began to be heartily vexed with myself for my fool's errand, when we stopped at the door of a corner house in what seemed a new built street. A light gleamed from an upper room, and I thought I saw a curtain move.

'There she is,' said Warner, as he rang the bell, with a chuckle of satisfaction that made an indignant glow spread over me.

The window was hastily lifted up, but Warner shouted impatiently, 'Come down Annie, what are you afraid of?'

In a minute after the door was unbolted, and a soft voice said, 'Oh, dear Fred! I feared it was not you, I thought I saw ano—.' She had cautiously brought the light forward screened by her hand, and now saw me as she broke off in the midst of her sentence. 'Yes, Annie, a friend of mine has come home with me to supper,' said Warner entering, I, more embarrassed than I ever felt in my life, sheepishly following him.

There was a moment's pause, in which I did not see how Mrs. Warner looked, for I had the grace to be ashamed of my part in this folly, and I cast my eyes anywhere rather than encounter her glance.

Warner, stung by the silence, went on in a loud voice, and to me insufferable manner. 'Yes, Annie, and be quick; we know that as you did not expect company, you are not prepared: my friend will take pot-luck with us; be quick: what room are you in? We can't go where there is no fire this confounded cold night.'

'The only fire, I regret to say,' replied Mrs. Warner bowing to me, 'is up stairs in,' she half whispered to her husband 'the nursery.'

Here I interposed, and said to Warner, 'Pray allow me to bid you good night. I could not think of intruding further on Mrs. Warner;' and I added significantly, 'all is fulfilled.'

But Warner was peremptory. 'I must stay, and the nursery was as good a room

a room as anywhere.' The wife evidently saw that her husband was not sober, and with a dread of thwarting him, and making his condition more humiliatingly apparent to me, she nervously joined her entreaties to her husband's, and I followed them up stairs into a cosy little room where there was a cheerful fire, and a table before it, with a supper-tray neatly laid. A pair of embroidered slippers were toasting on a stool on the hearth-rug, and a warm dressing-gown lay over the back of the easy chair at the fireside. The room was a picture of home comfort, not by any means lessened by the appearance in a snug recess, close to the arm-chair, of a child's cot, decorated with snowy drapery; and as we entered, Warner still talking and laughing loudly, there was a movement in the cot, and a little curly head rose up, rested a flushed cheek upon a chubby hand, and opened languidly two blue innocent eyes where sleep yet lingered.

With a laugh and a shout the father took his cherub boy from the cot, and the child uttered a frightened cry. Then, for the first time, I ventured to look at the mother, a delicate, fairy-like little creature, with a face made to express love and grief. I took no note of her features except that they were small; but the anxious, fond, tremulous look in her startled eyes, and the flexible eyebrows gave a varied expression to the young face, and to the pliant grace of the form, as she ran to her child and releasing him from Warner's arms hushed him on her bosom, cooing out pretty indistinct words of maternal endearment. I am glad to remember that as I looked at mother and child, I felt myself a very sorry fellow, with a soul that would have gladly crept into a nutshell to have escaped the ordeal of their presence. Warner seemed wholly unimpressed, merely said, 'Annie, what's the boy afraid of that he squalls that way?' tossed the dressing-gown from the back of the chair across the room, saying with a wink at me as he kicked the slippers off the stool, 'You women are such precious coddles.' He then pointed to a chair opposite and bade me be seated, and began helping the supper. I complied mechanically, though shame, indignation, or a something that blended both, which I never felt before, utterly prevented my eating.

Mrs. Warner having stilled her boy, came to the table, and with a smile—a struggling smile, that smote me like a stab—apologized for the servant having retired, and for the slight refreshment set before me.

I stammered out something I know not what, and the child now, thoroughly awake, turned his face half shyly to me, gave a furtive glance like a bird, and then quickly nestled again to his mother's bosom.

'Give me the boy; give him me, I say; and go you down, Annie, to the cellaret. My friend must have better stuff than this "poor Will,"' touching a mug as he spoke.

There was a struggle, I saw, as I kept interposing apologies, in Mrs. Warner's mind between the wifely and the motherly feelings. She would go down; but as the child, with the instinct of infancy, screamed at the thought of being transferred to his father's arms—a flush that was not either confusion or anxiety came to her face. It looked like anger; and streams of light seemed to pour from her eyes; but she put a strong constraint on herself, and resolutely keeping the boy in her arms, down stairs she went, returning in a few minutes with a liquor stand. I employed the interval of her absence in entreaties to be allowed at once to retire. 'The wager was fairly won, I could testify. There had been surely,' I choked at the word, 'a very kind reception.' I felt a strong impulse to dash the glass of water that stood beside me in the face of my host, who, lolling back in his chair, and lazily laughing a cool satisfied laugh, said, 'Benedict, indeed! the fools; don't they know there's no slave like a fond woman?' I should like to see the day or the hour she wouldn't give me, and any one I chose to bring to my home, a kind reception; I should like to see that; and his clenched fist came down on the little table with an impetus that made the tray and glasses clatter. I rose, not daring to trust myself another moment, and as Mrs. Warner entered the room, I bowed, passed her hastily as I called 'Good night' to Warner, and was down the stairs, and out of the house, while he was shouting after me, and, as I heard by his lumbering tread, preparing to follow me. I knew, however, that, in his present state, that was not likely.

Once

Once again out amid the quiet of the night, the few stars that gemmed the darkness looking brightly down, reminded me of the eyes I had just seen: the innocent child and mother in the power of a brute whose reason was over-mastered by his appetites. Yet who was I that I should condemn him? I had helped to make him what he was. I had been the instrument of an insulting intrusion, most painful as I well knew to that young loving wife, whose very virtues were to add to the sum of her miseries. I knew how to honour a good woman. However unworthy I had proved, I had been the son of one; and the incident of that evening tortured me. I saw—I still see—the looks of mingled love, pity, dread—the constrained courtesy, the motherly anguish rising into holy anger, that had flitted over her face, and made it readable as an open volume.

It was the turning-point in my history. I wrote as briefly as possible my testimony to decide the wager, among the wild companions I knew Warner would meet again; and from that time I took seriously to my studies, and was glad to be 'cut' by my 'fast' friends. I could avoid and escape them; the very ease with which I did so, frequently brought to mind the condition of those for whom no escape from evil association is possible. The living body, tied to the putrifying corpse, seemed to my newly-awakened perceptions a less dreadful doom. The Warners, what was to be their future? I had had a glimpse of their outward life. It was so unpromising, and yet, as I knew, so common, that I often caught myself uttering the platitude, mentally, 'Poor thing! she must make the best of it—it is for life.'

PART II.—THE DARKENED LIFE.

Some years passed away: I had taken a partnership in a large practice, in a great commercial town. I had had experience of paupers and criminals; and what I saw in the dwellings,—too often the hovels, of the poor, in the workhouse, and in the gaol, deepened the conviction that the drinking customs are the fruitful source of at least eighty per cent. of our disease and crime. I was not content, as some of my medical brethren were, with signing testimonials and

certificates to that effect. I was eccentric enough to believe that a man's opinion, to be influential, must be corroborated by his practice; so I adhered to the resolution formed on that memorable night of my student life, whose experiences I have recorded. It may sound strange to my readers, but I can assure them that my plan of total abstinence did not promote my interests in my profession. A man with life and death coming constantly before him, required to deal with their myriad forms, should surely be a man so sober that even the slightest suspicion of tampering with the drunkard's drink should not attach to him. Yet, while I had much respect, I had few patients among the more wealthy classes; and the practice that fell to my share was chiefly among the poor. I found no fault with this; but I could not avoid the mental comment, that the physician is best liked whose prescriptions are most agreeable.

One evening I was suddenly summoned to a very crowded part of the town. The messenger was a slipshod sort of servant or errand-girl. She was crying; and I returned with her to the scene where my services were required. I passed through a crowd of people at the door-way, up a very dirty staircase into a back room on the second floor. The first object I saw was a large, florid man, lying on the hearth-rug, sleeping the heavy sleep of intoxication. It was a disgusting rather than an alarming sight; the man looked strong, and was sleeping off the effects of his potations. I had hardly at a glance taken in this, when my attention was called to a bed in the corner, where a young boy lay insensible; and bending over him, calling him by every name of fond endearment, was a little, attenuated woman—the mother I saw at once. I examined the child as I made my inquiries.

'He—he—Oh, sir!—he fell down stairs,' said the poor woman, in an agitated voice.

'How long since?'

'Two hours ago I picked him up, and my neighbours helped me up stairs with him. I thought he was stunned, sir, and would soon recover; but he does not move. Oh, Archy, my dear boy!—Archy, love, open your eyes!—My darling, look at your mother—my boy—my boy!'

I put

I put her gently aside with a 'hush,' and took my seat by the bed. I soon ascertained there was no hope. I sent for a medical friend; but the fall had caused concussion of the brain. The child was dying.

Meanwhile the man on the hearth-rug still slept. I looked at him, and asked how long he had lain there. The errand-girl answered, 'Since four o'clock.' I calculated the time; it was the time of the child's fall. The mother, in her passion of grief, did not hear me ask these questions. She had become very quiet, white, and cold. Her thin, weary face somehow seemed not unknown to me. Suddenly there was a cry from a cradle in a remote corner. Mechanically the mother took up a wretched, sickly-looking baby, and hushed it on her bosom. In a moment the mist of years rolled away; I saw again before me the wife and mother on whom I had once intruded. I cannot explain how I recognized her, for no change—not death itself—could have been more complete. The blooming little fairy I remembered, with her lambent eyes, was now a withered, sharp-featured, faded woman—her eyes sunk and dim, her hair thin and neglected like her garb; 'tired-out' was the most expressive description of her looks. The poor feeble baby that tugged at her wrinkled bosom, the dying boy silently passing away on his tattered bed, and the bloated snoring mass wallowing on the hearth-rug, made such a combination of the wretched and the odious, that, accustomed as I was to scenes of misery, it sorely tasked my patience. I approached the reeking heap on the rug and shook him. 'Rouse, man!' I said, though to call him 'man' seemed a libel on humanity, 'and see to your poor wife and boy.' He turned, looked up, rose on his elbow. The wife, with a pitiful cry, like a wounded hare, ran to him—'O Fred!' 'Keep off,' he muttered stupidly, adding a volley of oaths as he pushed her with his disengaged hand so roughly that she fell back with her head on the edge of the bed, where the unconscious boy lay. She quickly gathered herself up, and the loathsome creature—husband and father, oh me!—turned over and began to snore before the feeble wail of the frightened baby that had shared its mother's fall was stilled.

My medical colleague arrived, but

the boy's last breath had been drawn ere he entered the room, and before the poor mother was aware that hope and help were past. I was unwilling to leave the scene. Poor neighbours came in, and gradually the truth broke upon the hapless mourner's mind. She did not weep. A sudden strength seemed to enter her feeble frame, and a new spirit to possess her. I gazed in wonder at her face, as she clutched her sickly baby to her breast with one hand, and smoothed the hair of the dead boy with the other, her white lips moving but uttering no word. Suddenly she looked round—her gaze fell on the sleeper—and a gleam of such fierce light leaped from her sunken eyes—such a flash of hatred and scorn as I never can forget. The ill usage of many years—the shattering of every hope—the blasting of every holy emotion, seemed to be expressed in that one glance. She turned away, and I saw she resolutely avoided looking on the rug again.

'How did he fall down stairs?' said a woman present.

There was a momentary struggle I saw, but the mother moaned out—'The stairs are narrow and steep—and—and—God help me!' she shrieked, and fell into a fit. I assisted them a while, but on her recovery I left the room with its peaceful dead—its miserable living. The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of 'accidental death.' The child had gone to help his father up stairs, and his foot had slipped at an awkward turn, it was said, and the fall had proved fatal. There was no evidence to contradict this; but I had my own opinion, strong to me as a demonstration, that the wretched drunkard, quarrelsome as I had seen, had struck the boy and made him fall, and I felt sure that the mother knew this.

I called again after the funeral, but the family had removed. I learned that this Warner had begun life, not only with very good prospects, but good possessions. He was an architect, the only son of a small but prosperous London builder, and inherited his father's business and several houses. I learned that he had been the injury, if not the ruin of many; for that it was his custom, after selling the private houses that he built, to erect a fine gin palace, or a spacious tavern near, and in this way injure the property and the

the neighbourhood. The very first night I had met him he had sold the house his wife and himself lived in, for a public-house; and the consequence was, the value of the whole street was deteriorated. He did not prosper. He met with swindlers in his transactions, and was so often the dupe of others, as well as the victim of his own appetite, that he had to sacrifice his property, raise money at a ruinous rate of interest to complete contracts, and in seven years from the time I first met him was a ruined man.

He had skill in his business, and came down to superintend the building of a new church in the town in which my practice lay. But his earnings barely supplied his own wants, and his wife and children were in great poverty. I learned that there had been several children between the eldest boy and the present sickly baby, but they were all dead.

As a medical man I knew enough of infant mortality in a drunkard's home: the wickedness and misery of the parents are such, I do not say they kill the children, but I do say, they let them die; nay, they make it next to impossible that they should live. Infant life must be carefully sheltered, otherwise it goes out as surely as a taper held in a high wind.

Once soon after the inquest, I met Mrs. Warner. She looked thin, sallow, spiritless. She avoided me, and I saw that from henceforth hers must be a darkened life.

* * * *

PART III.—THE DOOMED LIFE.

About two years after the incident last recorded, I was returning in the middle of a cold but not dark winter night, from the house of a patient who resided in the outskirts of our town. My way lay across some fields, and through a low suburb by the banks of the river. When I came to the last field I thought I saw some one crouched down by the stone wall that formed the boundary. Unheard, I drew near, and saw that it was a woman, watching apparently the lights of a low neighbouring public-house, noted as the rendezvous of the worst characters. I seemed instinctively to know that it was some wife, watching for her husband; and as I passed I said, 'Go home, my good woman. This bitter

night it is enough to kill you to be watching about in this bleak place.'

A voice with despair in its tone quietly replied, 'Nothing will kill me, or I should have been dead long ago.' There was a sort of laugh—a hollow ghost of a laugh—that chilled me to the bone, as the words ceased. Suddenly a throng of people, some of them women, came out of the public-house, and the crouched form rose and glided along at the side of the wall. I passed the rabble who were shouting out ribald songs, wild, odious, joyless laughter of women's voices adding a sort of chorus to the strain. I saw a tall man among them, a large tawdry woman was clinging to his arm. The light of the lamp was on his face—it was Warner. I glanced at his companion, and my mental comment was—'If that poor girl you once called wife is dead, the virago on your arm is better suited to you.' I hastened on anxious to put as wide a distance between me and a creature I could not look on without loathing; but for some streets I heard the shout of the revellers, rending with their foul cries the quiet of the night.

Next day there were rumours of a murder, one of the worst of murders, a murder called of old, and still in our law books named 'TREASON!' A wife had murdered her husband in their own home. This wretched, guilty creature had shed her husband's blood on the very hearth that ought to have been sacred to love and fidelity. Men looked calmly stern, women bitterly enraged, as the tidings of this murder spread. I was no reader of newspaper horrors, but when such a crime came nearly to one's own door, I turned more eagerly than usual to the local journal laid on my breakfast-table the following day, and the first thing that startled me was the name—Warner. For a moment I thought of the woman I had seen hanging on Warner's arm, and a kind of stern contempt filled my mind. 'A drunken brawl: no wonder he ended so,' was my mental comment. But as I read, what was my surprise to find it was *Ann*, the 'Annie' I remembered—the gentle, loving wife and mother, whose sweetness of temper had been the drunken boast of her husband. How could it be possible?

The murder took place so near the time of the assizes, that the trial followed the inquest and the committal in quick succession.

succession. There was no one to urge delay for the procuring of evidence or the arranging of the defence. The evidence was clear, the accused was poor. I attended the trial. The court was very full—many ladies there, most of them vehemently against the prisoner. Oh, ladies! if you obtained what some of you deem your right—permission equally with man to practise law—few of you would prefer being tried by a female judge or a female jury. It is a wrong, say some, that woman is not tried by her peers—that trial by jury in its strict sense does not exist for her. If this be a wrong, methinks woman would cherish this wrong more than most of her rights.

The prisoner was poorly dressed. She had evidently, though still young in years, lost all care for her appearance; despair had done its work. She looked once timidly and wonderingly round the court, then collapsed into herself a still, white effigy of a woman.

How much of the proceedings were understood by her can never be known. Occasionally her fingers twitched at her old shawl, once she pressed her little bony hands hard on her eyes. I felt certain those tearless eyes were so dry and hot, that she pressed down the lids to ease them; but those around me said, 'What a hardened creature!' All the whispers I heard, and they were in female voices, 'soft in the vowels,' were—'What stolid indifference!' 'There's no tears; she puts up her hands to her eyes to pretend to wipe away the tears she does not shed.' 'Faugh! I cannot bear to look at her hands.' 'What a bad countenance!' 'Wasted to the bone with evil passion!' &c.

There was no hesitancy and no delay in the trial: all was clear. The husband had returned home late, intoxicated certainly; but this wretched woman, this base wife, had waylaid him—managed to enter the cottage they occupied a few minutes before him: he followed and fell down across the fireplace, and she had thrown a heavy smoothing-iron on his temple as he lay, and killed him instantly.

There was a feeble attempt by the counsel for the prisoner to make out that the fall might have caused death. The surgeon's testimony entirely disproved that. There was a wound inflicted with the strange weapon employed; 'not so deep as a well, nor

so broad as a church door; but enough.'

Except the man's fall, no sound had been heard by the other lodgers in the house, and the tragedy was discovered by a woman noticing a small stream of blood that had run under the door into the passage. She had entered and found the man dead and cold, and the murderess crouched up in a corner of the room, looking 'calmly,' they said, at her fearful work.

And so there was no doubt: the word 'GUILTY' was spoken with less sorrow than common; and in the court there was a murmur—could it be of approval? Yes! human justice was satisfied—the traitress was condemned.

After the thrill of the moment, I was not either angry or surprised at that approving murmur. It was outraged fidelity that spoke. Marriage—honourable, tender, holy—had been violated by the red hand of murder: the ties, dear as life, strong as death, had been rent in twain, and society rose indignant to avenge the crime. Sentence was pronounced. There was the same stillness in the prisoner. The gaoler touched her. She started like one awakened from a dream, and her frame being light and small, she stepped down quickly. With deep disgust a voice near me said—'She actually seems to "trip" away!'

I went home fevered with the scene. I had looked below the surface; I had known the daily death that miserable woman had endured—the many murders her intemperate husband had perpetrated; how he had slain her hopes, her health, her peace, her mother joy, her wifely comfort. Yet that her hand should have dealt the awful retributive blow seemed very frightful.

I pondered, too, on human law, and mourned that it should be most insecure where for the safety of society it should be least so. All whom I conversed with believed the extreme penalty of the law would be inflicted. All thought it just it should be. I urged the conduct of the husband, and was, I confess, startled at the reply; 'Oh! allow a man's bad conduct to be pleaded in extenuation, and you'll have plenty of murders.' Pondering this case, my mind went through a ghastly chronicle. 'The glorious uncertainty of the law' does not cease with the verdict,

verdict, it extends to the punishment. I remembered that a man, a few years back, destroyed a woman on Battersea Bridge—a most hideous murder: no doubt, and no extenuation in the case, and yet that man was reprieved. A Frenchwoman deliberately bought a pistol and shot a mere youth, her paramour; and her life was spared. An adulteress, discovered in her amours, put her four young children to death, and the plea of insanity was allowed. A mother deliberately brings her child of ten years old to her home and cruelly murders it, making the name of 'Celestine' infernal for ever, and she was spared. A poor ill-used woman, in one of our southern counties, waits up for a brutal husband, who returns, reeking from the arms of a paramour, to insult his wife: in a paroxysm of frenzy she strikes him with a hatchet that lay at the fireside, no premeditation and the greatest provocation. In her terror she makes a bungling effort to conceal her guilt—and she perished on the scaffold!

And, more terrible still, timid or merciful jurors have allowed murderers—yes! many to escape, whom, had the penalty been less than death, they would surely have convicted. As I thought of these strange anomalies in our social system, I wished two things—that some lawyer with a sound brain and heart would make a list of crimes and punishments for one year, tabulate and compare the sentences, and send such a paper to the Social Science meeting. My other wish was, that human justice would, for the security of society, try whether a life of stern toil would not be a more deterring punishment than a death of excitement to those who by their crimes show they have no love of man nor fear of God. But I found few to comprehend or sympathize with me, and I looked with a sickening horror to the close of Annie Warner's '*doomed life*.' * *

PART IV.—THE INNER LIFE.

While I was thus revolving this sad case in my mind, my medical colleague asked me to visit the infirmary of the county gaol. I found there, in a separate ward under the care of two nurses, the unhappy woman whose trial (I may say *trials*) I had witnessed. I had hoped to find her insane. I wished to think the deed she had perpetrated was the result of insanity; but she was

perfectly calm and collected. The nervous system was entirely prostrated as if a long series of exhausting troubles, ending in a paroxysm of rage, had completely shattered the system. All that skill could do was done by myself and others to save her; for it was not to be endured that death should anticipate his prey and deprive the gaping multitude of a drama and a holiday. And so strange in some cases is the tenacity of life, that I have known some feeble wretch with disease enough to kill the strong at once, live on and on, as if merely to meet man's doom—nature delaying that law may smite. I did fear this might be Annie Warner's case. She was patched up with stimulants, fed up with dainties; and for a few days she evidently rallied. Food and quiet that she had been long a stranger to wrought some favourable effects; but she never slept. Day by day, night by night, she lay still and calm, but sleepless. I visited her at all hours. She seldom spoke except in monosyllables, and occasionally faltered the one name—JESUS. I recalled myself to her recollection. From that time she appeared to take some interest in my coming: the chaplain she seemed to shrink from. One night, wishing to watch the effect of a narcotic, I remained with her. The medicine we tried failed as a sedative, and I was not, therefore, surprised that its operation as a stimulant was very marked. For the first time since her sentence she began to converse. There was no question of confession; she had never (except in the usual legal form at the trial) denied her guilt. I wished to know if there was contrition.

'My Archy,' she said, 'my little Annie, do you see your poor mother! Oh! shall I reach you, my murdered babes? Sir,' she added, 'do not cold, and hunger, and blows, and bitter words that scald the heart—do not they kill? No, no! they did not kill me—they hurt you, my darlings, they killed you! My heart was so hard it would not break; I wish it had—oh! I wish it had!' I tried to lead her to a consideration of her circumstances. She said, with a heavy sigh, as if speaking to her husband, 'Oh, dear Fred! my poor fellow! it was the drink—yes, yes—that made a lake of fire, a river of blood between us. Who shed that blood?' she exclaimed, sitting upright, with sudden energy, and looking

looking wildly round. Then dropping her head on her clasped hands, she added, 'Good people, pray for me; the old man with the grave, stern face said, "The Lord have mercy on your soul!" that was a prayer, wasn't it? Mercy—mercy for me! Oh! there has been no mercy! Husband, have mercy! Pity your children—our Archy, our Annie—have mercy on them! No! there is no mercy here; the Lord have mercy, have mercy!' Her voice rose into a thin scream; she seemed to lose control over it; the one word 'Mercy! mercy!' came in sharp gasps. I saw she was convulsed; we laid her down, but the struggle had begun with the last enemy. Sorely the wasted frame was torn and shaken for hours ere the drops of suffering were fully wrung out, and the prisoner was released. The struggling soul went with its plea for mercy to a higher tribunal; all stained and soiled with its wretched strife of existence, it

carried its sins and sorrows to Him who alone knows the hidden anguish—'*the inner life.*'

Oh woman! so tender in love, so patient in endurance, so sublime in self-sacrifice, so vehement in anger, so impetuous in vengeance—fond, rash woman! pitied and beloved of Him who said, 'Oh, woman! great is thy faith'—how often the part of victim is the only part assigned to thee on God's misused earth!

Surely if human laws are made to punish, they should also be made to protect. If justice condemns the strong, it should shield the weak. Surely our Christian nation should have a conscience at least as sensitive as that of the disciples of Mohammed or Confucius, who proclaim this truth, 'No government should enrich itself by tempting and corrupting its subjects.'

ART. VII.—OUR FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

* * *This space in the Review is open to our Friends in Council. Brief papers on questions of Social Science and Reform will be inserted. We do not endorse the opinions of our Correspondents.*—ED.

1. Signs of the Times in America.

(From an American Correspondent.)

THE conflict and progress of truth among those who do not approve of Maine Laws may be gathered from a variety of sources, and will form a profitable study at the present moment as well as hereafter.

The admitted necessity of a revision and change of the drinking habits of the people—of the beverages they ought to drink, and of the means of their supply, and the laws that affect the traffic, are clear indications that this question is assuming proportions which were never expected, and which can be no longer controlled by affected indifference or sullen silence.

Unwilling that the change demanded by the light of the age should be so thorough, radical, and complete as the people are willing it should be, the learned, the travelled, the wealthy, the fashionable, the conservative, as well as some of the most go-a-head men of the present day, are proposing their plans,

or throwing out their doubts concerning all plans, deprecating most thoroughly the universal adoption of a Maine Law as a matter of course.

Commercially, the liquor traffic stands exposed before the world as one of the most enormous frauds ever practised upon the credulity of mankind. It is one of the signs of the times and of the progress of the truth, that through the current literature of America, at this time, our opponents are seeking to direct public attention away from the temperance and Maine-Law view of the question, and away from the real question at issue, by acknowledging that which they have denied as long as it was politic to do so, and what they would never have acknowledged, had not the facts been ascertained, and made public, by the men who, during the past thirty years, in the midst of contempt, contumely, and scorn, dared to speak and write the truth as to the hideous nature and number of the adulterations the trade has sold the people, under the name of heaven-sent, and heaven-blessed, and Scripture-

Scripture-sanctioned wine, beer, and strong drink.

By assuming a seeming indignation against a class of traffickers who are so stupid as to sell cheap, and advertise openly their recipes for making all kinds of wines, beers, brandies, rums, gins, whiskies, liqueurs, &c., from chemicals entirely or chiefly, they expect, and doubtless not without reason, that the public will be led to conclude the danger is over, if they will only trade with those who charge high prices and keep their own secrets, as the gentlemanly proprietor and the whole-souled bar-keeper of the Non-such House can, or the philanthropic introducers of the cultivation of the vine, and manufacturers of native wines will do.

The following is a specimen of the new line of argument. It is extracted from 'The New York Traveller,' a newspaper published expressly to represent the hotel and liquor interest of America, and which thus speaks on the subject of 'The Adulteration of Liquor, a Cause of Crime.'

'The "Baltimore Clipper" recently published a presentment of the grand jury of that city, in which adulterated liquor is stated to be the first cause of nine-tenths of the crime committed in Baltimore, to which sad conclusion they are reluctantly compelled to come by startling facts, which are irresistible in proof.

'The same may with truth be said of this and other cities in which liquor is sold. Our criminal statistics show that the basis of crime is the excessive use of bad liquor, which is, in fact, but a fiery poison. Under its influence, men and women, ay, even boys and girls, do deeds which appal and horrify the orderly and good.

'Adulteration of vinous and spirituous liquors is so common now-a-days, and has reached such a proficiency, that many excellent judges are sometimes unable to detect the spurious, so closely are the best flavours and brands imitated. These frauds are not only made use of where the liquors are sold, but even in the original place of manufacture; the materials for adulterating them being often imported from the very country to which the liquors are sent for sale as pure and genuine, to undergo the now exploded farce of being entered at the Custom-house, in bond, and advertised as

under Custom-house lock! Afterwards they are again tampered with, and by the time they reach the customer, are often but deadly poisons, rendering their victims insane, and capable of doing any act the distempered brain may suggest; hence the increase in certain species of crime, principally in murderous assaults with the knife or pistol on slight provocation; also adding to the already great number of lunatics, victims of pernicious habits; and in engendering vile diseases, which are entailed on an innocent offspring, who have reason to curse the authors of their torments.

'How is this dreadful evil to be checked and eradicated? Have we no principle, but the all-absorbing one of accumulating wealth? Is the "put money in thy purse" maxim to be the single aim of human life? Ponder on this vital subject, legislators! Devise some antidote to this deadly bane, this growing evil, which is crowding our prisons with homicides, our lunatic asylums with maniacs, and our hospitals with incurable patients. The Nemesian garment was not more fatal to its possessor than are the effects of the vile compounds, denominated cheap liquors, upon those who use them. It is a detestable traffic, and those who are detected in the infamous cheat of adulteration should be as severely punished as the victim of the fraud, who, while under the maddening influence of drugged potations, commits a fearful crime, and expiates his offence by incarceration in the cell of a felon, or on the scaffold, while the "importer" (?) lives in a marble mansion, drives his fast trotters, perhaps attends church punctually, and gives ostentatiously for prominent charities.

'The only remedy purchasers can have to avoid being deceived, when they do not consider themselves sufficient judges, is to deal only with established houses, the reputations of which for fair dealing warrant entire confidence from the buyer, and there are many such in this city, whose word for the genuineness of the liquors they vend can be implicitly relied on.

'Avoid cheap liquors in any and every shape, discountenance all who sell them, no matter under what name they attempt a purchase for their wretched stuff, and endeavour to get an Act passed with stringent penalties against this horrible practice, this cheating

cheating traffic, which is causing the destruction of so many of our fellow-creatures, directly or indirectly. If this curse of our age was abolished or diminished by reason of counteracting laws, which would make it a felonious act to adulterate liquor, the daily papers would not teem with the long array of poisonings, stabbings, shootings, and other life-taking acts now constantly occurring in our midst, and which by their frequency dull the keen sense of abhorrence such crimes used to create when a capital crime was seldom committed. The State Sanitary Committee, in their recent report, gives sorry statistics of the large proportion of deaths for the population in certain wards of our city, in which there are now more low drinking dens than in others; and our police reports of riot and bloodshed from these localities show a fearful list, which is undeniably caused by the enormous quantity of the brain-exciting stuff which is sold nightly to the thousands who congregate therein, and who, under the maddening effect of the fiery liquor imbibed, become maniacs in thought, and demons in act.

'It is time for all order-loving citizens of this once respected city to co-operate for the purpose of considering the most efficient measures to curb this huge evil, which sits like an incubus on our laws, choking the very existence of sound morality, and setting at defiance the efforts of our police institution, the members of which are often maimed or slain by drunken ruffians, who, if arrested, are seldom tried or convicted; sympathy for the criminal being more potent than regret for the victim, when the act was done under the influence of intoxication.'

2. The Education of the Working Classes.

GENTLEMEN,

IN reply to Mr. Webb, who in the July number of 'Meliora' criticised a portion of my paper on 'The British Workman,' contained in the April number, I would say, after thanking him for the obliging manner in which he spoke of my article, that I think he holds far too high an opinion of the present state of our national education.

It would be absurd to deny that
Vol. 2.—No 8.

much has been accomplished during the last thirteen years; and perhaps in no other instances have legislative reforms been more successful so far as they go. But as yet they do not go by any means far enough. The great masses of our rural poor, at least, are still left pretty nearly in the state in which they were previously to 1846. This lamentable fact is proved by a very good authority on this subject—the Rev. Nash Stephenson, one of the secretaries of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. I extract from a paper read by him at the meeting of 1858 the following facts and figures, which will bear out most of what I have already written.

In Somersetshire, out of 463 parishes, with a population of 443,916, there were 490 public day schools, or 1 to every 906 people. Now, of these 490 schools, only 71, or about one-seventh of the whole number, were under certificated or registered teachers. In Devonshire, with a population of 567,098, the number of schools is 503, or 1 to every 1,130 persons. Seventy only of these schools were under qualified teachers, leaving 433, or more than six-sevenths, without control of Government. In Cornwall, where there are 258 schools to a population of 353,558, that is, 1 to 1,380 persons, only 32 schools, or not one-eighth, are under inspection. So that there is

In Somersetshire, one	school with a certi-	
	ficated or registered	
	teacher to every	6,252 persons.
In Devonshire, do. do.	8,101	"
In Cornwall, do. do.	11,851	"

In Herefordshire, with a population of 115,489, there are 149 schools, or 1 to 885 persons, but of these only 35 were under inspection.

'From a memorial to the Committee of Council on Education from the Bath and Wells Board, it appears that of 522 schools in that diocese, 441 are without certificated teachers; and in an abstract of the National Society's proceedings, it is said, with regard to each of the training colleges of that society, that during the year ending Christmas, 1857, the number of applications for the services of teachers greatly exceeded the powers of the several councils to supply them.'

Mr. Mitchell, her Majesty's Inspector, indorses the following statement of the secretary to the Essex Board
of

of Education:—‘Mr. Mitchell’s report shows that there is scarcely a tolerable school in any rural parish visited by him. There are not half a dozen certificated teachers in any of the parishes under 800.’

With regard to the number of training-colleges, it is possible that Mr. Webb is right. I sincerely hope that he is so. But it must be borne in mind that a large proportion of the pupil-teachers, each of whom costs the country 95*l.*, withdraw from their work after a short time of service. It appears, from a return presented to the House of Commons in 1855, that there were 3,169 pupil-teachers withdrawn from the public service, as against 1,825 admitted into training-colleges. The loss to the public on the 3,169 pupil-teachers would be 301,055*l.*

Lastly, with regard to the comparative excellence of English and foreign education, I would cite not only Mr. Kay in support of my assertion that the former is inferior to the latter, but, lest his evidence should be considered out of date, quote from Mr. Stephenson’s address delivered to the Liverpool Congress last year.

‘The increasing inferiority in in-

formation of the labouring classes in this country, as compared with those of several foreign countries, is becoming year by year more marked. The cause is obvious. Throughout Switzerland, Prussia, Holland, Denmark, Saxony, Baden, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Sweden, and Norway, the law strictly obliges children to attend school, justly deeming ignorance to be a crime against the community which may not be tolerated. The effect of such a salutary law is most encouraging. In Switzerland one-fifth of all the people are in regular daily attendance at school. In Prussia, in nearly the whole of Germany, and in Denmark, one-sixth of the people attend the schools regularly.’ (‘Transactions,’ pp. 265-6.)

There seems only one possible remedy for our defects. Government should apply universally a principle which it has already adopted partially, and make education compulsory, not only in factories and mines, but throughout the whole length and breadth of the kingdom.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful servant,

The author of the article on
‘The British Workman.’

ART. VIII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

THE life of a public man now-a-days is a round of constant labour. Time was, when the representatives of the people considered their duty ended with the parliamentary session, and men of benevolent aims believed that a season of activity entitled them to a short period of rest. But now by far the least onerous duties of Members of Parliament are discharged at Westminster. There they may be silent, only taking care that for the satisfaction of their constituents their names appear in the division lists. They may lounge away an hour in a well-stored and comfortable library, or chat with a friend over a well-appointed dinner, certain that a warning bell will acquaint them in time that they must rush to their posts, to be hurried with their party into the lobby without any very clear notion, or anxiety about the question on which their vote is to be given. Stretched at full length upon

the benches in the gallery of the House of Commons, they may snooze through the dull oration of the member for Dorsetshire, to be aroused only by the sonorous voice of the Speaker, or the cheers which greet some favourite debater; at the same time sustaining with their constituents a large reputation for ‘constant and exhausting attendance upon their parliamentary duties.’ But in the vacation each member must sit on his own stool. There are speeches to be made on the state of affairs in general; mechanics’ institutions to be patronized; local interests to be studied, and local potentates to be caressed. Even the really hardworking legislator who takes a real share in the business of the country can have no rest. The vacation is the only opportunity for discussing great public questions face to face with the great public itself. The debates in St. Stephen’s are merely adjourned

adjourned to St. George's, Liverpool, or St. George's, Bradford.

The events of most interest to the social reformer during the past quarter were, of course, the meetings of the British Association at Aberdeen, and of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Bradford.

It is very instructive to observe how readily men perceive the faults of their neighbours, and are blind to their own. When natural science as a branch of polite education was exiled from our great universities, the members of the British Association were rightly vehement in their denunciation of such exclusion; and it was justly regarded as a triumph when Oxford admitted to its due rank the study of the laws of creation. But for long the doors of the British Association itself were firmly barred against the introduction of any topics bordering on social inquiry, and it is only within the last few years that the rigidity of the statistical section has been so far relaxed as to receive into a grim embrace a few inquirers into the laws which mould man and society.

At the last meeting in Aberdeen, however, some interesting papers were read. A discussion of some importance on India, in which Sir John Bowring uttered some grievous and mischievous fallacies upon the opium trade, occupied a considerable time; and was suspended to allow the Rev. Mr. Caine, of Manchester, to recount the success of the Permissive Bill agitation of the United Kingdom Alliance, and to lay the results of a house-to-house canvass of several large towns before the meeting.

The Social Science meeting at Bradford was in point of numbers less successful than the Liverpool meeting, but for real work will bear comparison with any preceding assembly. With the exception of Lord John Russell, who was detained in London by his ministerial duties, and Sir John Pakington, also absent, the platform on the occasion of the President's address, presented the usual array of familiar faces. The president's chair was occupied by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

There, also, was Lord Brougham, his massive old head surrounded by a circle of gray hair, his limbs feebler and stiffer, but his mind as clear and his speech as trenchant as ever. The presidents of the sections, preserving

the old arrangement of Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law, Education, Public Health, Punishment and Reformation, and Social Economy, were respectively, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., and Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, Bart.

Lord Brougham's annual address was indeed a wonderful production. For more than two hours 'the old man eloquent' stood before an immense audience in the great hall, discussing the progress which had been made in the previous year in social questions. His principal attention was given to the temperance movement, and to the necessity for vigorous repression of electoral bribery and corruption. Of the former question he spoke in terms of cordial sympathy and approbation; and although carefully avoiding an absolute personal committal to the agitation of the United Kingdom Alliance, he so framed his remarks, and so elaborately defended the prohibitory movement in America, as to leave little room for doubt that the convictions of this great statesman are fully gained by that association. It was indeed refreshing, after the wearisome twaddle upon the temperance and prohibition question, to hear Henry Brougham declare that he had reluctantly been driven to the conclusion that education was a palliative only, and not a remedy for drunkenness; that subject to preparation of the public mind, it was as possible here as in America to prohibit the traffic in strong drink; and that when so obtained, one would be tempted to declare that the law must have come from heaven, for it would be too good to be the work of man.

Upon electoral bribery and corruption the old reformer turned his withering indignation, declaring, that in his conviction the evil would not be cured until the candidate who might resort to such proceedings should see at the end of his path the treadmill instead of a seat in the House of Commons.

The order of proceedings adopted was the following:—

Each morning the president of one of the sections delivered his address to the association generally, and the rest of each day was devoted to the separate work of the various sections.

In his presidential address, Mr. Monckton

Monckton Milnes took occasion to combat Lord Brougham's temperance doctrine, and roundly denied any connexion between strong drink and crime unless it might be crime of violence. Now, without insisting on the obvious consideration that crimes of violence form a very large proportion, probably nearly half, of every criminal calendar, a ready answer may be found to so transparent a fallacy. The operation of strong drink upon the brain is to dethrone reason and substitute appetite and passion as the governing powers; and the danger of violence or of craft depends mainly upon the alternative, appetite or passion. The man who is insensibly drunk is no longer personally dangerous; but the insatiate desire which knows no control, and will brave every obstacle and defy every law for its gratification—and the excitement of drink, which has not paralyzed the physical, but the moral and mental powers—must result, the one in crimes of craft, the other in crimes of violence.

In the section over which Mr. Milnes presided, some very valuable papers were read, and a special opportunity was afforded to Mr. Pope, the Honorary Secretary of the Alliance, to reply to Mr. Milnes, and to explain the Permissive Bill.

In the Educational section, much interest was excited by some statements made by Mr. Templar, of Manchester, as to the success of the model free secular school there, of which school he is master. A very large preponderance of clerical over lay discussionists was perhaps hardly the fairest state of circumstances for the consideration of the propriety of cutting the Gordian knot of denominational opposition by the adoption of a national system of state *secular* education, leaving the religious element to be supplied by the voluntary efforts of ministers and parents. Undoubtedly such suggestion did not receive favour in the section.

So far as the personal experience of the writer went, the most interesting discussion in any of the sections was that on 'Strikes,' and 'Trades Unions,' in the department of Social Economy.

The meeting for the working classes which was held in the great hall, and was addressed by Lord Shaftesbury and others, partook too much of the character of patronage to be really useful.

Affectionate and sincere, no doubt, was the advice given, but it will be long before social evils are cured by the descent of an amiable nobleman from his higher sphere to beg his working friends not to drink and not to strike. 'Don't strike' was the burden of all the speeches, and seemed to epitomize the political economy of the entire platform.

But in the section, men of wealth, intellect, position, were to *mutual advantage* brought into immediate contact with the leaders of the working men. The manly yet homely dignity with which George Cowell, the leader of the Preston strike, and other well-known operatives, sustained their views, must have convinced many that the question of strikes is not to be fathomed by a short plummet or disposed of by an affectionate exhortation. We have inserted a few brief suggestions for reflection in our present number.

But outside of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science many of the questions treated of there have received independent public discussion. An active agitation has been inaugurated in favour of direct taxation, which by relieving commerce of the burdens of customs duties and excise, may develop the principles of free trade. It perhaps hardly falls within our province to discuss the subject however tempting, and we therefore here allude to the fact stated.

The amendment of the law will not be neglected in the next session of Parliament. The consolidation of various departments of our law, which has been in the hands of successive governments for some time past, will, it is to be hoped, be completed.

The commercial community appear to be determined that some immediate change shall be made in the laws relating to bankruptcy and insolvency. The Social Science Association, the Law Amendment Society, and Lord John Russell, who was responsible for a Bill in the last session, appear to be agreed; and at an interview between Lord Palmerston and an influential commercial deputation, at which the Attorney-General was present, promises were made which must result in a speedy attempt to remedy the glaring defects and inconsistencies which now perplex the public, and injure commerce.

At last, the columns of the 'Times' have

have been opened to a brief discussion of the social position and claims of women.

Miss Parkes, the editor of the 'Englishwoman's Journal,' has gained access to the public ear, and has excited considerable interest in the question of industrial employment for women.

We have thought the subject of sufficient interest to devote a considerable portion of our present number to it.

If public attention be not diverted from social progress to foreign affairs,

and if a sort of pseudo-military spirit be not engendered in our population, great expectations may be held of the next year. The danger most imminent is lest social reform should become too fashionable, and degenerate into mere pretty sentiment. The cold bracing air of active life, even if a little chilly with disappointment, is far more healthy for the social reformer than the heated and enervating atmosphere of the saloon. To be useful, social reform must be bold, honest, fearless, robust, vigorous.

ART. IX.—LITERARY REVIEWS.

Handbook of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. By Mrs. Wm. Fison. London: Longman and Co., 1859.

Handbook of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. By Mrs. William Fison. London: Longman and Co., 1859.

Colportage: its History and Relations to Home and Foreign Evangelization. With some Remarks on the Events and Prospects of the Country. Edited and enlarged, by consent of the Author, from an American work. By Mrs. William Fison. London: Wertheim, Mackintosh, and Hunt, 1859.

MRS. FISON must have wielded a busy pen, and exercised great mental industry, to have produced these three volumes during a year. From the amount of reading which they evidence on all branches of science and philanthropy, it must have required much careful thought to condense and epitomise, as well as to enlarge.

The first volume contains about two hundred and twenty pages of tolerably small print, and is dedicated to Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, one of the founders of the Association, of which Mrs. Fison is also a life member by the election of the illustrious savans who compose that learned society. The volume shows the importance of science to national progress, traces the origin of the British Association, explains its various sections, and gives a sketch of the present state of scientific education in England. The compilation is eminently creditable to the

intelligence and industry of the lady who has prepared it, and it is fitted to give full information of the aims and objects of the great scientific association whose handbook it is.

The second work performs a similar office for the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and is dedicated to the veteran reformer and philosopher, Lord Brougham. We congratulate the members of this philanthropic body on being so early and so intelligently introduced to the reading public by a handbook such as Mrs. Fison has produced. She has omitted nothing of importance. We are delighted to find 'Meliora' one of her authorities on social matters. It is also pleasing to observe that she does not hesitate to affirm that intemperance is a subject 'imperatively demanding the attention of the National Association.' 'To temperance societies,' she says, 'is delegated a great work. Both in England and America, some of the leaders of this movement are men of great ability; and, were the Christian public fully alive to the fact that to the habitual drunkard there is no medium between the indulgence of his habit and total abstinence, we should see many, now standing aloof, uniting in earnest effort to promote the foundation of temperance societies throughout Great Britain.' By a note on the Permissive Bill taken from our pages, it is evident that this lady is in favour of that admirable measure for suppressing drunkenness.

The third book, on Colportage, is a valuable collection of facts and arguments on behalf of a scheme of philanthropy

thropy not yet much tried in England. It has been remarkably successful in America for the diffusion of good literature, and in Scotland, where religious and temperance literature is carried into every district by means of the Colporteur. We commend this book to all interested in the diffusion of a pure and religious literature throughout our rural parishes. This is a reading age, and there should be a demand and supply of that which will improve as well as fascinate, and aid in the moral, social, and religious elevation of the people. This is a most economic system of benevolence; but it is calculated to do a vast amount of good. We hope to return to it.

Wedded Love. By James Cargill Guthrie, Author of 'Village Scenes.' London: Partridge and Co., 1859.

MR. GUTHRIE'S 'Village Scenes' have reached a fourth edition, proving the public appreciation of a poet possessed of unusual ability to touch the feelings, and portray scenes of domestic interest. The present volume enters into the domain of deepest tenderness; but the lines proceed from a poet who does not irreverently unveil the sanctities of home. He sings of wedded love to enhance its bliss, to calm its sorrows, to elevate its happy possessors, and, we doubt not, to give it an attraction to the single. There are passages of beautiful description, and of deepest pathos in the simple story which his muse has lispd in numbers.

Manliness. By John Brookes, Author of 'The Manners and Customs of the English Nation.' London: J. Blackwood, 1859.

MR. BROOKES has written for a class who in our large towns, and indeed everywhere, need a faithful counsellor. He exhorts young men to be manly: showing what is manliness, who is its model, and how it ought to act in relation to social position, religion, and even minor matters. Young men would do well to peruse this little work. We are astonished, however, at the commendation of Mr. Langford's work on Religious Scepticism and Infidelity, which in itself undermines the truth.

The Diamond and the Pearl. Temptation and Atonement. Two Vols. by Mrs. Gore. London: Knight and Son.

THE first of these depicts fashionable

sins and woes, as few save Mrs. Gore can do. It inculcates a healthy moral by means of a striking contrast.

The second work is well written, and is worthy of being reproduced in this cheap form.

The School-girl in France. By Miss M'Crindell. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS well-told tale has, we fear, had a parallel history in not a few who have been sent over to France to finish their education. English parents would do well to peruse a story like this, corroborated by many facts, ere they send their daughters to a convent to be educated.

The Orphans of Lissau. By the Author of 'Emma de Lissau.' London: Simpkin and Co.

THESE tales conduct us into Jewish society, and present some touching scenes of trial.

Scotland and the Scotch, and Shetland and the Shetlanders. By Catherine Sinclair.

THIS volume is presented in a form for which ladies have long been celebrated, that of letters to a friend. There are graphic sketches of Scotch scenes, mingled with many notes of the history and people of that interesting portion of our island. The letters on Shetland and the Shetlanders will be read with interest in these cheap volumes. We congratulate the projector of the 'Run and Read Library' for the healthful tone of his issues.

Sketches of and from Jean Paul Richter. London: A. W. Bennett, 1859.

THIS book is modestly put forth without the name of the author and translator. He is perhaps afraid of holding a candle to show the sun. The short biographical sketch of Jean Paul is interesting, and the translations are full of beauty and of suggestive thought.

England subsists by Miracle. By Feltham Burghley. London: Blackwood, 1859.

UNDER the guise of wit, of which a large share belongs to this author, many wholesome counsels are sent home to the reader. Many subjects are discussed; treaties, embassies, and foreign subsidies; peasantry, freeholds, yeomanry; education; Ireland and her suffrage; colonies and navigation laws;

laws; and the defences of England. Where there is much wit there will always be a field for criticism; but the reader will get his intellect sharpened and perhaps moulded by the attentive perusal of this able little work, whose chief fault is its absurd title.

The Parson, the Parish, and the Working Men: or, Parochial Work in a Manufacturing District. By the Rev. E. Boteler Chalmer, junior, M.A., Rector of St. Matthias, Salford. London: Nisbet, 1859.

THIS pamphlet describes the laudable efforts which Mr. Chalmer has made to improve the district in which his church is situated. He has not theorized at a distance; he has gone among the working classes, and sought to take them by the hand to a higher level. He has established a 'working men's club,' which provides social entertainment, with tea, once a week, lectures, reading, &c. Penny banks and a sick society are also being established. This is a mode of philanthropy that cannot fail to reach the people. We have much pleasure in recommending Mr. Chalmer's plan to clergymen generally.

Report of Salford Working Men's College.

WE are delighted to peruse this encouraging report of an institution calculated to benefit the operations of the town.

Report of the Proceedings to inaugurate a greatly extended School of Instruction in the Evening School of the Liverpool Institute.

THIS indicates another step in the right direction.

A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, on the question of 'Church Rates,' chiefly as it concerns our populous parishes. By W. H. Jones, M.A., Vicar of Mottram-in-Longendale, Cheshire. London: Hatchard and Co., 1859.

MR. JONES thinks that something must be done to settle this long controversy; and he suggests that 'church rates may be made to cease in any case where there appears to be, from any available source, adequate means for the sustentation of the fabric, and the carrying on of divine service.' Large parishes, he holds, have means for this. He goes further, and says: 'Where "church rights" have been interfered with, there (and there only) "church rates"

should be abolished.' His pamphlet evinces an intelligent and liberal view of this question.

Suggestions for effecting an equitable Redistribution of Members of Parliament on the basis of a Representative Claim, deduced from Population and annual value of Property. By David Chadwick, Fellow of the Statistical Society. London: W. H. Smith, 1859.

EVERY scheme in advance of parliamentary reform has a value, and the elaborate statistics of Mr. Chadwick must claim the attention they deserve.

The Bible, Teetotalism, and Dr. Lees. A concise Narrative and Lecture; with a recommendation of the inquiry, Is Teetotalism the plain teaching of the Bible? By David Williams, of Great Harwood. London: Hall and Virtue, 1859.

IT is a fair and proper inquiry to discuss the views of Scripture in relation to total abstinence. Some maintain that the Bible condemns the use of strong drink; others that the Bible gives a liberty to abstain, and almost imposes a command to do so, when circumstances such as exist in this land necessitate strong measures. We are not disposed to discuss this controversy; but any one who does, will find material in the works of Dr. Lees. All admit that it is a Christian liberty to abstain—that there is no sin in so doing. Ought not, then, Christian ministers, and religious people generally, to deny themselves for the purpose of driving this soul-destroying vice of intemperance from our beloved land? We cannot commend the spirit or matter of this book.

The Scriptural Claims of Teetotalism; an Essay. W. T. R. Ord. Darlington, 1859.

THIS is a sensible, intelligent, and well-argued pamphlet.

Christianity in its Antagonism to Drunkenness. London: Partridge and Co., 1859.

AN earnest appeal to Christians on their duty to temperance societies. The author puts the following syllogism to his readers:—

'The Gospel clearly and emphatically interdicts the exposure of the soul to insuering and seductive influences;

'But the alcoholic liquors of these lands are such, that they cannot be used non-medicinally without exposing the

the soul to ensnaring and seductive influences;

'Therefore, the Gospel clearly and emphatically interdicts the non-medical use of the alcoholic liquors of these lands.'

The Author notices, also, the wonderful effects of recent revivals in religion upon the use and sale of liquor.

A Glance at the Navvies. By William Palk. London: Nisbet and Co., 1859.

FOLLOW the navy, and you have a most sickening sight of the evil of public-houses and drink. This seems to be the complaint of all who go down to the lowest classes. This little book shows how the rough navy can be transferred into a genuine Christian.

The Weather Almanac for 1860. By Orlando Whittlecraft, Meteorologist, &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

WITHOUT giving any opinion on the meteorological predictions of Orlando Whittlecraft, we find this almanac to contain much useful matter.

A Dialogue on the Theory and Practice of Homœopathy and Allopathy. By Hugh Hastings, M.D., M.R.C.S., &c. London: Leath and Ross. Third Edition. 1859.

THIS dialogue is remarkably happy, and with great skill and cogent argument exposes the weak side of the allopathic system. Medical reform is rapidly advancing, and every able contribution to the frank discussion of so vital a question may be hailed with satisfaction. On the Continent and in America the practice of medicine is no longer sectarian and close; and it is time that this enlightened country developed, with certain limitations, its toleration of different medical systems, as it has done the toleration of different churches.

Harry Hartley; or Social Science for the Workers. By J. W. Overton. London: H. Lea. 1859.

IF this work be what the preface informs us, the literary product of an English workman, it is a highly creditable performance. It exhibits the true mean of social elevation, and sympathises with every effort for the amelioration of the masses. There is some beautiful writing in the volume, and an excellent tone is maintained throughout.

The Gloaming of Life: a Memoir of James Stirling. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

WE are gratified to observe the increasing popularity and extending circulation of this admirable and spirit-stirring memoir.

The Curse of Kilwuddie: a Rural Scottish Tale in Verse. By James Nicholson. Glasgow: William Niven. 1859.

POETRY has been slow to ally itself with the temperance cause, having been from the days of Anacreon attached to the wine cup. But of late some most praiseworthy attempts have been made to win the Muse to the cause of teetotalism. The subject is worthy of a separate article, with which we hope to furnish our readers at an early period. Meanwhile we commend to such of them as can understand Scotch, this little work. The following specimens will show its superior merit:—

KILWUDDIE BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

No a pauper in the parish,
Stent or taxes had they nane;
Neither Hielan' folk nor Erish
'Mang them yet had refuge ta'en.
Ne'er was kent a thieving bodie
Steal the guids o' rich or puir—
No' a lock in a' Kilwuddie,
Scarce a bar upon a door.

THE PUBLICAN

Took a shop in auld Kilwuddie,
Hung a braw new painted sign,
Tellin' ilka simple body
He selt whisky, yill, an' wine.
Folk at first gaed in wi' caution,
Jist to crack and taste the yill,
But it soon grew a' the fashion
Ilk ane roun should stan his gill.

* * * * *

Nor alane in big Jock Gemmell's
Sat they down to drink galore;
But at hame they took their rambles,
And for days kept up the splore.

Ilka guidwife, her doon-lyin'
Hansell'd wi' the barley-bree,
Owre ilk wab and harness tyin'
Shopmates met to laud the spree.

Ilka guidwife, honest bodie!
Held that drinkin' was a sin,
Still, a wee drap made in toddy
Sooth'd the nerves an' brak the win.

Eccentricity; or a Check to Censoriousness: with chapters on other subjects.

By the Rev. James Kendall, author of numerous publications. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1859.

THE author of this indignant book has been an Ishmael among his Wesleyan brethren

brethren on account of his eccentric and facetious character. Though possessing great abilities, he still maintains the same position which he did thirty-two years ago! We are not sure that his remonstrance and complaint, published in a book, will avail to advance him in the denomination to which he belongs. No one, however, can read his book without being convinced of his genius and wit, and his power of sarcasm, and without enjoying many a hearty laugh.

The Spirit of Love; or, A Practical and Ezegetical Commentary on the First Epistle of John. By the Rev. W. Graham, D.D., author of 'The Jordan and the Rhine,' &c. London: Seeley.

THIS commentary is *sui generis*, and partakes of the many-sidedness, varied learning, and earnest piety which characterise its author—a man whose ministry the gallant Havelock and many like-minded persons have loved to enjoy at Bonn. The author has made use of every commentary which he 'could find in the English, German, Greek, and Latin languages' in expounding this epistle. He considers at length its authorship, its date, its object, and its contents. The last of these is pursued throughout 360 pages. Giving the literal meaning of each sentence, showing its original reference, the author applies the truth therein contained to the present state of the churches. He argues that the possession of the spirit which breathes through this epistle would do much to cure the ills, remove the discords, and unite the branches of the visible church. There is very much to instruct, edify, and refresh the Christian reader in this excellent commentary.

Tales of the Martyrs of the First Two Centuries. By the Rev. B. H. Cowper. London: The Book Society. 1859.

THE story of the church's baptism of fire is told in this little volume with much simplicity and pathos.

The Soldier Spiritualised; or, National compared with Spiritual Warfare. With a sketch of the eventful life of the Author, the late Mr. John

Mance. London: Partridge and Co. 1859. Second Edition.

EVERY military movement is made, in this little work, the vehicle of illustrating scriptural truth. The author was a soldier in the Peninsular war, and after his retirement was connected with the London police, and for thirty years governor of Petworth Gaol. He had 'the merit of introducing the new system of prison discipline, which he carried out with much firmness, tempered with extreme kindness to the unfortunate objects of his care.' He died in 1857. This work is without any literary pretension, yet may be read with profit.

Discourses. By the Rev. William Anderson, LL.D. Second Series. Glasgow: Peter Bertram. 1859.

DR. ANDERSON is a man of strong mind, great common sense, and considerable genius, originality, and power. There is no refinement in his style, and there is much nationality and sometimes provincialism; but hard thinking, evangelical doctrine, and practical application of divine truth, to the common thoughts and actions of his hearers, which amply compensate for lack of elegance. Could the roughness of the dress be passed over, English readers would enjoy the perusal of these sterling and able discourses. The volume is the second of a series which the reverend author proposes to leave his congregation and country in memory of one to whose eloquence they loved to listen. It is dedicated to his father, who still survives, 'in the ninetyeth year of his age and sixty-seventh of his ministry.'

Our Charlie; or, The Book with the Silver Clasp. By the Rev. F. J. Perry, Ilminster. London: S. M. Haughton.

Broken Promises; a Fireside Story. By the same.

THESE are tales with a striking and solemn moral, written with much pathos. They paint the sad issue of indulgence in strong drink; but gild the prodigal's career with a return to his Father and to the paths of sobriety and virtue.

INDEX.

BANKS, Penny Savings, 133. Origin of Savings Banks, 135. Success of Penny Banks, 137. Their Utility, 141.

CLAY, the Rev. John, 56. His Reports, 57. Chaplain of Preston Gaol, 59. Views of Separate Confinement, 61. On Juvenile Crime, 63. Ignorance, 65. Cost of Criminals at large, 67. Tickets of Leave, 69. Causes of Crime, 71. Drunkenness and Crime, 73. Money spent in Drink, 75. Misery resulting from Drink, 79. Mr. Clay's Illness and Death, 81.

Crime and Disease, Types of, 142. Crime as it is, 143. Present Type of Disease, 145. The overworked mind, 147. Measure of Moral Earnestness, 149. Hand-to-mouth Legislation, 151. Character of Dangerous Classes, 153.

Coal-Pits, Death in, 154. Dangers of Coal-Fields, 155. Recklessness of Colliery Owners, 159. Benefits of the present Act, 161. History of the Cymmer Explosion, 163. Power of Inspectors, 165; Overwhelming duties of, 167.

Church, the, and the Liquor Traffic, 248. Influence of Intoxicating Liquors, 249. Sufferings of the Church from them, 251. Attitude of the Church in America, 253. In England, 255. In Scotland, 257. In Ireland, 258. Effect of the Revival in Ireland, 259. Suggestions to the Churches, 261.

EDUCATION *versus* Drunkenness, 168. Knowledge not operative on moral nature, 169. Failure of Education on Drunkenness, 170. Reason of the Failure, 171. Modern Experiences, 173. Scottish Parishes, 175. The Tavern Key, 176. Testimony of Ireland, 179.

FRIENDS in Council, 94, 371.

JERROLD, Douglas, 17. Boyhood, 19. Enters the Navy, 21. Apprenticed to a Printer, 23. Friendship with Blanchard, 25. His Literary Merits, 27. Extempore Literature, 29. Faults of his Style, 31. His Editorial Kindness, 33. Personal Reminiscences, 35. Our Literary Immortelle, 37.

LECTURES and Lecturing, 197. Antiquity of Oral Instruction, 199. Minstrels, 201. Desire for Books, 205. Power of the Lecturer, 207.

Liberty and Mr. J. S. Mill, 83. Mr. Mill's Admissions, 85. His hasty Criticism, 87. Views on Social Evils, 89. Real Nature of Liquor Trade, 91. Rights of the Majority, 93.

Law and Liberty, 339. Social Reform related to Liberty, 341. Christian Liberty, 343. The Meaning of Liberty, 345. Liberty and Power, 347. Relation to Intoxicating Liquors, 348. Prohibition of Traffic, 349. Social Restraints on the Individual, 351. Educational Influence of Temperance, 353.

Libraries for the People, 293. Ancient Libraries, 295. Monastic Libraries, 297. Access to Public Libraries, 298. Free Libraries, 300. Mr. Ewart's Bill, 331. Adoption of the Act, 303. Manchester Free Library, 304. Liverpool Free Library, 305.

Literature of Labour, 1. Pleasures of Literature, 3. Attempts at Authorship, 5. Prize Literature of Labour, 6. Bunyan, &c., 7. Poetic Literature of Labour—Burns, &c., 11.

Literature, French, Memoirs and Chronicles of, 117. Prevalence of Private Memoirs, 119. The French always talk of themselves, 121. Their civilization selfish, 123. Ignorance of the Fine Lady, 125. Vulgarly of French Military Officers, 127. Absence of Dignity in French Society, 129. *Le Premier Venu*, 131.

Life, For—Tale, 363.

MECHANICS' Institutes, 209. Causes of their Failure, 211. Necessary Improvements, 213. Improving Recreations, 215. Working Men's Domestic Interests, 217. Their Wives, 219. Readings for Non-Readers, 221. Experiment at Salford, 223.

POETRY, Lyrical, in France, 325. Villemain's Treatise, 325. Hugo's Legend of the Ages, 328. The Patriot in the Poet, 329. Chivalry in French Poetry, 331. Corneille and Hugo, 333. Hugo's 'Ratbert', 334. His Political Aim, 337. Agreement with Villemain, 338. With Tennyson, 339.

RECORD of Social Politics, 96, 374.

Reviews, Literary—New's *Coronet and the Cross*, 97. *Journal of First French Embassy to China*, *ib.* *History of the Temperance Movement in Scotland*, *ib.* *Transactions of National Association*, *ib.* *Politics of Temperance*, *ib.* Stowell Brown's *Lectures*, 98. *Young Men of the great City*, *ib.* *Scottish Temperance League Almanac for 1859*, *ib.* *Popular Lecturer for 1858*, *ib.* Dewar's *Temperance Penny Song Book*, *ib.* *Healing Art the right hand of the Church*, *ib.* Wilson's *Moral Wastes*, 99. Burns' *Christian Exercises for every Lord's Day*, 100. Roaf's *Sunday-School Question Book*, *ib.* *Sketches and Lessons from Daily Life*, *ib.* King's *Ernest, the Pilgrim*, *ib.* *Instauration*, *ib.* *Heart Struggles*, *ib.* Worboise's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, 193. John H. Steggal, *ib.* Ewing Ritchie's *Here and There in London*, *ib.* Robinson's *Evangelists and the Mishna*, *ib.* *Local Preacher's Magazine for 1858*, 194. Hopley's *Wrongs which cry for Redress*, *ib.* Johnson's *Letters to Brother John*, *ib.* *What is to become of the Churches?* *ib.* Burns' *Christian Philosophy*, *ib.* Bayldon's *Treatise on Road Legislation and Management*, *ib.* Bayly's *Ragged Homes*, 195. Miller's *Prostitution Considered*, *ib.* Hastings's *Scarlatina and Diphtheria*, *ib.* *Notes on the Navigation of the Godavery*, *ib.* Barker's *Temperance Advocacy*, *ib.* *Temperance Spectator*, 196. Taylder's *Crime; its Cause and Cure*, *ib.* White's *Bible and the Liquor Traffic*, *ib.* Burns' *Scripture Light on Intoxicating Liquors*, *ib.* Leask's *Two Lights*, *ib.* Robertson's *Insalubrity of Deep*

Cornish Mines, *ib.* Bailey's *Truck System*, *ib.* *A Throne! a Moan! ib.* *Englishwoman's Magazine*, *ib.* *Report of National Life-boat Association*, *ib.* *Handbook of British Association*, 377. *Handbook of National Association*, *ib.* *Colportage: its History and Relation to Home and Foreign Evangelization*, *ib.* *Wedded Love*, 378. *Martiness*, *ib.* *The Diamond and the Pearl*, *ib.* *The School-girl in France*, *ib.* *The Orphans of Lissau*, *ib.* *Scotland and the Scotch, and Shetland and the Shetlanders*, *ib.* *Sketches of and from Jean Paul Richter*, *ib.* *England subsists by Miracle*, *ib.* *The Parson, the Parish, and the Working Man*, 379. *Report of Salford Working Men's College*, *ib.* *Report of Liverpool Institute*, *ib.* *A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury on the Question of Church Rates*, *ib.* *Suggestions for effecting an equitable Redistribution of Members of Parliament*, *ib.* *The Bible, Teetotalism, and Dr. Lees*, *ib.* *The Scriptural claims to Teetotalism*, *ib.* *Christianity in its Antagonism to Drunkenness*, *ib.* *A Glance at the Navvies*, 380. *The Weather Almanac for 1860*, *ib.* *A Dialogue on the Theory and Practice of Homœopathy and Allopathy*, *ib.* Harry Hartley, *ib.* *The Gloming of Life*, *ib.* *The Curse of Kithcuddie*, *ib.* *Eccentricity*, *ib.* *The Spirit of Love*, 381. *Tales of the Martyrs of the first two Centuries*, *ib.* *The Soldier Spiritualized*, *ib.* *Discourses by Rev. W. Anderson*, *ib.* *Our Charlie*, *ib.* *Broken Promises*, *ib.*

Revolutions of Race in England, 263. Dr. Vaughan's Works, 236. Celts and Romans, 265. Saxons and Danes, 268. Rise of English Monarchy, 269. Religion among the Saxons, 271. Saxon Influence on Government and Social Life, 273. Norman and English, 274. Influence of Conquest on Government and the Church, 275. On Social Life, 277. On Learning, *ib.*

SCIENCE and Philanthropy, 101. The National Association, 102. Religion and Social Science, 103. Departments of Social Science, 104. Lord John Russell, 105. Lord Brougham, 106. Jurisprudence and Law Reform, 107. Education, 108. Punishment and Reformation, 111. Capt. Crofton's Scheme, 113. Public Health, 115. Social Economy, 116.

Strikes

- Strikes and Trades Unions, 355. What are Trade Societies? *ib.* Ought wages to be protected? 356. The state of the Law, 357. What are the benefits of Trade Societies? 359. Their legitimate sphere, 360. Suggestions, 361.
- Surgeons, Union, 181. Rate of Remuneration, 182. Replies of Guardians to Appeals, 183. Poor Law Medical Extras, 185. Mr. Estcourt's Scheme, 186. The Uxbridge Board of Guardians, 187. Proposed Amendments, 188.
- TENNYSON and his Poetry, 225. Affiliated series of Poetry, 226. Tennyson's Relative Place, 227. The Idyll, 229. His Female Characters, 231. Poems of 1832, 232; of 1842, 233. 'Maud,' 234. The 'Princess,' 235. The 'Idylls of the King,' 235. Male Characters, 237. 'In Memoriam,' 240. The Unanswered Problem, 241. Does Christianity not answer Scepticism, 243. Relation to Keats and Shelley, 244. To Wordsworth, 245.
- WHAT'LL you Drink? 279. Science of Adulteration, 281. Rum, 282. Gin, 283. Scotch Whisky, *ib.* Bourbon, 284. Porter and Ale, 284. Perpendicular Drinking, 285. Sherry, 286. Champagne, *ib.* Burgundy, 287.
- Workman, The British, 38. Pantisocracy, *ib.* The Work, 39. Employment of Women, *ib.* The Dwellings, 43. Education, 47. Industrial Schools, 48. Normal Colleges, 49. Educational Grants and Rates, 50. Compulsory Education, 51. Recreations and Amusements, 53. Provident Societies, 55.
- Women, Employment of, 305. Employments most Overstocked, 307. Needlewomen, 309. Washing, 311. Domestic Servants, 312. Serving in Shops, 313. The Factory System, 314. Watchmaking, 315. Money-getting and Money-spending, 317. Ill-feeling between Employer and Employed, 319. Amelioration of existing Employments, 321. Special Training for Special Employments, 323. Bible Women, 324.



